

Interview: Michael Kennedy, Radical Dope Lawyer

High Times

January '77

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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

January 1977

No. 17

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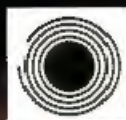
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Letters

Incriminating News?

I feel it's about time someone brought to your attention the potential harm and jeopardy to which your "HighWitness News" exposes the people mentioned in this section. It is absolutely absurd to me how a magazine that purportedly champions the right to use marijuana and related substances could be so blatantly naive as to risk incriminating those persons directly involved with sales, importation, etc. The legal risks are very much present, and the fact that your magazine gives various law enforcement agencies an easy cross-reference to these people is singularly oppressive and most definitely dangerous. —An Anonymous Group of Concerned Offenders, Atlanta, Ga.

The details of any bust reported in HighWitness News are already available to any local, state or federal law enforcement agency through the DEA's El Paso Information Center (EPIC) and the FBI's national crime computer, which automatically turns up existing warrants on arrest victims—not only by the identity given at the time of arrest, but also by physical description, fingerprints, etc. On an international level, INTERPOL provides law officers with the same kind of information.

Apart from the useful working information it provides, HighWitness News also "declassifies" drug law enforcement information and gives the smoking public the same data the police already possess. If you're doing business with someone who hasn't told you of his or her previous arrests, HighWitness News provides you with information that may save your life. Not all arrestees turn informer, but one is all it takes.

Finally, the sheer volume of busts is exemplary proof of two things well worth documenting: that the usual abundance of marijuana, despite its illegality, demonstrates the inability of law enforcement officials to stop the enormous quantities that do get through; and that the demand which those unapprehended smugglers are filling is so vast that it serves as the basic constitutional rationale for immediate legalization of marijuana. —Ed.

Soma Enchanted Evening

Besides being first-rate research and scholarship, R. Gordon Wasson's *Soma—Divine Mushroom of Immortality* broke the taboo against studying the historical ties between humanity and psychic substances.

We now know that they have played a role in virtually all known cultures.

Amanita muscaria does grow in mountainous areas; in fact, it is the most common mushroom in Colorado. But it grows well in other places, too. I have found it in lowlands in Illinois, Indiana and south-central Virginia.

I've used fly agaric many times but never had to be protected from "untimely accidents" any more than on an acid trip, nor have I seen any aggressive tendencies in myself or others while bemushroomed. Personally I prefer to smoke the dried mushroom. After eating it I often got a little nauseated. But smoking *A. muscaria* produces a nice, clearheaded high that's just great for wandering through the boonies. —Boyd Bengston, Danville, Va.

Flyboys High in Air Force

The beauty of some of your "Letters" pictures prompted us to share one of the joys of being stationed in Germany. These



50-gram slabs of Moroccan green came by way of our neighbors in the Netherlands. For cooking, eating or smoking—satisfaction guaranteed. —Blue Yonder Boys, Over Eifel Mountains, West Germany

Beyond the Valium of the Dolls

Larry Sloman's "The Case for Valium" [High Times, August 1976] was interesting and informative, especially on the drug's social implications. However, I feel the article was slanted against Hoffmann-La Roche, one of the most respected pharmaceutical manufacturers. Valium enjoys its popularity because it is the safest tranquilizer. Like any chemical, when certain dosages are exceeded (for Valium, 10 to 15 times the recommended levels), toxicity develops. As a senior pharmacy student at the University of Texas, I have often seen

diazepam used without the slightest ill effects. The cases used by Sloman mention nothing of the millions whom Valium has helped, and his sensationalist approach is the same that resulted in our marijuana laws. —Name withheld, San Antonio, Tex.

Author Larry Sloman replies: Apparently our "pharmacy student" has a fairly short attention span. After mentioning a few cases of Valium abuse—which does occur—the article goes on to note that relatively speaking, Valium is the safest tranquilizer we have. Maybe this letter is really intended as a feeler for a job at Hoffmann-La Roche. I have thus forwarded it to their personnel department. And as for that attention-span problem, I suggest taking two Valium before reading.

High Times Kicked Out of jail

The brand-new, imported, Southern conservative commissioner of the prison I'm in recently declared *High Times* contraband and banned it from the library and inmates' cells. Here's an excerpt from the warden's announcement: "The publication *High Times* advocates the use of drugs. Its presence would encourage inmates to solicit, manufacture, sell and use drugs, causing drug addiction, inmate indebtedness and assaults on inmates and staff. Because of the serious offense occurring as the end result of this publication's presence, it will not be allowed."

—Name and address withheld

Poppy Love

I just read your "Story of O" [*High Times*, August 1976] and thought your readers



might like to see some third-generation poppy plants. They are from Moroccan seeds and their smoke is sweet.

—"O" Henry, Warm Beach, Wash.

Sin Souci

Four pounds of dynamite semilla sticks here. I thought this pictorial taste would



make a perfect addition to your latest edition. —W. B. S., Huntington, Beach, Ca.

The Dose of Perception

Anyone who tries your suggestion for consuming San Pedro cactus [March '76 "Forum"] is sure to puke and may not get high. I've found an easier way: slice the cactus very thin and dry it completely; then powder it in a blender. Put the powder in some gelatin caps—15 to 25 is a very good dose. This method is much easier on the taste buds and the gut. P. S.: Give Kirchner a raise and keep the Dope Rider high. —Bilbo Buzz, Somewhere, U.S.A.

Dreadful Herb

The author of your special on Jamaica [*High Times*, September 1976] should have told your readers what a regular tourist can expect—one who does not count Marley as a good buddy and will have to fend for her or himself.

I could have bought herb every hour on the hour, for the duration of my stay, from Maroon Town to Negril. But I would have had to pay from \$25 (asking price) to \$18 (selling price) for a fat lid of some of the worst dope I've ever refused to smoke. And they were not just trying to pawn off the bottom of the bush to tourists. They were smoking it themselves. You didn't mention why spliffs are so large and why they're not passed around. It takes a huge joint to get one person off.

Another thing—it's not "almost legal." I worry less about getting high in public

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here in Texas than some Jamaicans do about smoking in their closets.

Go to Jamaica for the exquisite countryside, the lush foliage and gorgeous flowers, the turquoise water, the reefs and the people—the ones who aren't hustling you—and, of course, the music. But as for the herb, you're better off back home.

—Name and address withheld

Hawaii? Just Fine, Thanks

It's another one of those Hawaiian bar-



vests. Here's a friend bringing in the sheaves last May under that potent island sun.

—Andy Gardner, Kahalou, Hawaii

Pinheaded

I consider myself part of a new breed of young Americans for whom "Gimme a glazed!" has already become a spiritual rallying cry. We want more Griffy, more Zippy, more reality, more perception, more donuts!

—Jon Buller, Lyme, Conn.

Absolute Menarche

I've found the heavenly weed to be a true friend to the female during the monthly menstrual cycle. Whoever it is in Washington who doles out the dough for cannabis research should consider testing its use in relieving cramps and headache.

—Mary Jane, Stockbridge, Ga.

Slabhappy

This piece is part of a ten-pound shipment



that eluded the DEA. Better luck next time, D-men.

—Dusty, Los Angeles, Ca.

Knarc, Knarc

A few days ago I was surprised in my home by three narcotics officers and a deadly search warrant. While they ransacked the premises, one of them discovered the latest issue of *High Times*. As we waited for the lab boys to show up, he read many articles with great interest. Of course, he was undaunted by your meaningful commentary. He was also unaffected by articles on scoring, since a constant supply is a fringe benefit of his job. But he was so impressed by the paraphernalia ads and how-to articles, I'll bet he now subscribes. My apologies.

Anyway, they allegedly found some enormous marijuana plants in the basement. I understand they were grown hydroponically and were quite impressive. In fact, one officer said it was the finest system he had ever busted. (He called in sick the next day.) Hydroponic gardening yields incredible results—or so I'm told.

My point is to remind all of you that marijuana is still dangerous. Crazy men can break into your home, take the pot to their home and take you to prison.

—Hydro-Bonnie, Denver, Colo.

Kissed Off

I protest the bullshit propounded by Tom Robbins in his mumbo-jumbo excerpt from *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* [*High Times*, September 1976]. He says, "Kissing is the supreme achievement of the Western world," and proceeds to lump together yoga, the Buddha, Orientals, North American Indians, gunpowder and corn on the cob, all of which "never produced a kiss."

Nonsense! Vatsyayana gives a list of kissing and foreplay techniques in the oldest surviving book on lovemaking, the *Kama Sutra*. Indian temple sculpture abounds in osculation, as well as fellatio, cunnilingus, *soixante-neuf* and even the "missionary pose," which some pious Westerners like to think was brought to the heathen by Christians.

As for Western culture, Mahatma Gandhi was once asked by a reporter, "What do you think of Western civilization?" He answered, "I think it would be a very good idea!"

—E.N. Souza, New York, N.Y.

Lysergic Lethargy

We recently followed the recipe for extraction of lysergic acid amides from Hawaiian wood rose seeds printed in *The Marijuana Consumer's and Dealer's Guide*, published by Stone Kingdom Syndicate. After about an hour and a half, we both became incredibly weakened and nauseated for about five or six hours. There was little psychedelic effect. We'd like to know whether others have had similar misfortune, whether the

seeds were no good, or whether we or the authors erred in the procedure.

—Eileen and Richard, Venice, Ca.

Ice Dream

I have a friend who tried the dry ice method discussed in "Forum" for May and September. Someone told her it would quadruple the potency of her grass. The stuff she had was awful, so she had nothing to lose. I laughed, figuring, what the hell is four times nothing? But later when I smoked some, it was really good. I'd say it works! Now all she needs is something good to start with.

—Bruce Hall, Barrington, N.J.

Georgia on My Mind

Macon has more than just the Allman



Brothers. And Plains ain't quite so plain with dishes of these golden beauties around.

—M. T. Atlanta, Ga.

How's Your Bong's Love Life?

For years humanity has searched for the answer to the question "how can I effectively clean my plastic bong?" The answer: toothpaste and a toothbrush. Not only will it be clean and fresh, it won't get cavities.

—Mike K., San Francisco, Ca.

Corrections

In our October issue, we neglected to credit Mark Salditch for researching "The Death of the Cheech Wizard," a biographical sketch of the late cartoonist Vaughn Bodé.

The unnamed reporter behind the "Femme Fatale" column in November's "National Weed" section was Terez Coe.

In December, Patty Powers produced "Weed's" "Mucho Macho" column.

Our October News report on marijuana pardons in Vermont stated that Father Ray Giroux, head of Vermont's parole board, had sued Governor Salmon to release the names of those pardoned. Actually, Father Giroux asked the governor not to release these names. ☐

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Rights of Dope Reporters, If Any

Q: As a free-lance photographer I'm curious about the legal rights of the people who shoot your centerfold pictures. If your lensperson were subpoenaed as a grand jury witness, would he or she be forced to testify as to the source of the dope, other people present, etc? —J. M. Stowe, VI

A: The New York State "shield law" protects newsmen from being forced to reveal "any news or the source of any news coming into [the journalist's] possession in the course of gathering or obtaining news." This should be sufficient protection in New York against a grand jury "fishing expedition" in which no specific persons or crimes are under investigation. However, a recent Supreme Court case (*Branzburg v. Hayes*) makes it clear that all grand juries can force newsmen to testify in inquiries into specific crimes. *Branzburg*, a Louisville reporter, had written several stories about alleged marijuana distribution and hash oil manufacture. Ruling that *Branzburg* must reveal his sources, the Supreme Court stated the First Amendment doesn't protect a reporter's "agreement to conceal the criminal conduct of his source."

Marijuana in the Womb

Q: We recently learned we're going to be parents in about seven months. Can you tell us what is really known about the effect on the fetus of marijuana smoked by the mother—or, before conception, by the father? After birth, would it be absorbed by the baby from the mother's milk?

—Ernie and Kathie, Athens, Ga

A: Genetic research with cannabis in animals has been contradictory. Five research projects showed increased rates of birth defects in rabbits, mice, rats and hamsters. Other scientists have failed to find any untoward effects.

Several studies on humans have shown above-normal rates of chromosome abnormalities in pot smokers, but they are all suspect. Most failed to allow for other causes of genetic damage—radiation, or other chemicals taken by test subjects. For example, it has been established that aspirin, even in low doses, can double the average number of chromosome errors in human cells. No evidence of genetic damage was found in the study of long-term grass users in Jamaica.

On that island, however, some breathing impairment was found among smokers. The slight oxygen deficiency that de-

velops could certainly affect the health of both mother and child during gestation. At least part of this effect must be caused by the tobacco smoked in large quantities by Jamaican ganja users. Tobacco is known to hinder breathing, as well as depositing lead residues in the tissues of the fetus. Hemp itself has a long history of folk use as an aid in lung ailments. For that matter women of the Sotho tribe of southern Africa have been smoking it for centuries to ease the pain of childbirth.

Marijuana researcher Tod Mikuriya, M.D., says pot apparently does not cross the placental barrier. Since it is metabolized in the liver, immense quantities would have to be consumed for THC to show up in the mother's milk. There seems to be little to worry about danger from grass during pregnancy, especially if use is only occasional.

Despite the lack of known dangers, we do not recommend using any chemicals during pregnancy. No medical or black market drug has ever been proven safe for the human fetus.

Acid Tabulation

Q: Can you provide the procedure, or at least a published source, for chemical tests to determine the amount of LSD in micrograms present in a street sample?

—B. T. Silver Hill, Md

A: The best source of test procedures is probably the chapter of Siva Sankar's *LSD—A Total Study* called "Analytical Techniques for the Estimation of LSD and Other Drugs (Assay of Lysergates)."

Putting on the Dog

Q: When it comes to neutralizing the marijuana fragrance for transporting, what options are available to fool police dogs?

—Name and address withheld

A: A 1972 U.S. Air Force study obtained by NORML under the Freedom of Information Act showed that "military working dogs were easily fooled by various substances. Unfortunately, censorship reduced the relevant paragraphs to sentences like "Additionally . . . in . . . as distractors." Airtight packages with lots of tape and plastic bags are a necessity, but avoid aluminum foil, which might set off a metal detector.

It may help to know what you're up against. The best dog teams are trained to run along the airport luggage conveyor

belt, often slowed down to give the dogs more time. The animals are trained to lean on each piece and sniff the expelled air. The aircraft itself is often searched by an especially agile spaniel. Everything that enters or leaves the plane on the ground—trash containers, fuel and water tankers, kitchen and toilet vehicles, buses—all may be sniffed.

Your choice of packaging naturally depends a great deal on how much you're carrying, by what transportation, and how you plan to disguise it. Try spraying your car with skunk oil before crossing a sensitive checkpoint, and say you hit one down the road.

Surrogate Smokes

Q: I've been noticing advertisements for so-called legal pot that retails for two or three dollars a lid. There are so many different ones I don't know which to try. I've never heard of half the ingredients, so I don't know what to expect anyway. Do these substitutes really get you high? If so, how much do you have to smoke to get there? —Scott Kenefick, Poway, Ca

A: These formulas, as advertised, consist of safe herbs that deliver a mild, relaxing high for an hour or so. Some of the ingredients—like lobelia, damiana, Scotch broom and hops—produce this effect by themselves and have a history of use as pipe fodder in primitive cultures. Other herbs—Life Everlasting flowers, mints or eucalyptus—are often added to cool and flavor the smoke. Most of the other plants used in these blends—such as angelica, coltsfoot, golden seal, skullcap and vervain—are better known as folk medicines in the form of teas. There are scores of more or less psychoactive plants that are still legal, and the only way to get to know them is to read and experiment. None of them will quite duplicate the effects of good pot, however, no matter how much you smoke.

Machismo

Q: A friend of mine has asked me to try to obtain a Japanese ceremonial tea called macha, which is said to cause visual hallucinatory effects after two to four cups. I've searched herb shops to no avail. Can you tell me what it is and where I can get it?

—Jim M., Project City, Ca

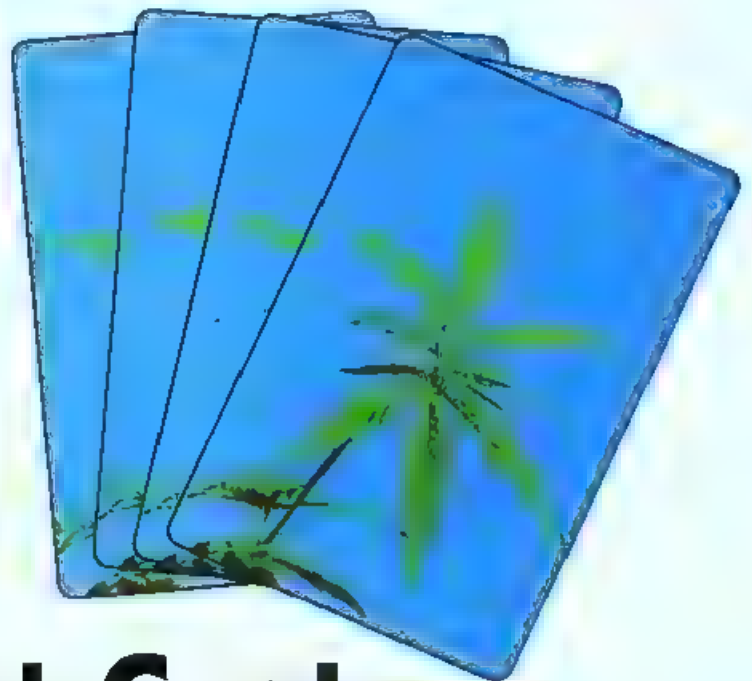
A: Matcha (as it's usually spelled) is a green tea made only from the early leaves



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of the tender top buds of the best plants. It is carefully air dried, then powdered in a mortar and pestle. Its extraordinary strength and flavor give it a well-deserved reputation as a euphoriant, but it cannot be classed as a psychedelic. The Japanese also make an ice cream from it to be eaten with the brew. Little, if any, matcha is exported, so you may well have to look for it in Japan.

Indian Soma

Q: What effects is Indian tobacco (*Lobelia inflata*) supposed to have? Some that I gathered last year wasn't much worse than tobacco, but somehow I expected more. A couple of old books on wildflowers describe its effects on the natives as varying from sleep to lunacy. My herbals merely list it as an expectorant and mild soporific, which is true. Is that all it is?

—Stan Pauling, Erie, Pa.

A: Also called pukeweed, asthma weed and gag root, *Lobelia* is known mainly as a tea (one teaspoon of dried leaves and flowering tops to a pint of water) used to induce vomiting and loosen mucus in cases of poisoning or lung congestion. As a sedative, often combined with pleurisy root, it was prescribed in colonial times as a tonic for nervousness. As a smoke, the dried leaves provide brief euphoria and mental clarity; American Indian healers used it as an asthma remedy. They also used a related species, *Lobelia syphilitica*, as a medicine for syphilis after this disease was introduced from Europe. Both plants contain lobeline—2-[6-(8-hydroxyphenethyl)-1-methyl-2-piperidyl] acetophenone—a pungent alkaloid that is a stimulant in small doses and a nerve depressant and poison in larger amounts. More than 15 to 20 grains produce immediate, severe vomiting. There's no more to it that we know, but maybe the Indians had other uses for the herb.

Stick Transit Gloria Mundi

Q: Can you tell me what to look for in a good Thai stick? I want to know whether the incredible price is going for something real.

—Jack L., Lansing, Mich.

A: The real ones usually come about 17 to an ounce, and they have thin tapered ends because they are grown nearly seedless. Bogus Thai often has bulky ends loaded with seeds, and it is often wrapped in cotton cord rather than the hempen fiber the Siamese use.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Dopers Breathe Easier

While debate rages around the comparative danger of lung cancer from marijuana and tobacco, two independent studies have confirmed that the active ingredient in pot is an effective breathing aid for those suffering from chronic asthma or bronchitis. Aerosolized Δ -9-THC was administered to asthmatics by Dr. Louis Vachon at the Boston University School of Medicine; Dr. Vachon recorded a 44 percent increase in airflow in his patients.

While at UCLA Dr. Donald Tashkin measured the effects of marijuana smoke aerosolized THC and isoproterenol (a common bronchodilator) on asthmatic volunteers. Tashkin found that marijuana produced a dilation of the breathing passages that lasted about an hour, reaching peak effectiveness 15 minutes after smoking. This was longer but not as strong as the effects of the isoproterenol. However, 10 mg. of aerosolized THC was more effective than the smoke or commercial aid, improving breathing ability by 90 percent.

San Diego Grand Jury Proposes Free Heroin

The San Diego County Grand Jury has recommended free heroin for registered addicts. The jury's report urges that the county seek amendments to federal and state laws to make heroin available at no cost, or at very low cost à la the British system. The board of supervisors is considering the plan. No action is contemplated before February 1977, however.

Yogurt Milk Goes Commercial

Because of a process invented by microbiologist Marvin Speck, acidophilus milk, long restricted to health food stores because of its tangy flavor, will soon be available nationwide in supermarkets.

Acidophilus bacteria (*Lactobacillus acidophilus*) grow in yogurt and in the small intestine of humans; they aid digestion and help prevent diarrhea and flatulence. There is also evidence that the bacteria synthesize B vitamins, which are absorbed and used by the human host.

Dr. Speck's new process suspends frozen, dormant bacteria in low-fat milk after pasteurization. Because the bacteria are not multiplying, the product tastes like regular milk. Commercial dairy com-

panies plan to market the beverage coast to coast. The Department of Agriculture has begun research to test the vitamin synthesis claims.

Stand By for Cloning

Genetic science took a startling leap forward with the news that a team of researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology headed by Nobel Prize-winning biologist Har Gobind Khorana had synthesized a completely artificial gene that functions normally in a living cell. Until now, genetic probes have had to study the functions of the genes as they were found in individual cells. Now, after nine years of work, Khorana and his colleagues have created an exact copy of a single gene from a bacteria and have transplanted it into a living bacteria. Khorana says the next step will be to rearrange the components of the gene to analyze their separate functions. "We would like to find out how a gene turns itself off and on," explained Hans Joachim-Fritz, one of Khorana's coworkers.

You Are Growing Very Stoned . . .

If given a choice between drugs and self-hypnosis, most people will go for the dope. Or they'll do both at the same time. That's the conclusion of the researchers at the United States Health Services Drug Education Program. They trained ten male and female subjects aged 18 to 50 in self-hypnosis, the object being to re-create their favorite high spontaneously. In less than six sessions the men and women were able to produce marijuana, heroin, alcohol and Dilaudid stones without the drugs. Nevertheless, the program was a flop. Many new subjects dropped out of the program. Those who stayed seemed unable to keep appointments, and follow-up study revealed that former participants continued to use their favorite psychoactive along with the self hypnosis.

The Bionic Cigarette?

The quest to unravel the riddle of the DNA code has taken scientists down some strange paths before, but a recent experiment at the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, New York is one of the most

bizarre. In order to observe the functioning of human genes in other life forms, researchers there incorporated genetic material from human cancer cells into cells from a tobacco plant. The human components were a standardized strain of cancer cells called HeLa cells, taken from the tumor tissue of a Baltimore, Maryland, woman named Henrietta Lacks, who died of cancer in 1951. The tobacco cells were treated with enzymes to destroy the cell walls, then mixed in a congealing solution with radioactively tagged HeLa material. Subsequent radioactivity within the plant cells confirmed the success of the fusion.

Pauling Fights Swine with Vitamin C

Nobel laureate and ascorbic acid champion Linus Pauling recently revised his bestselling book, *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*. It's now called *Vitamin C, the Common Cold, and Swine Flu*. The author, 75, says he never gets a cold and doesn't expect the latest flu virus to bother him either. He takes 10,000 mg. a day and recommends it for any "winter illness." He called the flu program—a \$135 million shot—politically inspired and unnecessary.

Two Dyes Dumped

What do black jelly beans, mascara, eye shadow and maraschino cherries have in common? They are often colored by food dyes suspected of being carcinogenic, or cancer producing. In September the FDA banned the use of Carbon Black and Red Dye No. 4. Now manufacturers of the above staples of life are looking around for safer ways to enhance their products' looks. Meanwhile, Red Dye No. 4 is still permitted in cosmetics and externally applied medicines.

Urine Tests Fail Accuracy Exams

Scientific studies show that many laboratory tests of urine samples for drugs are startlingly inaccurate. The tests, routinely used to check for illegal euphonia among probationers and methadone patients, often determine whether an individual will receive addiction treatment, con-

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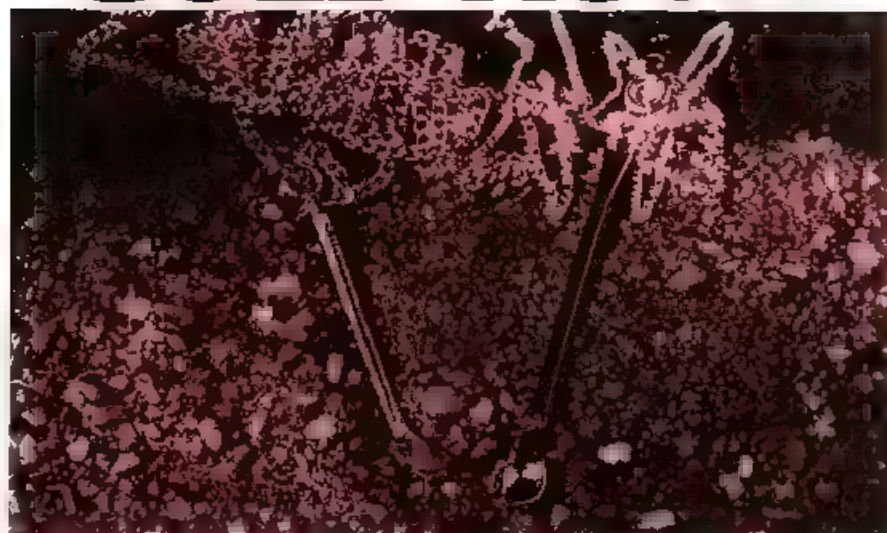
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tinued parole or reduced sentences.

The most recent investigation, one of a half dozen studies made, checked the performance of two reputable labs. One establishment got 47 percent of the answers right. The other scored 14 percent. Especially disturbing were the number of false-positive results, which indicated drug use when the urine showed none.

A Sprinkle a Day...

After an environmentalist group calling itself Citizens Against Toxic Sprays (CATS) protested the use of herbicides, the Highway Department in Lincoln County, Oregon, began searching for a new way to keep their curbs and shoulders tidy. The answer was as close as the nearest beach. Commissioner Jack Postle reports that seawater has been 75 percent effective against unwanted brush. What's more, it's cheap, safe and non-toxic. Postle says that the few weeds not killed by the seawater can be taken care of by hand.

Mutant Sponges Threaten California

Unmanned submarines under the direction of the Environmental Protection Agency's Office of Radiation Programs have discovered a previously unknown species of giant four-foot-tall sponges growing 30 miles west of San Francisco. The sponges are growing in a dumping site for plutonium and other radioactive garbage near the Farallone Islands, where some 3,500 drums of isotopic waste were discarded 25 years ago. However, an EPA spokesman reports that nearly a quarter of the drums have since burst, spilling their contents onto the ocean floor. The agency plans to investigate any possible connection between the radioactive spill and the mutant sponges.

What's Up, Doc?

An ancient birth-control method may mean good news for thousands of rabbits in the future. For generations, women in Rajasthan province in India have chewed dried carrot seeds to ward off unwanted pregnancies, now research at Rajasthan University has shown that the carrot seeds contain an estrogenlike compound that prevents a fertilized egg from alighting on the uterus of pregnant mice. The mice were given an extract of the seeds several days after intercourse. So far there have been no recorded studies of the efficiency of the carrot seeds among humans. ■

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Doctor, My Eyes

When Robert Randall 28, was arrested for growing marijuana on his back porch in Washington, D.C., last summer, he stood to lose more than just his plants. For Randall, the bust meant the loss of his vision. A victim of advanced glaucoma, Randall had tried all conventional medications, and his condition still worsened to a point where none were effective. His only relief, he told the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), came from smoking five joints of herb each day. His petition to the agency for permission to grow his own supply of dope attracted national attention, and several prominent ophthalmologists came forward to agree that Randall would soon go blind unless the government relented and let him have his weed.

Randall is smoking marijuana again, but this time it's legal. In a rare display of compassion no doubt brought on by publicity, the DEA, the NIDA and the FDA have instituted an ongoing glaucoma research project that will provide Robert and possibly 50 other glaucoma victims with weed from the government's own pot farm in Mississippi and the expert attention of Dr. John C. Merritt, a Howard University ophthalmologist.

Pennsylvania Ripe for Reform as Bicentennial Closes

In an ironic twist of fate, the hometown of the late Harry J. Anslinger, antidope titan, is scheduled to be the battleground for the first major test case challenging the constitutionality of Pennsylvania's cannabis laws. Hollidaysburg is the site of the Blair County courthouse, where lawyers representing NORML and the ACLU are seeking the release of Donald Dillon, charged with the sale of four ounces of dope for \$55 to an undercover narc. Similar motions have been filed for about 20 other grass arrest victims in Blair County.

Defense briefs claim that the state's pot laws constitute cruel and unusual punishment and deny equal protection because the herb is classified with more dangerous substances.

Spy vs. Spy Equals Zero

A man who claimed to be an undercover agent on assignment for the DEA was acquitted by the U.S. District Court in Boston after the prosecution was unable to

prove he hadn't been working for the law all the time. Jud Stewart Pollack was arrested in Boston on charges of buying and selling cocaine when the three men he'd contacted turned out to be DEA agents. However, Pollack maintained that he had been sent to Boston as an undercover agent after he'd been busted on a marijuana charge by Deputy Sheriff James Brinson of a federal-state DEA task force in Colorado. Brinson admitted that he'd sent Pollack east, but to investigate pot dealers, not coke dealers. Pollack's lawyer then subpoenaed Brinson's notes to establish exactly what orders had been given, but Brinson destroyed the evidence. The court then ruled that Brinson acted in bad faith and the charges pending against Pollack were dropped.

ACLU Fights Arbitrary Search in New Jersey

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) has asked the Third Court of Appeals in Philadelphia to order the New Jersey state attorney to forbid New Jersey State police from arbitrarily stopping long-haired motorists in order to search them for drugs. In 1971 and 1972, the ACLU successfully proved the illegality of 35 such actions around the country, including one case in New Jersey where U.S. District Court Judge H. Curtis Meanor awarded four plaintiffs a total of \$600 in damages. However, Judge Meanor refused to enjoin the state to end harassment and the state attorney is now appealing the awards.

Allied Chemical Pays for Pollution

The Allied Chemical Corporation was fined \$13,375,000, the largest pollution penalty ever, in October for fouling Virginia's James River with kepone, a highly toxic and nonbiodegradable insecticide.

Federal District Court Judge Robert R. Merhige, Jr., gave the company "no credit" for pleading no contest to the 940 counts of pollution. Merhige commented, "I think it was done . . . to save money. I don't think we should let commercial interests rule our lives."

Much of the poisoned river and Chesapeake Bay have been closed to fishing, and \$200 million in personal damage suits against Allied remain to be settled. The scandal first came to light when workers showed the effects of kepone poisoning—palsy, double vision, sterility, enlarged liver, dizziness and insomnia.

I Gave at the Office

Convicted rapists in Seattle must make donations to a local organization dedicated to aiding rape victims. According to Judge Donald Horowitz, who along with three other Seattle area judges is imposing the fines, rapes are "political acts against women and are a product of institutionalized sexism." The judges hope that the forcible donations will "raise the rapists' consciousness." Contributions to Rape Relief have ranged from \$60 to \$500. The group provides legal counseling, a 24-hour crisis line and emergency medical care for victims at a local hospital.

California Revamps Felony Sentencing

California's "discretionary sentencing system," a controversial reform measure adopted to give judges more leeway in sentencing felony cases, is being scrapped by the state senate. Once considered an innovation, the system drew flak from all sides. Critics on the Left charged that political prisoners were given longer sentences to keep them quiet. Right-wingers claimed that incorrigibles were being released too soon. Critics on both sides agreed that the standards employed for judging a prisoner's rehabilitation were often subjective and capricious.

In lieu of the discretionary sentencing system the senate will soon pass S.B. 40, a bill that sets specific limits on felony sentences. The bill's provisions will be retroactive, shortening the terms of many current inmates of California prisons.

Court Nixes Federal Peeping

When the FBI requested a phone tap on gambling suspect Peter Kim's telephone, they cited their observations of his activities by telescope as grounds. From a quarter mile away, with an 800-mm. lens, the feds had watched Kim read the J.K. Sports Journal and make numerous phone calls, enough to convince them that Kim was their man. The tap was granted, but a recent decision by the U.S. District Court for Hawaii ruled that their high-powered snoop was an illegal search under the Fourth Amendment and that no telescopic evidence could be used in trial. The court rejected the federal peepers' claims that since Kim himself had left his curtains open and was seen using a telescope of his own, he had no expectation of privacy and therefore should have none.



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($C_{17}H_{21}NO_4 \cdot HCl$). The latter is highly soluble in water and results in a solution containing hydrochloric acid. The former is "like" the latter as hydrogen (H) is "like" water (H_2O). The CHECKIT QUANTITATIVE TESTING KIT procedure involves, in part, converting that nasty hydrochloride to the basic cocaine like those Indians have been appreciating. Buy the CK-1 and learn some more interesting things.

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California Bell Disconnects Phone Wizard

John Draper, also known as Captain Crunch, the man who discovered that toy whistles in Captain Crunch cereal boxes mimic one of Ma Bell's electronic signals and enable the user to make free long-distance calls, has been sentenced to four months in Terminal Island's minimum security prison for "fraud by wire."

California Federal Judge Robert Peckham sentenced Draper for using a blue box (an illegal device that functions as a portable switchboard) to make \$30 worth of free phone calls. Evidence was provided by an undisclosed FBI informer who testified that the Captain had a handbook giving him access to the FBI's National Crime Information Computer in Washington. The informant also claimed that Draper had learned how to listen in on any phone conversation in the world including the FBI's lines and the Pentagon's top-secret Autovon Network, used for military emergency calls. See "Big Mother Is Listening," High Times, November 1976.

Canada Kills Decrim

In the four years since John Munro, then minister of health, said reduction of cannabis sentences would be given a high priority by the government, hopes for reduced penalties for simple possession of marijuana in Canada have died. Privy Council President Mitchell Sharp announced last September that the bill no longer has priority and will be killed at the end of the fall session of the legislature. It will not be reintroduced until at least some time in 1977, Sharp revealed. The bill would have set the maximum penalty at a \$500 fine instead of the current \$1,000 and/or six months in jail.

Finders Keepers

Lee Chilton of Lewisburg, Tennessee, was fined \$67.50 after he tried to claim his confiscated marijuana plants at the local police station in response to a newspaper ad. Lewisburg Police Chief Ray Bivins said that a tub of pot plants was found by officers just outside of town. Since the force lacked the personnel to keep the tub under surveillance until the owner showed up, the plants were taken in. A photo of the contraband was then printed in the Lewisburg Tribune with the caption "Have you lost a tub of marijuana? If you have you may claim it at the Lewisburg Police Department." Chilton showed up the next day, but he did not get his plants.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ■

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Psychoagriculture

Due to endless reader requests for information on growing marijuana, *High Times* is pleased to announce a new monthly column "Psychoagriculture," dealing with all aspects of growing your own. And after the great shortage of '78, even city slickers should consider the advantages of do-it-yourself farming. Whether you want to grow a few plants in your closet, a few rows in your back yard or a few acres in the hills, "Psychoagriculture" will answer your questions on cannabis cultivation. Our panel of experts from the United States and the major dope-exporting nations will cover all aspects of indoor, outdoor and hydroponic growing, passing along tips from the farmers who grow the most expensive plants in the world. Besides your questions, we also welcome your gardening and growing tips as well as photographs and anecdotes from your experiences in psycho-agriculture.

North Plains Cannabiculture

Here are a few things I've learned in eight years of growing cannabis in the Dakotas. These tips should apply to the entire Great Plains region from southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan south to Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico.

I plant seedlings or seeds soaked two hours when local farmers put out their corn, sorghum or sunflowers. Be sure to sow in soils similar to those used for those crops. Young plants need protection from drying winds in this region. This means interseeding among the above tall, fast-growing crops or using weeds as a wind-screen. The area around each plant can be opened up later. Companion plants may be used to adjust the hours of sunlight received by your cannabis.

The windy climate makes it so difficult to prevent drift pollen that I advise against selecting individual females for seed. It's better to use the best commercial seed available.

To cure the flowering tops, I press my partially air-dried plants firmly into brown glass jars with a heavy wooden cylinder, seal with canning lids and store in a cool, dark place.

Because of their height (often 9 to 12 feet in our area), marijuana plants are surprisingly frost resistant, so don't worry about them unless temperatures below about 27 degrees Fahrenheit are predicted. If your seeds are from an area with a long growing season, you needn't worry about overmature females losing resin content.

—Name and address withheld

Babe in the Woods

Photo A

Many of the crop photos I see in your "Letters" column are from areas where the growing season is all year long. I just thought I'd show you it's possible to get a

fabulous harvest in upstate New York. I have to wait until June to plant seeds, and then I only have until the end of September before the frost comes and it's time to bring in the sheaves. The Colombian ladies (surrounding another lovely young lady of mine) were 11 feet high at the time of the photo and were just starting to flower. The buzz is already unreal even before full maturity.

—D. H. S., Albany, N.Y.

Old Plants Go to Pot

Photo B

I have a household pot plant that has flowered once and is now blooming again, but this time the leaves seem to be deformed. Can you tell me why?

—Stoned, Tukwila, Wash.

The normal life span of cannabis is one growing season. Under favorable conditions, indoors or out, plants occasionally live past harvest time and bloom again. These old plants are past their prime, however. Resin content is down and new leaf growth is often erratic.

—Ed.

Pie in the Sky

Photo C

When I first moved to Washington from Florida, I doubted I could get up a good stand of pot in a land where the sun shines two months out of twelve. Well, seeing is believing! Maybe it's because we planted our garden in an old pigpen. Our crop is growing a foot every two weeks. The plants hit 11 feet just two months after this shot was taken.

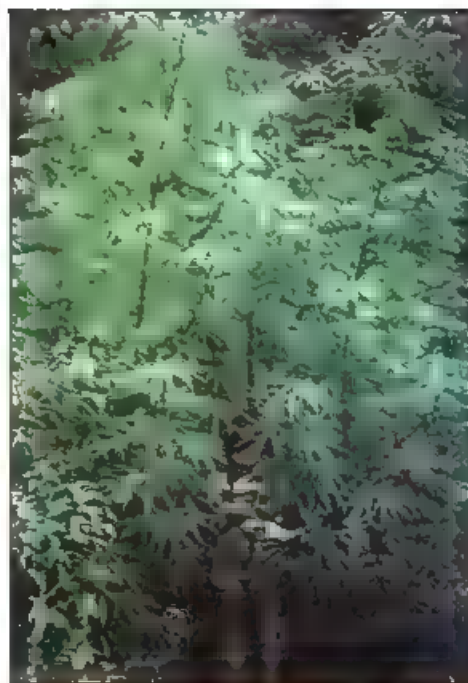
—Randy Fredrickson and Allen Todd, Spanaway, Wash.

Extrasensory Perception

Photos D-E

Your article on sinsemilla [*High Times*, June 1976] neglected to tell us how to sex a marijuana plant, so here are some close-ups of a male. In its earliest stage, the male flower appears as a tiny stem with a pointed ball on the end of it (first photo). As the plant matures, clusters of these balls form at the head of each branch (second photo) opening into small yellow flowers that look like forget-me-nots.

—Name and address withheld



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Attorney Michael Kennedy in his New York law office.

Michael Kennedy

By Ron Rosenbaum

Michael Kennedy is a radical dope lawyer whose clients have included Dr Timothy Leary and Nick Sand, a chemist indicted by the U.S. government for allegedly manufacturing enough LSD to turn on the entire world indefinitely. Mr Kennedy is also one of the top political lawyers in America and had among his clients members of the Weather Underground, the United Farm Workers, GI-coffeehouse organizers, Los Siete de la Raza, Wounded Knee, Jack and Micki Scott, who harbored Patty Hearst, and lately the Puerto Rican Socialist Party.

Kennedy was born in Spokane, Washington. When he was ten he moved to California's San Joaquin Valley. He graduated from the University of California at Berkeley and took his law degree at Hastings College of Law in San Francisco. In 1963 he was admitted to the bar and joined Hoberg, Finger, Brown and Abramson, the best trial firm in California, whose specialty was personal injury claims against insurance companies. But before Kennedy tried many cases, he was hauled into the Army, where he graduated 154th in a class of 155 at Fort Benning's basic training.

It was military service that radicalized Kennedy. He was already unpopular with the Army for participating in radical activities while in law school. In the Army he learned about our secretly escalating involvement in Vietnam and made a number of antiwar speeches while in uniform. This did nothing to lessen his harassment by Army Intelligence, and by the time he returned to civilian life he was radicalized. The war was escalating, and insurance trials had begun to bore him, so in 1967 he took up an offer to be staff counsel for the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (an offshoot of the ACLU, formed when the ACLU introduced an anticommunist pledge and loyalty oath during the McCarthy era). It didn't take Kennedy long to learn the ropes of political trial work, and he got into dope work because dope and politics seemed to overlap naturally.

Kennedy has just recently moved to New York from San Francisco because he feels there is more political work in New York now, and he is involved in counseling the Puerto Rican independence movement in New York. By a happy coincidence, New York has the worst drug laws in the nation, and Mr. Kennedy should be able to make a decent living springing dopers in fun city.

High Times: What were those first dope cases like?

Kennedy: Marijuana charges. The first dope case that I took was a kid named Gypsy Peterson, who was the organizer of a GI coffeehouse at Fort Hood, Texas. He had been found with eight seeds in the lining of his pocket and was given eight years—a year a seed—by a Texas court. I took over his appeal, and we ultimately got the conviction set aside. That was the first time I got into detailed study of the dope laws and the search and seizure rules, particularly the Fourth Amendment defenses.

High Times: Did you get him off on a Fourth?

Kennedy: Yes, based upon an illegal search. The primary thing was that they violated his civil rights. Also, I think I was able to demonstrate that they wanted Gypsy for political reasons and would have done anything to get him, including possibly planting eight seeds.

I knew Gypsy as a result of having handled the Fort Hood 43 case, the 43 black GIs who refused to go to Chicago for antiriot duty in '68.

High Times: Is that the reason many radical lawyers also became dope lawyers, the political prosecution of their clients on dope charges?

Kennedy: I don't think so. I don't know if my experience is unique. Most radical lawyers ended up in dope law primarily because it was the only source of money in their practice. There are some dope clients who can pay, and there are some who cannot. There are some who are political and there are some who are not. The vast majority of dopers, in my view, aren't political. No, I think most radical lawyers do dope work for money, in order to have enough income to be able to do the political cases. Because I have never made a dime on a political case.

High Times: You just said that most people who smoke dope are not political.

Kennedy: I really meant dealers. I didn't mean that the people who smoke dope are not political because I don't think that that is accurate. But I don't think most dope dealers are.

High Times: Do you feel that dope has helped radicalize people politically?

Kennedy: Definitely. Dope obviously gives you a different perception of the society you live in and causes you to question

some of the things that may have been traditionally unquestioned values.

The other thing is getting busted—that can radicalize you in a big hurry. When you see the heavy-handed way in which narcs, who are the primary fascist force in this country, treat people for offenses that are no greater than smoking flowers or expanding their consciousness, you've got to know that there is some other motivation going. And that that other motivation from the narc standpoint is political.

High Times: Why do you say that the narcs are the primary fascist force?

Kennedy: Well, I don't think it is a happenstance that Liddy and a lot of the most influential cop advisors in the Nixon administration and in a number of administrations before Nixon had had a heavy antidope background or dope prosecutorial background. The DEA, the Drug Enforcement Administration, and the state narcotics enforcement bureau, especially in states like California and New York, are probably the largest single-minded police force in the country. More money is being spent now on narcotics prosecutions and narcotics law enforcement than any other aspect of law. And there is more money to be made in the field of narcotics law enforcement than any other field of law enforcement. So it has all of the ingredients that would cause a very evil-minded person to want to get into it.

It also has the guise of law and order on its side. The laws are ill-advised for the most part, stupid and unenforceable and unintelligent. But police can under the guise of law, break into people's homes and search them and violate their rights in a whole variety of ways. And they can do this with impunity.

High Times: Do you believe in the abolition of all penalties for use of drugs from heroin on down?

Kennedy: I think one area where we might maintain a narcotics law is where a cop is found stealing smack from the public coffers and dealing it. I think that is a criminal offense that ought to stay on the books permanently.

But aside from that I don't think there is a dope law in this country that makes any sense at all. And I don't know if there can be any sensible dope laws in this country that can accomplish a prohuman purpose. The theoretical prohuman purpose of dope laws is to protect ourselves from our



own ignorance. That assumes we are stupid. I don't think that is a very prohuman premise. We ought to be allowed to do anything we want to our own bodies.

If as a result of ingesting something we then involve ourselves in collateral criminal activity, if they can prove that the substance ingested caused the criminal activity—which they will probably never be able to do—then maybe they should say that there is a cause and effect. But they shouldn't assume that dope is the problem because dope itself is not the problem.

High Times: What is your feeling about the marijuana high itself? You say unrealistic laws against it radicalize people. Do you have a feeling that the high itself is a positive thing?

Kennedy: Yes, I haven't seen anything to indicate that there are any harmful side effects whatsoever from smoking marijuana. I think a great number of people get tremendous enjoyment out of it. It is clearly less harmful than tobacco. It is less harmful than alcohol and the things that our parents and earlier generations used. Alcohol was their marijuana and despite the evidence that this was extremely harmful to them they continued to imbibe. Yet despite the fact that the evidence is overwhelming and almost completely contradicted that marijuana is not harmful at all, and does in fact have some not only psychological but medical advantages to it they still keep the laws on the books.

High Times: Tell us about the legal situation in California now. Do people smoke in public?

Kennedy: Oh, yes. People have been smoking in California for a number of years. I think I handled the last single-joint

case in San Francisco. That was about three years ago.

A cop busted a kid near the City Lights Bookstore for smoking what a cop with a keen sense of smell suspected to be marijuana. He grabbed the cigarette from the kid and busted him. It was, in fact, a marijuana cigarette. And I argued to the judge that it was nonsense. I didn't make it a legal argument. I said, "This is totally ridiculous. Are you going to try and pop everybody who smokes a joint?" The judge threw the case out.

Then the DA quietly said to the police, we don't want you busting anyone for smoking. We have real crime in the streets. Next to Miami, San Francisco has the largest ripoff crime rate in the country. They haven't solved a burglary in San Francisco in many years. Stop the harassment of people who smoke.

High Times: What precautions would you say people have to take these days? Can they smoke on the street in California? Can they carry an ounce of dope around?

Kennedy: California is not really a monolithic entity. Because for example, when the marijuana laws were decriminalized in California, the first thing that Ed Davis—who is the chief of police in Los Angeles and who has to be one of the craziest bastards in the world, in addition to being just stoned mean—issued an ounce scale to every cop. So that they could make the distinction right on the street between writing you a citation like a traffic ticket if you have an ounce of grass, or a felony rap.

So L.A. is a little weird. If you want to do anything enjoyable, do it in someplace other than L.A. In northern California

there have been no significant problems with people smoking dope in public for years now.

High Times: Have narcs harassed you because of your success in getting people off legally?

Kennedy: I couldn't win a popularity contest with the narcs; that is a fact. They have harassed us.

High Times: What sorts of things?

Kennedy: When we were handling the Brotherhood cases down in Orange County, I was representing Michael Randall. And Michael had been out on bail and we had been going through 54 suppression motions. We were living down there doing nothing but that case. We had a little beach house in Laguna Beach.

The narcs got a passport complaint out of the District Court in Los Angeles against Randall. They held it for about a week and waited to serve it until Friday night at eight o'clock at my house, where Randall was with his wife, cooking Mexican food for us. The narcs came about ten of them to serve this warrant when they could have served it that very day in court. And the narcs were the same narcs that we had on the stand every day for the past six or eight weeks, and we had really kicked some ass with them.

The doorbell rang. I looked out the window and I recognized two of the narcs. I turned around and said to everybody, "Cool it, it's the narcs." They kicked the door in, and Don Strange, who is the head of the Southern California Task Force of the Drug Enforcement Administration, stuck a gun that looked like a cannon right in my nose, and his eyes were big and his hand was shaking. I thought he was going



to blow us away because he was really scared

They thereafter charged me with six misdemeanors in California and brought me to trial. We ultimately beat the charges because I wasn't guilty. They charged me with using obscenity in the presence of women and children. The only women there were Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Randall and the only children I could perceive were the narcs themselves. The charges were all thrown out. But that is an example.

Many narcs have said to me, "We will get you one of these days." They don't like it when they go to a great deal of trouble—usually illegal trouble—to make a case and you are able to persuade a judge and jury of the illegalities inherent in the case and the client gets off. And the narcs are also convinced that some of the dope lawyers in the country must be involved in the trafficking of drugs. Although this has not happened to me, a number of lawyers have been set up by narcs.

High Times: What are some of the strategies that you favor in dope cases? There are obviously the search and seizure illegalities, but have you come up with any other particular things that have outsmarted the narcs?

Kennedy: I think the primary success has been due to some imaginative work in the Fourth Amendment area, the search and seizure area. Other than that, we have used the cannabis defense. And as you know, that has been chopped out of the law.

High Times: That there are alternate forms of the plant?

Kennedy: Right, they can't prove that it is *Cannabis sativa*, for example. It could be *Cannabis indica*. Also, we have convinced

juries that even though the client may have in fact been in possession of contraband marijuana, LSD—that in fact there were so many outrageous things done by the narcs that they are inherently not believable.

Most narcotics officers cannot help but goad the jury in their case even if they made what would constitute a straight legal bust. They always have to embellish it in some fashion in order to make themselves look better. I think they are probably insecure. So when you get their reports or their prior statements and you compare them to other clear facts and you find some variance, then the juries begin to worry about who is telling the truth.

And jurors are not so surprised that a defendant may come up with some strange defenses that may or may not bear some resemblance to the truth. But when a cop does that, his duty is to tell the truth and to uphold the law, not to get a conviction. The jurors tend to be very hard on the cops.

High Times: How bad is search and seizure case law now?

Kennedy: Well, the United States Supreme Court has been systematically whittling away at the Fourth Amendment. The Supreme Court under Warren and for some years after made it very clear that illegally obtained evidence would have to be suppressed, could not be used for any purpose whatsoever. That is not to protect a guilty person or a person who is in possession of contraband or an illegal substance, but because they understood that it is far more outrageous and far more dangerous to allow state officers or federal officers to go unpunished when they violate the rights of the citizenry. Their responsibility is to protect the citizenry, not to violate

them. That is theoretically the difference between the democratic government and the totalitarian government, although that difference is becoming less clear as things develop in this country.

Now the Supreme Court says that illegally obtained evidence, no matter how illegally obtained, can be used in a grand jury for example to obtain an indictment. There are indications that illegally obtained evidence can now be used for impeachment purposes. There are a variety of other ways in which the Supreme Court has taken apart the Fourth Amendment.

This is not true for states such as California, however, which still give very strong Fourth Amendment rights in the search and seizure area. In California they have to demonstrate very strong probable cause in order to substantiate a bust. The classic cases were the automobile cases where a person with a beard and long hair was going through a small town in northern California or someplace and a cop would pull him over allegedly because his tail light was faulty or his license plate was hanging off. And the cop would invariably say, "Well, just as I started to pull the person over, I put my light and my siren on and I saw him make some type of furtive movement." He was putting his hand down his crotch or bending down over here or something like that.

The Supreme Court of California pointed out those activities are as consistent with innocence as they are with guilt and you have to assume that the person is innocent. And that does not give you probable cause to then ransack and roust that person. But under federal law they could probably get away with it.

High Times: What about that classic automobile case in other states?

Kennedy: In most other states the rule would be the same as in California. In most other states you would have to demonstrate strong probable cause. It is the federal busts that are the more complicated. And because in so many states the rules with reference to the Fourth Amendment are much better for the defendant than for the narcs, a lot of times state officers make a bust that they know they can't win under their state rules, they'll turn it over to the feds and try to bring a federal case against the individual to get around the more lenient and protective laws. However, in New York, federal busts are frequently turned over to the state for prosecution in order to take advantage of New York's oppressive dope laws.

High Times: They can do that?

Kennedy: It is illegal for them to do it but they do it.

High Times: What is the "In Plain View Doctrine" regarding your own premises?

Kennedy: The Plain View Doctrine is that if something is in plain view, then finding it does not constitute a search and is not an invasion of your rights against an unreasonable search and seizure.

Well, the cops in their typically ambitious style extended that and began crawling up fire escapes peering in windows and hanging out in toilets. It got so outrageous that finally the courts began cutting back and they said, "All right plain view is not a search—when you are in a place that you have a right to be. But when you are in a place where you don't have a right to be where an individual has a reasonable expectation of privacy, you are in fact searching with your eyes." So now when the cops are hanging out in the toilets trying to watch people or if they had to climb up a tree to look in your window to catch you rolling a joint, that would be illegal and you can win your case then.

The area around which the court has cut back most significantly is in the entrapment area. Entrapment is critical in dope law. I have had many cases where the defendant could not possibly have gotten involved in a criminal activity without the provocation of the cops.

And the classic case was a case up in Seattle that the Supreme Court decided a year ago. This guy wanted to make amphetamine and he didn't have a critical ingredient. There was no way that he could get this ingredient. He talked to a guy who he heard through the grapevine had the ingredient that he needed. The guy was a narcotics officer. So the officer provided the critical ingredient without which the speed could not have been made without which the crime could not have been committed. If that is not a case of entrapment one couldn't exist.

The Supreme Court says it doesn't matter that the cop did that. If the defendant has any criminal propensity himself at all,

any criminal attitude in his mind, that is enough. And the entrapment goes out the window. But fortunately it is not the law in California. It is not the law in most states. But it is the law in federal cases.

There is basically no entrapment defense in federal cases anymore. And that is what makes them very difficult to defend, because the police entrap a great deal. I mean, the traditional political bust for black political people has been to plant a bag of heroin on them.

High Times: What about the area of smell these days? If they can smell the smoke can they make a search?

Kennedy: There is a doctrine called the "Plain Smell Doctrine." A rather remarkable thing happened. Suddenly every cop in the country developed an extraordinary sense of smell. "I smelled marijuana on him." And it got to the point where that became such a subjective and such a ludicrous test that the court started throwing it out.

Smell by itself is not enough. They've got to have something else. Because you can take a narcotics officer's nose and the dogs' noses and run tests with them that they can't possibly pass. Most of them can't distinguish burning oregano from burning

"I think most radical lawyers do dope work for money, in order to have enough income to be able to do the political cases."

marijuana or burning pepper weed. So smell is not the significant factor.

High Times: Well, what was your association with Leary, and when did that begin?

Kennedy: I was hired by Timothy Leary to handle his California appeal just after his California conviction in March of 1970. The first time I met him was in Orange County jail just after his sentencing. I agreed to take the appeal. I undertook it and wrote what I consider to be an extraordinary brief. And we took the brief down to him on a day in early September. I remember it had to be filed like on a Tuesday. We took it down to him on Saturday. He read it and made a lot of corrections. He was always very actively involved in the legal process. A very bright guy. And then on the next Sunday he went over the wall.

A couple of months later I got a collect phone call from Algeria. I said, "Timothy, I take it that you didn't like the brief," because he went over the wall. He said, "It doesn't really have anything to do with your brief writing or your legal ability, Michael. It is just that I didn't have much confidence in the courts." So he chose another route.

My first reaction was, I didn't believe that he had escaped. I thought they had killed him or something. The level of paranoia was sufficiently higher in 1970 than it is now. I got a copy of the statement that was given to the media by the Weather Underground. The statement was in Leary's handwriting, and I could authenticate it. I had gotten so many calls from the press that we held a press conference to authenticate the fact that he had escaped, apparently with the help of the Weather Underground organization. At the time I thought it was an extraordinary thing.

Timothy Leary was in jail illegally, without any doubt. He had been convicted of having two small roaches in the ash tray of a station wagon that didn't even belong to him. He was clearly convicted for political reasons, because of who he was and what he had said and done. Furthermore, Judge MacMillan in Orange County sentenced Leary and denied Leary bail pending appeal when they knew that case was a loser, because we had a deadpan winner on appeal. Had Tim stayed in jail, we would have gotten him out. And he wouldn't have been in the predicament he later found himself in. But he was clearly in jail illegally.

And the judge had illegally denied Leary bail to keep him from being able to communicate with the public because Leary was having a pronounced effect on the young at that time. It seemed to me that a coalition between Timothy Leary and a revolutionary organization such as the Weather Underground was a good, progressive marriage.

In 1970, I looked at the youth of America as being the primary force of revolutionary change in this country. And the vast majority of the youth, it seemed to me, rather than being into a political consciousness that helped them to understand the conditions that were getting increasingly worse as Nixon was becoming stronger and stronger—rather than understanding conditions and doing something about them, it seemed to me that they were deliberately turning their backs and using dope and music to do that.

Well, I love the dope and I love the music but it seemed to me that they were ignoring a very important aspect of life, namely the political situation. And when an individual of the prominence of Leary connects himself with the most prominent underground organization and the only cohesive political force on the Left then, I thought it was a phenomenal thing, a truly great event.

In retrospect, six years later I think that was true then and I think it is true now. What happened, unfortunately, was that Leary himself was never able to respond politically to the situation. He was not able to discipline himself sufficiently in Algeria to develop a comfortable life there. He was not able to sufficiently discipline himself in Switzerland to develop a comfortable life there. The Swiss were perfectly willing

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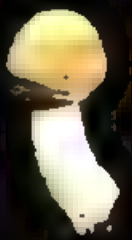
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to grant him asylum, despite the fact that John Mitchell himself went over there and told the Swiss, "You know, we are very serious about this. The United States government wants him back." It is a typical example of how stupid Mitchell can be. I mean, to want a problem such as Leary back in your backyard has to be crazy.

But Leary could have stayed in Switzerland and allowed himself to develop politically into a very progressive international force. For reasons that escape me, and for reasons that probably have to do with his sense of himself he chose to put himself in Afghanistan, which is a country that he knew was controlled in large measure by what was then the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drug Enforcement, whose illegitimate child is now the DEA.

So when Leary went to Afghanistan, he had to know that he was going to get popped there, but he went anyway. There was some suggestion that he went at the behest or request of Joanna Leary, and some people said that she was an agent. I don't know if she is an agent or not, but she certainly didn't do anybody any good that I can see. Some people say that Dennis Martino set him up for that. Dennis was later killed under suspicious circumstances in Spain.

But anyway Leary, unless he was totally out of his mind—and there is reason to believe that he may always have been—went to Afghanistan, was busted, put on a plane and sent back here. And when he came back he expected, I guess, some type of youthful revolutionary exuberance to free him. When, in fact, while there was a good deal of youthful exuberance, it certainly wasn't directed at freeing him. So Tim found himself languishing in a jail, once again.

I still don't think it was justifiable that Leary was in jail. Millions of people in this country, revolutionary and otherwise, have found themselves in the position of being in jail unjustifiably and have been given the opportunity to buy their freedom by selling somebody else's. My experience is that the vast majority of people don't do that, and clearly people of political beliefs and political integrity don't do that. But when Leary felt himself abandoned, then he chose to put himself in a position where he would barter his freedom and his fucked-up life for other people's freedom. And they began.

By "they" I mean he and Joanna. He and Joanna set up George Chula, a lawyer who had tried Tim's case and was an old friend of Tim's in Orange County. Joanna wired herself and persuaded George Chula to give her a little bit of cocaine in a hotel room that she had bugged. They busted George on that. Timothy Leary testified to a grand jury in Orange County that George had brought him hash into the jail. The grand jury in Orange County, which has indicted everybody for anything at the request of the DA down there, refused to indict George because they found Leary

inherently unbelievable. So, fortunately, George didn't take a fall on that charge.

Thereafter Leary testified and was thoroughly debriefed by the FBI and I don't know how many other federal and state agents. He testified before grand juries in Chicago, in San Francisco and possibly other places. He was going to deliver up some big indictments, and he was going to deliver up some lawyers, and he was going to deliver up a whole lot of people. It turned out that he didn't deliver up anybody. I don't believe it is because he didn't make the attempt.

High Times: There are people who say that no one went to jail because of Leary, whatever Leary did. Either he was playing it that way, or he was too unbelievable anyway. But your feeling is that he would have if he could have?

Kennedy: Timothy is one of the most opportunistic scoundrels I have had the dubious pleasure of meeting. And while he may say now that in fact he didn't hurt anybody by his testimony, the other side of that is, if he didn't hurt anybody it wasn't because he didn't try. What he was trying to do was exchange his freedom for other people's. The fact that he didn't succeed in it doesn't cause me to feel that he is any the less guilty of a political crime. And I think he is. And I think he knows it.

And, as I have said, when people have asked me what Timothy Leary is doing now, I've said that I understand he is trying to build a spaceship to go to Venus, and I think the conscientious people in this country should do all they can to help him.

High Times: Tell us about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love acid conspiracy.

Kennedy: The biggest acid bust ever made was the acid bust of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love on the West Coast and in Hawaii. They claimed it was the largest ring in the world that they were capable of making a million hits a week, and that they had made several hundred million hits and spread them all over the world. To read the indictments, there was enough acid made by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love to turn on everybody on the planet indefinitely.

When they made this massive bust they only came up with half a dozen people, and they came up with no acid at all, which was always amazing. There is no question that the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was manufacturing acid at some point. There was some question as to who was in the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, or whether it really existed. It certainly never existed in the monolithic and conspiratorial way that the indictment alleged or that the government thought. They were a number of individuals who had a loose connection and who also had the dubious distinction of associating with Dr. Timothy Leary.

High Times: What exactly was the Brotherhood? Can you explain it?

Kennedy: It was a loose-knit group of individuals, the common denominator of whom was that they all believed in psychedelics, they all believed in halluci-

nogenics and they all believed that the world would be better if more people took psychedelics. And what they tried to do was to spread as many psychedelic substances as they could around the land. Sort of like Johnny Appleseed.

High Times: In 1973 they indicted the Brotherhood, in a major indictment that was on the cover of the New York Times and virtually nowhere else in the media. It was supposed to be the culmination of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs' operation to crush this movement. What ultimately happened on all those cases?

Kennedy: The DEA never caught the bulk of the individuals they wanted in that case. Of the few they caught, several were acquitted or charges were dismissed. A few pleaded guilty to minor offenses. I think the maximum sentence served in that case was six months. One man went back underground—namely, my client Michael Boyd Randall, after they had rebusted and beaten the shit out of him. I can understand why he would.

High Times: Some of the Brotherhood people themselves described the group as the brotherhood of eternal hoods. Was it a

"Narcotics agents are the primary fascist force in this country... More money is being spent now on narcotics prosecutions and narcotics law enforcement than any other aspect of law."

mixed group of people as to their level of idealism and their ethics?

Kennedy: Oh, yes, they were very mixed. And there were a number of people who became quite embittered with others, and that is why so many snitches developed. Because they had no basic political views that they could cling to.

High Times: Yet the government still tries to keep this concept that there is a brotherhood, actively functioning and responsible for some portion of the drug traffic in this country. They try to keep this concept alive. Is it still alive? And if not, why does the government try to keep it alive?

Kennedy: It is not alive based upon anything that I know of. I think that it, along with the LSD movement, passed in history. It was the end of an era. And not as a result of extraordinary police skills but because the era happened to end. Individuals moved on to other levels and other things.

It doesn't surprise me that the bureaucrats and the narcotics officers would continue to say that there is out there this public menace, whether they describe it as a brotherhood or what. It is like J. Edgar Hoover going into the Senate, saying that

now there are 75 million Communists in this U.S. of A. You got to give me an extra hundred dollars per in order for me to be able to find them. The fact of the matter is that they didn't exist at all. But what he wanted to do was to perpetuate his own bureaucracy.

High Times: In 1974 they tried to dig up the ghost of the Brotherhood?

Kennedy: The Nick Sand trial in San Francisco was an extraordinary case. It was to be the terminal-seminal acid conspiracy case, and they had all the buggies in there. It had everything in the case but acid. It had the only multimillionaire snitch I knew of in Billy Hitchcock, it had two of the brightest and best acid manufacturers ever, other than Owsley. There were Nick Sand and Tim Scully. They had a brilliant chemist who was also a very straight full professor at Case Western. It had hidden bank accounts in the Bahamas, hidden bank accounts in Switzerland, talk of millions and millions of hits of acid, millions and millions in dollars. Suitcases filled with thousand-dollar bills floating in and out. None of this was evidence. This was all in the recollections of people. And it had Billy Hitchcock coming in with his Gucci agenda.

It also had Leary. Leary had an opportunity—this is when I first knew that he turned snitch—Leary had an opportunity to testify in that case. He was up at Vacaville being deprogrammed. That California medical facility I think they were trying to find his brain, and if he had any chromosomes left. And Timothy was at a meeting that had been held with Nick Sand and other people. At this meeting there was some talk about Nick Sand becoming the chemist for the Brotherhood. That's what one of the snitches said. There were many of them. As a matter of fact, it turned out everyone was a snitch except for Sand, Scully and Friedman.

Leary was at that meeting. I talked to Leary about it, and he said that no discussion had ever occurred about Sand being the chemist for the Brotherhood. I asked Leary if he would testify to that fact, and he said he thought he would. "After all, it's the truth," he said, with his eyes glowing.

An hour after I left, the prosecutor came in to see Leary and they had a several hour chat. I called Leary's lawyer and asked him if he knew that his client was talking to the government prosecutor. He said he didn't, but he would check into it. Then I got a letter from Leary saying that under the circumstances he didn't think he could help Sand, so he refused to testify in that particular case.

I had a Hell's Angel on the stand, and I was cross-examining to try to convince the jury that he was a liar and that anything that he said couldn't be true. "Now," I said, "now isn't it a fact that you pumped six bullets into the head of your best friend?" He said, "No, that's not true." I said, "What do you mean, that's not true? I have—" and I started to pull out a police report and

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show it to him, and he said, "It was seven seven bullets"

The other thing that was difficult about that case was that they charged one conspiracy and they proved 15 separate unrelated conspiracies. The judge allowed the prosecutor to bring in every piece of extraneous gossip, nasty, negative information about any of these individuals or their associates that could possibly be done. So it was a total trial by character assassination.

High Times: Nevertheless, they didn't get that much from it.

Kennedy: The most that they were able to get was that almost everyone thought that Sand and Scully were remarkably decent people, idealistic.

High Times: What was the sentence that Sand and Scully got?

Kennedy: Scully got 20 years and Sand got 15 years.

High Times: Where are they now?

Kennedy: They're out on bail pending appeal. The judge put a million dollars bail on them. The Ninth Circuit reversed it.

High Times: The publicity that came out of that trial—I'm thinking of one Village Voice article in particular—was all to the effect that this exposed Tim Leary and the psychedelic movement as just sort of snake-oil peddlers. Now I know you have your obvious disagreements with Leary, but what would you say, what's your reaction to that?

Kennedy: There clearly was no evidence that they were peddling snake oil. But the prosecution was arguing that these individuals were exclusively money-oriented. The only person in that case who was exclusively money-oriented was Billy Hitchcock. Billy Hitchcock, "Old Megabucks," came in with all the money, spread the money out so the acid could be manufactured and took far and away the bulk of the money that came back, and not that much money came back. Sand and Scully could both have made fortunes in a variety of ways. Scully invented the biofeedback machine—he could make a million dollars on that alone.

They weren't in it for money. They were in it because they believed that the mental and emotional and psychological expansionist effect of acid was one of the clearest ways to break through what they saw as a complete cultural block lying on us. You can't live in this country and not feel this block. And they made, they said, an acid that was legal. It was called ALD-52. And the interesting thing about ALD-52.

High Times: At no point did the government ever prove that they were manufacturing LSD?

Kennedy: That is right.

High Times: But they got very wiped out on what they did manufacture.

Kennedy: We had evidence to indicate that they had been manufacturing ALD-52. LSD-25 is illegal. ALD-52 hasn't been made illegal, and the only reason they haven't made it illegal is because the narc chemists haven't found it yet, although it was in all

the literature. Hofmann isolated it. And it has an acetyl group that is attached to the lysergic acid, which develops the same hallucinogenic effects as LSD-25. But you don't have to go through LSD-25 in the manufacturing process.

When they said that they hadn't made LSD-25 but that they had made ALD-52 I said, well, at some point you had to have had LSD-25 to get to this stage. But they didn't. And they showed me the charts of how it could be done. And Scully, being the archivist, or rat-packer that he is, had something. He dug it up, we analyzed it and on the chromatographic scale it showed that in fact it was ALD-52. And that was the only acid in the case. The government didn't have any.

High Times: How exactly was that introduced into court?

Kennedy: Tim Scully was sitting on the stand, and I said, "Well, do you happen to have any ALD-52 with you?" He said "Yes, I do." I said, "Where did you get it?" He had had it buried at his ranch in Mendocino for years. They examined it. And they performed two tests on it, both of which destroyed the acetyl group. So they came up positive LSD for the trial. We put an expert on the stand to explain that, in

"Mr. Hearst came in. He said, 'Call me 'Randy.' He asked whether he could retain me so we could have an attorney-client privilege."

their testing processes, they destroyed the acetyl group and they created LSD-25. My argument was that the government manufactured LSD-25.

High Times: But what you needed was a spectroscopic analysis which would be more precise. And they purposely avoided that test?

Kennedy: They refused to do it. We gave them the opportunity.

High Times: I have heard that when Sand was arrested they found some pieces of paper which contained over a hundred formulas for psychedelic drugs unknown to the general public, and many unknown even to psychedelic chemistry researchers. In particular, do you know anything about this? Are these formulas now lost to psychedelic science?

Kennedy: That evidence was confiscated from Nick when he and Judy were busted in Fenton, Missouri. At what they described as the largest clandestine lab in the world. Nick says that the formulas are all in his head. I am sure they probably are. There is a lot in that head.

High Times: It seems that an analysis of the methods of distribution of acid in the Sixties or early Seventies would show that

the basic purpose was noncommercial.

Kennedy: Oh, yes.

High Times: A price was put on it to motivate it down the line, and some people certainly made money, but many other people were just kind of moving it around.

Kennedy: Right. That was basically the experience I had with the clients I dealt with. But they weren't in it for money.

High Times: What is the acid dealing scene like now?

Kennedy: It is almost nonexistent. Not quite nonexistent, but almost nonexistent.

High Times: Acid itself is still around.

Kennedy: Oh, yes. But the acid future has apparently gone down. The bottom has fallen out of the market. It gets around quietly, though.

High Times: You represented the Weather people.

Kennedy: I represented some of the Weather people in Chicago around the Chicago convention and after the Days of Rage. And I knew quite well Bernadine Dohrn, who was active in New York as an organizer for the National Lawyers Guild when I first met her. And I met several of the Weather people in Chicago at the time they were in SDS. Thereafter I represented several Weather people who surfaced or were captured in indictments against them in Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco. And I represented people who have been hauled in front of Weather grand juries in various parts of the country, including Leshe Bacon up in Seattle.

High Times: They haven't captured any Weather people. Why is that?

Kennedy: Well, I think there are two possible explanations. The FBI and the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department are incompetent. And/or the Weather Underground are extremely competent. Probably a little of both.

It seems fairly clear that the Weather Underground organization couldn't sustain six years of underground activity without a very large overground support contingent. I think, in fact, that they get a tremendous amount of support from people in this country. And that, to me, is the primary explanation for their survival. For them to have survived the heavy years of the Nixon administration makes it even more remarkable.

High Times: What do you feel about the direction their politics are going in now?

Kennedy: I always empathized with their actions. They didn't hurt anybody, and the symbolism of their targets was phenomenal, because one of the things that seemed to be particularly oppressing during the Nixon years were these feelings of impotency and cynicism. And with their actions they overcame that in a variety of ways and showed the vulnerability of U.S. imperialism from within. I thought it was an important lesson. But it seemed to me that they lacked the strategy necessary for the long haul.

I thought that the publication of *Prairie*

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Fire was the real beginning, even though it has its shortcomings. And I noticed in their Osawatimie issues that they have begun to criticize some of their shortcomings. I expect to see another manifesto of theirs soon. They are clearly trying to organize a party now. They have an anti-imperialist strategy. They have an understanding of the importance of national liberation and of the liberation of women. That seems to be a higher understanding than any other organization around, with the possible exception of the Puerto Rican Socialist Party. They have gotten their theory and practice into a better tandem.

High Times: There's been talk about grand juries on the West Coast going after Prairie Fire and Osawatimie.

Kennedy: Well, the government gets all the copies of Prairie Fire and Osawatimie they want. An article appeared that named members of the Prairie Fire organizing committee, which is an aboveground support group that distributes Prairie Fire around the country and things like that. It was one of the key organizers of the Hard Times Conference in Chicago and one of the members of the July Fourth coalition. And there was a time when, according to press reports, a member of the Oregon Communist Party was in the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee. And they tried an old-fashioned 1950's Communist witch hunt scare tactic.

I don't think the government had any intention whatsoever of subpoenaing Prairie Fire people, because they knew exactly what they were going to do, their position of noncollaboration had been clear before. And the government saw that by subpoenaing them they would give Prairie Fire's organizers an opportunity to organize further and give them an additional forum.

The nearest thing to subpoenas in terms of the Weather Underground organization recently was the attempt to subpoena the filmmakers in Los Angeles who filmed the Weather people. And the subpoenas were not only withdrawn, but two other things happened. The Hollywood community, going against the example of their fear and trepidation when they ran and even snitched on one another in the Fifties, came out very strongly in support of this film and their right to make it. The other thing was that the Assistant U.S. Attorney who issued the subpoenas was fired because he had overstepped his political bounds. The government doesn't want to take the Weather Underground to the grand jury forum. They have been beaten in that regard.

High Times: So are they pretty much helpless, or are there new weapons they are developing? What do you think the next stage of that is going to be?

Kennedy: I think the machinery of the state is never helpless, particularly in a state that's as highly organized as our state is. But I don't think that people are without the will and the understanding to fight.

The victory of the Vietnamese people is a great lesson. So are the national liberation struggles in Mozambique and Angola. These are lessons of two types. One is that U.S. imperialism is not undefeatable. And secondly that people are not without the ability to determine their own fate.

High Times: People on the East Coast have a hard time getting a fix on what seems to be a whole new underground development in San Francisco, the New World Liberation Front.

Kennedy: It is hard to get a fix on that on the West Coast. It is probably hard to get a fix on it even if you are in the organization.

High Times: What do you think of that? Do we take them seriously as a revolutionary organization?

Kennedy: I think groups such as the SLA and the NWLF are not entirely the red guerrilla army—and not entirely aberration. But I think they can't go very far politically, primarily because they are operating on what seems to me to be the theory of Regis Debray, a foco theory of politics. That is, you can create a revolution by having a small band of armed guerrillas through exemplary action do particular things and then have the whole

**“They haven't stopped
traffic in heroin because
they don't want to.
They want
to continue it,
particularly in Harlem.”**

body politic, the working class, rise up and throw out the bourgeoisie. I don't think that's the way it happens at all, particularly in a society as privileged and alienated and split as ours.

I think we have to take them seriously because I think they are dedicated and I think that they are trying in their own way to bring about change and to heighten people's political consciousness. But in fact what I think they are accomplishing is to put themselves into a dead-end track, into a position where they become further alienated from their constituency, which has to be the people of this country, working class people and blacks, women, native Americans, Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans.

By the way, I think the Weather Underground was running that same risk. Before Prairie Fire and before some of the statements that have come out in Osawatimie, which show that they are not going to go down that dead-end road. They are in fact going to develop a Marxist party.

High Times: You were involved in the whole controversy over the SLA, the Jack Scott involvement. What can you tell us about that?

Kennedy: Well, it is true that I represented Jack Scott and Micki Scott, although I don't represent them any longer. While they were underground and being chased by what seemed to be virtually every cop in the country, they called me and asked me whether or not I would meet with them. And I told them that I would and I did meet with them. They said that they wanted to turn themselves in, that they were innocent of any wrongdoing. They wanted to come back and fight, and if that fight meant going to jail for refusing to collaborate with the grand jury or for harboring Patty Hearst or whatever, they wanted an opportunity to fight it.

The thing that was worrying them most was that massacre of the SLA people in Los Angeles because there was a variety of ways they could have gotten those young people out of that house without having to kill them. Jack and Micki were rightfully terrified that they wouldn't be allowed to surface, that they would be killed also, because for all the government knew, they were members of the SLA.

So when they called I arranged to meet with them, and we agreed that they would surface. I said the safest way to surface is to surface right in the middle of the media. So we organized a press conference in San Francisco, and with the help of some friends in San Francisco and Cecil Williams at the Glide Memorial Church, we were able to surface them right under the noses of the FBI, much to the FBI's embarrassment.

And after they were surfaced the truth, I think, came out. So even if they could have made a harboring case against Jack or Micki in Harrisburg for harboring Patty Hearst, the government knew damn well that the case had no prosecutorial romance to it. They couldn't win it.

There are two great examples of why they couldn't win it. One is Poindexter who harbored Angela Davis. They caught them red-handed, and the jury still walked Poindexter out. Stringfellow harbored Dan Berrigan, and they couldn't make a case against him. Because it is very difficult in this country for the government to persuade a jury, unless the jury is completely reactionary, that an individual who does nothing more than give human comfort—I am not talking about collateral criminal activity, but comfort and care to another human being—that such a person should be jailed.

That proved to be a correct strategy and Jack and Micki were not indicted. They were called before a grand jury and they refused to cooperate. And then, while the government was trying to figure out what it was going to do with their refusal to cooperate, Patty Hearst was captured on the West Coast, and that changed all the odds significantly.

High Times: Did Jack and Micki make a mistake if they, as it seems, collaborated with Rolling Stone?

Kennedy: It is hard for me to figure out

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whether or not that was a mistake. I think it probably was. The primary mistake that Jack and Micki made was to engage themselves on the press or media level, rather than on a political level. They apparently found the spotlight irresistible because one of the first things they asked me to do was to introduce them to some media people. I said "I will be glad to do that but it seems to me that you would be better off going back to Oregon and engaging yourself in political roots so that you can have a defense organization." But I introduced them to David Weir and Howard Kohn. I also introduced them to a stringer from The New York Times. And to another writer David Harris.

Ultimately there was an agreement that Jack was going to do a book and that Howard Kohn and David Weir were going to ghost it. I had nothing to do with that at all. I did handle some of the negotiations to sell the book in New York which fell through for a variety of reasons. We then went on a trip Mrs. Kennedy and I to the People's Republic of China. And when we came back this Rolling Stone piece had already been written.

According to Rolling Stone Scott was to get some money. He didn't get enough. Then he got very upset and he wanted to back out of the project. Rolling Stone issued a check to him for the amount of money that had been agreed on. Jack refused to accept the check. He called me and told me to fight it and stop the piece that he was going to come out and say that I had introduced Kohn and Weir to him as my legal investigators. He knew that I knew Howard and David quite well, and that I also knew a lot of people at Rolling Stone and maybe I could kill the article.

I told him that in my view the article was ill-advised and that I would talk to Howard and David about it. But under no circumstance was I going to cave in to his bullshit threat because he knew that it wasn't true. They were not my legal investigators. Had not been introduced to him as such. They were introduced to him as members of the press because that is who he was interested in meeting.

So the article appeared, and the next day on the front page of the Examiner there appeared this article in which Scott accused me of breach of faith and breach of confidence and claimed that Kohn and Weir were my investigators. That was on the front page. Scott subsequently retracted that statement and apologized for it. The retraction was on page 32, buried in the corner. And I had no further contact with Jack or Micki Scott.

High Times: How do you feel about what happened to Patty? The verdict?

Kennedy: I haven't figured out what's happened to her yet. I know that she's been kidnapped at least twice. It seems to me that she's having more difficulty getting rid of her second set of kidnappers than she had with the first set. I think she probably liked the SLA better than she likes her

present kidnappers namely her parents and the FBI.

She's clearly become a snitch and I think the strategy that Lennie Weinglass used for Bill and Emily Harris was an intelligent one because there's little doubt in my mind that the government was going to sandbag the Harrises with Patty.

I think she's a very unfortunate person and I hope that she is able to survive this experience and that she's able to extricate herself from the most recent kidnapping and avoid further kidnappings for the rest of her life.

High Times: Do you see a parallel between her and Leary?

Kennedy: I think there is one. When an individual who is not rooted politically finds himself or herself in harm's way, they don't have the ability to respond in a principled political fashion. So they respond in an opportunistic fashion. She's trying to buy her best deal by selling other people. Leary tried to buy his best deal by selling other people.

High Times: How would you have defended Patty?

Kennedy: It's always difficult for any lawyer to judge another lawyer. But from what I know, you never put a defendant on the stand when you know the defendant is going to have to take the Fifth Amendment in front of the jury because that seems to me to be a devastating attack on your own client's credibility. F. Lee Bailey is a very reactionary, very right wing guy. He was clearly in a position of wanting the Hearst and FBI forces to prevail, and he saw the situation of his client. I think, in line with the Hearsts and the FBI.

High Times: Didn't you say you wouldn't take the Hearsts' money? Were you approached by Mrs. Hearst?

Kennedy: No. After I had surfaced Jack and Micki Scott. Mr. Hearst came in. He said "Call me Randy." He asked whether or not he could retain me so that we could have an attorney-client privilege. I told him no. I wasn't interested in being retained by him, nor was I interested in having any privilege.

High Times: What's to become of Abbie Hoffman? What is his legal situation if he comes back? Is the statute of limitations suspended when someone is a fugitive?

Kennedy: Yes. Basically the statute of limitations would not help Abbie because the statute of limitations on a New York State crime would not run out while Abbie is a fugitive from the state. He fell victim to the Rockefeller laws in New York, as well as falling victim to his own mistake in judgment.

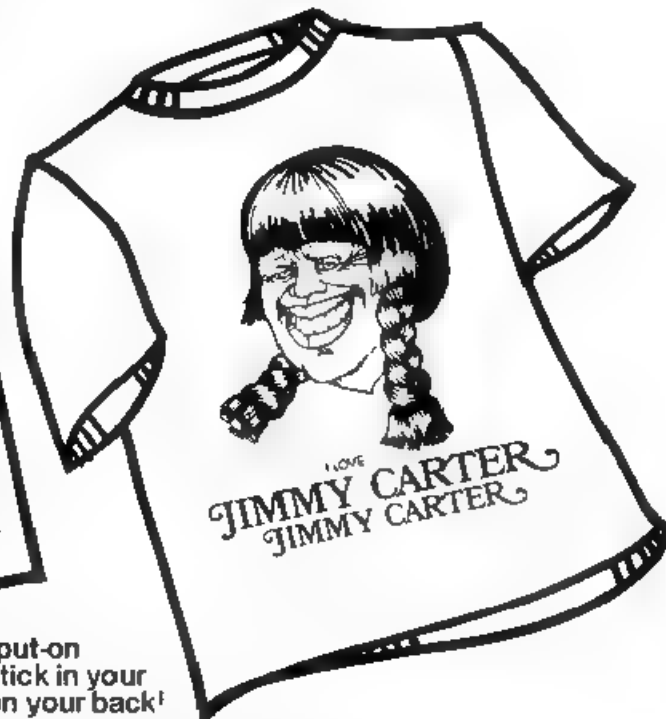
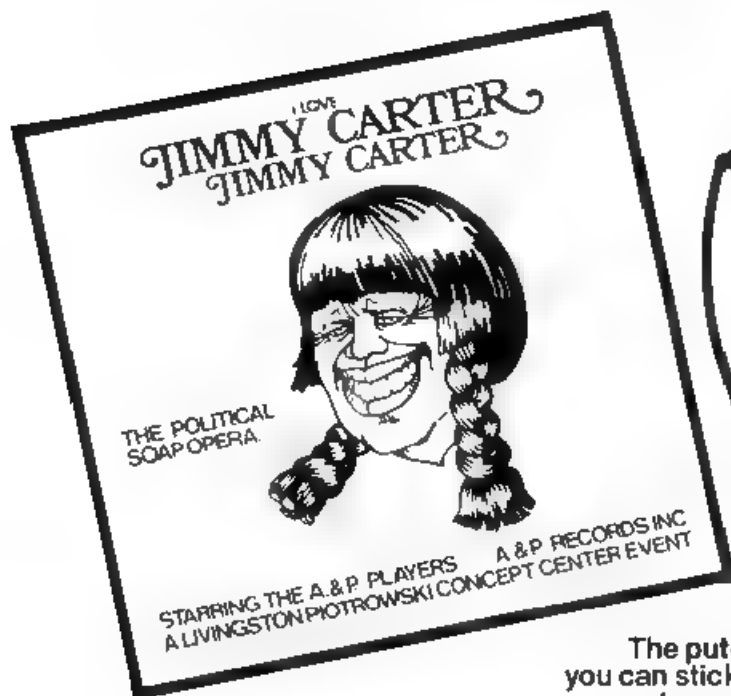
High Times: What mistake was that?

Kennedy: He was getting himself into a position with a whole lot of cops where he could be entrapped into a coke sale. He ended up spending some time with some very strange people. To put himself into that position was a mistake. But to face 15 years to life, under the Rockefeller law, to

(continued on page 60)

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CONGRESS FINGERS CIA FOR SMACK DEALING

story on page 44



Sea Blockade Nets Largest Bust in History

**Enforcement Conspiracy
Cripples Trade
with Latin America**

In fiscal year 1976, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) seized 1,308,204 pounds of marijuana and 21,079 pounds of hashish in the U.S., enough cannabis to keep America high for 33 days. The two recent high-sea pot busts will inflate federal seizures for 1976 to an all-time record

details on pages 45 and 48

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House Committee Speaks on CIA-Heroin Scam

By Michael Chance

A soon-to-be released report by the House Committee on Government Operations, chaired by Jack Brooks of Texas, charges that the CIA and the Justice Department forced a Chicago prosecutor to drop charges against a CIA agent supplying heroin for distribution in the streets of Chicago. The strongly worded report claims the "forced dismissal of the charges . . . is an example of Justice Department complicity in setting the intelligence agencies above the criminal laws," and condemns "the puzzlingly neglectful and inept behavior [that] may have assisted in a cover-up of CIA participation in Southeast Asian drug traffic."

The committee report, titled "Justice Department Treatment of Criminal Cases Involving CIA Personnel and Claims of National Security," is scheduled for public release in January 1977, but a copy of the report reached *High Times* within days of its release. The documentation of how the highest law enforcement officials in the land came to free the ringleaders of a Chicago heroin ring is a fascinating study of the CIA's involvement in heroin smuggling.

Since the late Sixties, reports have come from Southeast Asia alleging CIA complicity in heroin smuggling, particularly through use of its private airline, Air America. In 1972 Alfred McCoy published his classic study, "The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia," that proved conclusively the CIA's purchase of heroin base from the Golden Triangle. Yet the policy of buying heroin base in return for the allegiance of mercenary tribesmen was tolerated by officials as a combat necessity. Some defenders claimed it would even stem the mushrooming addiction rates in the U.S. by removing Southeast Asian heroin from the market, and pointed to U.S. negotiations then in progress with Turkish officials to buy up their opium crop so as to stop the illegal flow at its base.

In December 1972, New York Customs agents intercepted a package to Chicago from Chiang Mai, Thailand, filled with heroin. The load was seized when picked up in Chicago. A note was found with the name "Puttaporn Khamkhruan," and an investigation was launched. Eventually six Americans and Khamkhruan, a Thai, were indicted by a grand jury and later left the country.

When U.S. Attorney Jeffrey Cole attempted to get documents from the CIA about Khamkhruan and Peace Corps volunteer Bruce Hoefft he was rebuffed. Khamkhruan, living in New York and attending Syracuse University, was threatening to blow the whistle on the CIA's involvement. Cole argued that the distribution of heroin in Chicago streets could hardly be defended

as in the best interest of the nation, but the CIA steadfastly refused to turn over the needed documents. Cole turned to the Justice Department for help.

On April 15, 1974, a meeting

was held between Justice Department bigs Henry Petersen and Kevin Maroney and CIA General Counsel representatives John Warner and John Greaney. Greaney told Petersen and Maroney that the CIA could not release the information without identifying other CIA agents. *High Times* contacted Maroney, former deputy assistant attorney general, and asked him about that meeting.

"We were told it would endanger other CIA agents and we assumed the CIA was in the best position to make that judgment

We didn't weigh the merits of the case, we didn't get into specifics. We told Mr. Cole to meet with Mr. Greaney and work it out." Mr. Greaney, of course, was the CIA counsel who had refused to turn the documents over to Cole in the first place. Again he refused.

Although the report claims Maroney called Cole with "the unspoken . . . but implicit suggestion that the Justice Department approved dropping the charges," Maroney denied that he had made any such suggestion, implicit or otherwise. He also denied the statement that the dismissal was approved by the criminal division headed by Petersen.

Cole had no choice but to file for dismissal, but tried one more time, asking Justice to examine *in camera* the questionable documents. The Justice Department "never even asked to see the controversial documents, but instead approved the dismissal in short order." The CIA refused to make any comment.

DEA Appeases IRS, FBI

WASHINGTON—*High Times* has learned that the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA)—under scrutiny from the Congress and fire from the White House—has offered to share its information about previously unindictable marijuana dealers and importers with the IRS and the FBI.

The DEA move is unusual in light of the rivalry that has existed between the Justice Department-run DEA and the Treasury Department's Customs and Internal Revenue services. The list provided by the DEA names 413 Class I narcotics violators, high-level traffickers, financiers and pot importers who have dealt in quantities of 200 kilos or more and are suspected of evading income tax.

Stronger FBI Links

The move to share data more closely with the FBI is seen by some Washington observers as an attempt to extend the DEA investigative beat, while at the same time conceding much of its dope-case prosecution power to the IRS. Director Bensinger testified in front of the House Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control that the DEA had "instructed our agents not only to question informants relative to specific drug intelligence, but regarding bank robberies, terrorism, tax matters and smuggling information and tech-

niques." To kick the cooperation off, the DEA has provided the FBI with its names and ongoing pertinent data on all suspected Class I violators. The DEA is thought to be counting on its renewed ties with the FBI to help it weather the current storm of protest over its past excesses and abuses.

The Forgotten Alliance

The DEA's rapid rise to prominence in the drug control law field has until now overshadowed previous operations by the Treasury Department to catch middle- and upper-level traffickers on civil tax charges. Under a 1971 plan called the Narcotics Traffickers Tax Program, the Treasury Department's Office of Law Enforcement was assigned to coordinate the allied activities of the IRS and Customs Bureau units with the BNDD (Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs). Two hundred thousand suspected traffickers were selected for prosecution and over 250 were indicted on criminal charges.

The impetus for the new information-sharing venture appears to

come from the IRS, which has been under pressure from the Ford White House to develop a viable tax enforcement program against Class I violators. The original NTTP operation had been dissolved for lack of support from the Treasury Department. Following increased investigation of the DEA, however, Treasury Secretary Simon announced the formation of the Treasury Anti-Drug Enforcement Agency in May 1976. This group quickly became strangled in election-year red tape and the IRS proposed the current détente with the DEA, which was quick to pick up the cue. Seeking to avoid charges of monopolism and adventurism, the DEA has recently been actively lobbying for the passage of a series of legislative proposals that would ostensibly help to catch Class I traffickers by boosting the powers of the Customs Bureau to monitor all private boats entering coastal waters and the powers of the IRS to impound the cash and belongings of suspected tax-evading importers and dealers.

A Special HighWitness Report

The CIA's Secret Mind Lab

Years of Clandestine Experiments Confirmed

By Peter H. Meyers

The Central Intelligence Agency has tested marijuana, LSD and more than 150 other behavior-affecting drugs for use in clandestine operations, according to documents recently released by Idaho Senator Frank Church's intelligence committee, and in response to Freedom of Information Act requests filed with the CIA. The documents include an arrangement between the CIA and the Bureau of Narcotics for testing drugs on unwitting U.S. citizens in the 1950s and 1960s.

The CIA "has had a recurring interest in behavioral drugs" since the end of World War II, according to one 1975 agency memo. This interest was motivated by "the operational applications that could be made against agency employees by hostile forces, for which there would be a defensive requirement, as well as for possible use against foreigners to influence their behavior."

The research was carried out under three programs

Project Bluebird/Artichoke

The earliest documented program was Project Bluebird, approved by the director of the CIA in 1950 and renamed Project Artichoke in 1951. The focus of this project was "special interrogation techniques" using sodium pentothal and hypnosis. An Artichoke Committee, composed of CIA officials, met once a month.

- The committee decided in 1953 to purchase 10 kilograms of LSD for a price of up to \$240,000 from a company whose name was deleted. Ten kilograms of LSD will yield at least 100 million effective doses. The minutes do not indicate whether the purchase was ever completed, but do state that "all hands agreed... the agency should purchase the LSD if possible and as soon as possible."

- The committee wanted to inject truth serum into American prisoners of war returning from Korea in 1953, but the surgeon general's office ruled out this plan.

- Arrangements had been made for the "collection, cultivation, propagation and testing of certain narcotic mushrooms by agencies, both governmental and private."

- An Artichoke team had been assembled, it traveled "overseas" in 1954 and apparently used drugs on "individuals representing a Communist Bloc country."

Peter Meyers is Chief Counsel of NORML.

Death of Frank Olson

In November 1953, Dr. Frank Olson, a civilian scientist working for the army, was given LSD unwittingly in a glass of Cointreau. Shortly afterward he exhibited "symptoms of paranoia and schizophrenia," and was flown to New York City for psychiatric help. While in New York, he fell or threw himself through a closed window on the tenth floor of the Statler Hotel.

The CIA's general counsel concluded that agency officials responsible for the test had been guilty of "culpable negligence," and CIA Director Allen Dulles sent letters to these officials criticizing their judgment. However, at the same time these letters were given to the CIA officials, they were orally informed that the letters were not "reprimands" and that no mention of the incident would be made in their personnel files.

Harold Bauer, in the only other documented case in which a U.S. citizen was killed as a result of drug testing by the intelligence community, died from heart failure following an injection of a synthetic masculine substitute in a test conducted by the New York State Psychiatric Institute under a contract from the Army Chemical Corps in 1953.



The 400-foot Panamanian freighter *Don Emilio*, shown here in tow by the Coast Guard after being busted with 100 tons of Colombian marijuana.

High Seas Host Largest Pot Busts Ever

MAYAGUANA ISLAND, BAHAMAS—In the largest single marijuana haul in history, the United States Coast Guard seized 100 tons of Colombian pot and 40 kilos of hashish from the 400-foot Panamanian freighter *Don Emilio*. The ship was seized with the special consent of the Panamanian government off Mayaguana Island in the southeastern Bahamas. Twenty-three crewmen, all Colombian nationals, were arrested by the DEA.

The Coast Guard had kept the ship under surveillance for several days after an unidentified undercover informant tipped off the DEA. DEA agents in Washington suggested that there may also be 440 pounds of cocaine hidden on board the freighter that sailed out of Cartagena, Colombia.

Prior to the *Don Emilio* raid, the world-record pot bust was 80 metric tons seized at the isolated La Sora Ranch in the wilds of Colombia. The bust, known in the trade as the "La Sora Scam," took place in March 1976 and was carried out by Colombia's elite DAS narcotics

squad about 10 miles from the village of Rohacha in the northwestern part of the country. The La Sora grass was divided into 2,586 big packages ready to be picked up by plane. The pot seized from the hold of the *Don Emilio* was wrapped in burlap bags

MKNAOMI

The CIA entered into a special agreement with the army in 1952 as part of Project MKNAOMI, under which the army's Special Operations Division at Fort Detrick, Maryland, assisted the CIA in the development, testing and stockpiling of "lethal" and "severely incapacitating" agents. An undated inventory of materials stockpiled at Fort Detrick for the CIA included anthrax, tuberculosis, food poisonings, chemical and biological incapacitating agents and such exotic poisons as cobra venom and shelf fish toxin.

Under this project the CIA also made a covert assessment of the vulnerability of the New York City subway system to attack with infectious organisms. The agency also studied the use of biological agents against crops, and one 1967 memorandum states, "Three methods and systems for carrying out a covert attack against crops

and causing severe crop loss have been developed and evaluated under field conditions."

Most MKNAOMI documents have been destroyed by the CIA. Remaining documents indicate that the project was decreased significantly in the mid-1960s, by 1966 the agency was spending only about \$100,000 a year on the project, mostly for storage costs of the materials and very little for new research. In 1970 President Nixon ordered all toxic materials held by U.S. agencies to be destroyed. Although the CIA destroyed most of its toxic materials, some officials intentionally violated the president's order by picking up a large quantity of shellfish toxin from Fort Detrick and storing it surreptitiously in a little-used CIA laboratory until it was discovered five years later. (Part Two of the CIA's drug-testing operations will appear in the February issue when Mr. Meyers looks into MKULTRA, the CIA's principal testing program.)

Texas Jury Frees Breakout Team

New Hope for American Prisoners in Mex. Jails?

DEL RIO, TEXAS—Concluding a trial in which former prisoners in the Piedras Negras prison described horrible conditions they endured, a federal jury has acquitted 14 Americans of most of the charges held against them in the March 1976 over-the-border breakout.

In the jailbreak, Mexican guards were held at gunpoint while cell doors were opened and the 14 Americans escaped. The Americans then fled two blocks to the Rio Grande River, some swam to freedom while others ran across the bridge to Eagle Pass, Texas.

Breakout ringleader Mike Hill's testimony seemed most damaging, he admitted to all the charges from the witness stand. Yet, in an unusual display of compassion the Del Rio jurors acquitted Hill of the two most serious charges against him, leaving him with two

minor indictments involving an unregistered shotgun. It is the first time in seven years that a defendant was acquitted in Del Rio.

Hill was represented in court by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). The NORML lawyers called upon Dale Chenworth, Kari Jorgenson and Geoffrey Garfola—all former prisoners in Piedras Negras—to testify in Hill's behalf. The Texas jury was visibly impressed by their testimony. Billy Blackwell, another defendant, was acquitted of two charges, and Dr. Sterling Davis, who financed the breakout, was convicted on one of two charges.

Donald Feiden, another self-proclaimed mastermind of the raid, pleaded guilty on two counts and testified at the trial as a witness for the government.



Mike Hill and one of the women he helped escape from Piedras Negras prison, shown here with Hill's armored van.

State Dept. Releases Prisoner of Weed Figures

WASHINGTON—Critics of the reluctance to release American prisoners held in Mexican jails have recently contended that most are actually incarcerated on hard drug charges. However, according to the latest State Department figures, marijuana prisoners continue to make up the bulk of the Yankee jailbirds. Release activist California State Senator Alex P. Garcia

was given the latest breakdown by the State Department's Office of Special Consular Services, which is directed by Allan Guise.

Of the total 610 prisoners, about 400 claim California residency. In addition, Guise reported that nine U.S. citizens are serving time for possession of LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates and "other narcotics."

Americans Rot in Mexican Jails for:

DRUG	POSSESSION	TRAFFICKING
Marijuana	237	115
Hashish	5	10
Cocaine	35	21
Heroin	24	3

U.S. Funds International D-Man College

WASHINGTON—A rise in cannabis busts here and abroad may be the result of a clandestine DEA program to train foreign narcotics officers. More than \$500 million worth of dope was seized last year by agents who attended the six-week course. U.S. embassies abroad call the program the most successful innovation in drug deterrence in recent years.

DEA-trained agents in Thailand, Colombia and Austria have reported record seizures in their countries. Agents in Canada, France, Germany, Mexico, Australia, Japan and Luxembourg have also attended the course. The DEA claims that the largest busts in these countries have always involved at least one of their

international school graduates.

The program began in 1969, when the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) trained 20 agents from Central and South American countries to slow the flow of marijuana and cocaine. When the program was deemed successful, the present international school was formed. Since 1973, the school conducted courses in the U.S. but has also sent teachers to trouble spots for on-the-job advice.

DEA officials are quick to cite the Chilean program as their prime success story. In 1975 Chilean DEA grads busted seven cocaine manufacturing laboratories and confiscated almost 1,000 pounds of cocaine.

Mexico's Chief Summits with Ford

Jobs, "War on Drugs" Top Priorities

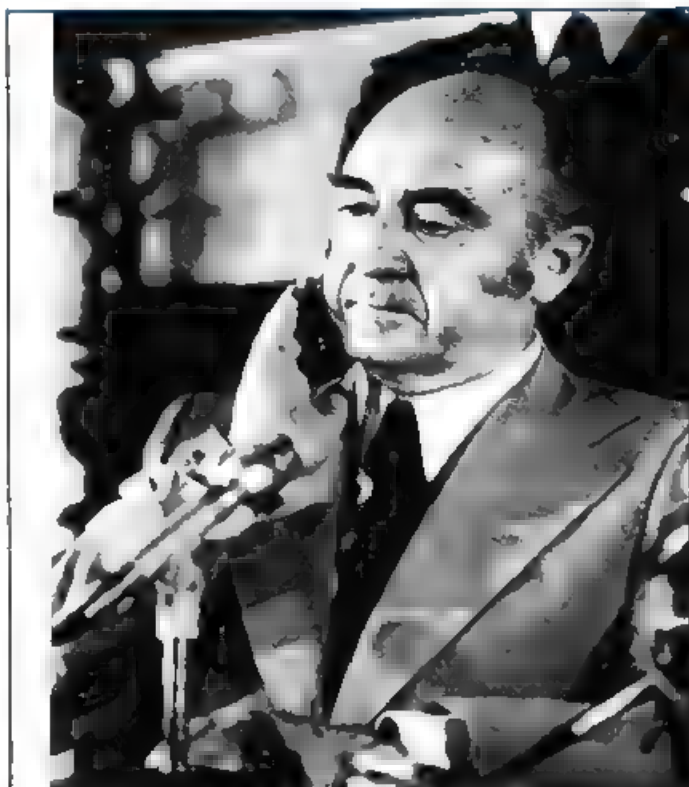
By Bill Choyke

WASHINGTON - In an hour-long meeting with reporters after his visit to the White House, Mexican president-elect José Lopez Portillo renewed the official Mexican hard line against poppy and marijuana production. Portillo compared his country's problems with illicit drug traffic to the United States' increasing headaches over illegal Mexican aliens. The 56-year-old Portillo, who ran unopposed in the last elections, also said he was "very interested and very concerned" about negotiations between the two countries to expedite a prisoner release program that would affect Americans held on drug charges.

Portillo would not divulge the specifics of his meeting with President Ford. However, he quickly discounted the possibility that Mexico would make marijuana a cash crop if it were legalized in the United States. "We shall never legalize the use of drugs, even marijuana," he told reporters. "We hope that nobody will legalize the import of marijuana."

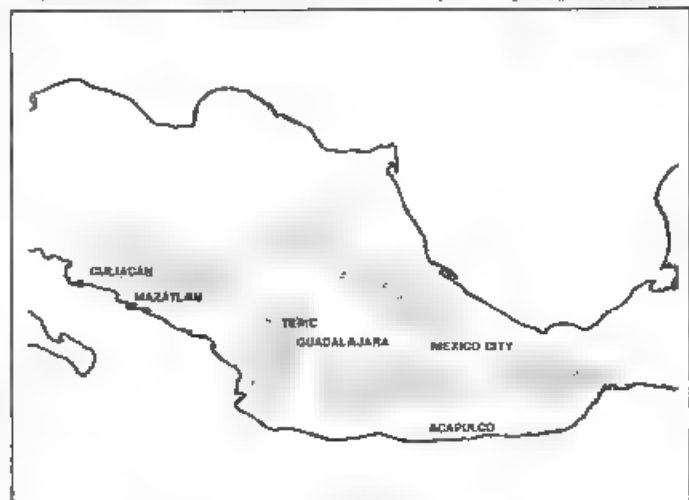
The president-elect's trip was described as a public relations tour

to attract investors to Mexico, which recently devalued its currency and is actively soliciting new markets for its goods. However, Portillo would not comment on the possibility that the Mexican marijuana crop will be struck by a 20-25 percent price increase in 1977 as was suggested by sources close to *High Times*. "The solution lies in generating jobs in Mexico," he declared. "We are now combating drug traffic vigorously



Nicholas Russell

Mexico's new president José Lopez Portillo before a Washington press conference where he vowed never to sanction marijuana exports from Mexico.



Marijuana-growing regions of Mexico

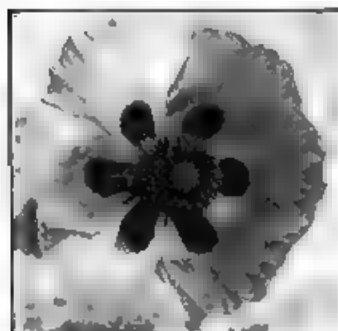
DEA Poisons Portillo's Poppies

MEXICO CITY - After a year of bitter feuding, the DEA and its Mexican counterpart have resumed their joint poppy-eradication program south of the border. The DEA had come under increasing criticism from Mexico's own top D-Man Dr. Alejandro Gertz Manero (The Mad Doctor) for its alleged imperialistic policies, and its staff in Mexico was replaced

However, with elections in both nations over and the marijuana harvest in, the allied D-Men have taken to the air and fields again in a vigorous assault on the source of the Mexican "brown sugar" that is becoming a junkie staple in every major American city.

More than 30 DEA helicopters are now crisscrossing the Sierra Madre Mountains, spraying suspected poppy plantations with the lethal herbicide 2-4D. In the past, Mexican opponents of the DEA have claimed that such spraying is often indiscriminate and endangers the lives of Mexican farmers and families. In addition to the helicopters, about 27 DEA technicians and four light spotter planes have been loaned to Mexico to supplement the estimated 25 DEA agents now permanently stationed there.

The combined forces claimed to have eradicated some 26,000 poppy fields in 1976.



Opium Poppy

Floating Peso Bodes Inflation for Mex. Exports

MEXICO CITY - The government's decision to let the peso float on the international money market may pinch American dopers' wallets in '77, say Mexican sources close to *High Times*.

The Mexican peso had been pegged to a rate of 12 to the dollar for 20 years when it was suddenly allowed to spiral downward to 18-20 to the dollar. Importers in contact with the mountain-area market are not worried that the

ensuing inflation will effect this year's costs: it is expected that the mountain areas will be the last to be hit by rising prices. However, a 20-25 percent increase is expected to cause some grumbling in 1977.

The floating peso is being buoyed by a \$600 million in short-term loans from the United States. The International Money Fund (IMF) intends to earmark \$1.2 billion to Mexico to ease its current balance of payment deficit.

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Gulf Blockade Nets 20 Tons

A major bust occurred when 20 tons of Colombian were confiscated from the 176-foot Panamanian freighter *Rio Chagres* 16 miles southeast of Pascagoula, Mississippi, in the Gulf of Mexico.

The grass-filled ship, out of Cartagena, offered no resistance and was escorted to Gulfport, Mississippi, the site of a 15-ton pot bust last May that resulted in seven arrests and the seizure of the 55 foot shrimp boat *Gulf Stream* ("Highwitness News," August 1976). All 15 persons aboard the *Rio Chagres* were arrested and charged with conspiring to smuggle marijuana with intent to sell.

Coast Guard sources claim that another boat, which was to transfer the marijuana to the mainland, was to be seized and taken to

Gulfport. However, the smaller craft eluded the Coast Guard cutter and fled to safety.

The second marijuana bust in the Mississippi Gulf area within six months resulted from a month-long investigation by the Coast Guard and U.S. Customs Sheriff's deputies in Jackson County said they tipped off federal authorities after receiving information on the import operation from local undercover sources.

D-Man Ken Miley told *High Times* that more arrests would be forthcoming in connection with the 20-ton bust, but refused to discuss a specific time frame.

Busts during the last quarter of 1976 put total seizures well over 300,000 pounds—enough marijuana to last the nation's 33 million-plus smokers for 75 days.



The 20-ton marijuana freighter *Rio Chagres* and one of the cutters that helped bust it

NIDA Debunks Addict-Crime Myth

WASHINGTON — Heroin addiction does not lead to crime and most heroin habits are not supported by robbery, according to a recent report issued by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). The two basic assumptions behind domestic narcotics laws were challenged by the findings of a 23-member panel on drug abuse and criminal behavior chaired by Dr. Robert Shellow.

The panel found that 30 to 50 percent of the addicts' habit-supporting income comes from heroin dealing, while the rest is earned in straight employment. The long-held assumption that reducing the heroin supply helps force heroin users into treatment programs was also found to be false. Most addicts voluntarily cut down or kick their habit, or replace it with downs, methadone or alcohol, during dry times.

The panel also contended that heroin use is often a luxury indulged only after a successful life

of crime has brought wealth. In any case, severe laws and expensive clinics are not the answer to the nation's heroin problem, Shellow stated in the report.

Dr. Shellow postulated that as long as unemployment among inner-city youth is over 60 percent, addiction and crime will continue to be two attractive alternatives to poverty and boredom. He noted that the few clinics offering job training and placement were by far the most successful in helping addicts get off heroin permanently.

Organization of Dope- Exporting Countries Threatens Future of Free Enterprise

A recent statement by the Colombian Minister of Justice Dr. Samuel Hoyos Arango caused close observers of the dope trade scene to perk up their ears. Arango called marijuana a "magnificent commerce," again raising in many minds the spectre of the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries (ODEC).

Of course there are no treaties or any visible apparatus of price and quality control to insure a common market among these nations; but statements like Dr. Arango's and the harried insistence of Mexican president elect Portillo that his nation has no plans to export marijuana point to an insistent uncensored of economic thought among the leaders of these dope-rich lands.

Consumers states do have a right to be concerned, for it's their dollars at stake. The booming demand here for the products that must be purchased in other nations and smuggled into the U.S. is placing an immense strain on the fragile free-booter system that has existed until now. And the last

year has seen an increasing amount of very expensive graft to ODEC officials by cannabis cartels. On this level alone there does exist a shadowy conspiracy among ODEC bureaucrats and police to insure that at least some dope gets through to fuel the appetite of American heads. It's clear that until the U.S. sanctions cannabis sale and importation there will be no way to deal with ODEC policy, short of violence and guessing.

While billions of dollars change hands, there is no way to stabilize cannabis prices and insure quality. But there soon may be if constitutional demands are pressed in Washington. When the 20-ton-a-day market is declared open, what nations will we be dealing with? How much of a market will ODEC control? In this first of a two-part series, we will present you with a geographic look at the ODEC nations. In Part Two which will appear in the February *High Times*, Rutgers economist Gene Arnstead will explore the effect of the cannabis dollar on global economics.



Key to Map

Hash-Producing Countries

Morocco	Afghanistan
India	Turkey
Pakistan	

Pot-Producing Countries

Colombia	Brazil
Mexico	Jamaica

Cocaine-Producing Countries

Peru	Ecuador
Bolivia	



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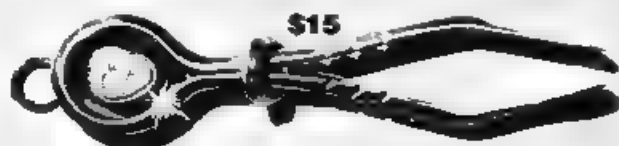


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Greeks Nix Grass

ATHENS—The Greek government has issued a blistering indictment against foreigners who they claim are responsible for the rise in popularity of marijuana and hashish in this graceful Mediterranean country of 10 million people. In response to the popular upsurge of recreational drugs here, the government has declared an "unrelentless war" against dealers and importers so that the situation "does not reach American and Western European levels."

The use of marijuana and hashish and convictions for their use have substantially increased in the last ten years, particularly among foreigners who are getting the products into Greece, the official statement said

Of the 470 persons currently in Greek jails for various drug offenses, 310 are foreigners, and 20 of these are American. The government claims that most are Middle and Far Eastern smugglers. Before 1970, the statement said, only about 25 percent of those arrested were foreigners.

Rise of Hallucinogenics

While the use of marijuana and hashish predominate, barbiturates, amphetamines, hash oil and

hallucinogenics are receiving a renewed popularity. Surprisingly, the hallucinogenics are either domestic or British and are considered by observers here to be far superior to their American counterparts

Under Greek law, passing grass to a person under 18 years old is punishable by life imprisonment plus a fine of up to \$280,000. Possession of a small quantity of grass brings stiff fines and sentences of five to twenty years.



Greek Premier Constantine Karamanlis

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NORML Targets Arkansas for Decrim in '77

LITTLE ROCK—The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) will begin a push to decriminalize marijuana in Arkansas beginning January 1, 1977. The Arkansas affiliate of NORML, which has 110 members, will be led by Little Rock lawyer and decriminalization advocate W. Dent Gitchell.

In Arkansas, simple possession of marijuana is a misdemeanor punishable by up to one year in jail. A third conviction of possession constitutes a felony punishable by three to five years. Possession of more than one ounce carries with it a presumption of intent to sell or deliver, and is classified as a felony with a three- to ten-year prison term attached. According to the FBI, in 1974 about 2,000 Arkansans were arrested for marijuana use and at least \$2.5 million were spent to apprehend, try and convict them.

Gitchell said he expects to revive the "presumption of intent to deliver." The Arkansas chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has agreed to join NORML in this and other marijuana challenges in the courts.

NORML's new Arkansas affiliate is part of National Director Keith Stroup's master plan to decriminalize at least one southern state in 1977. Southern conservatism has equated marijuana with crime, and decriminalization

south of the Mason-Dixon line has long been a problem.

Stroup acknowledged that the Arkansas decrim bill would probably not pass the first time it was introduced into the legislature, but he said that if NORML could get the bill introduced and get a legis-

lative committee to hold a public hearing it would "raise the level of debate." NORML's use of the public hearing has proved instrumental in effecting decriminalization in Maine, Oregon, California, Ohio, Minnesota, South Dakota, Alaska and Colorado.

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Egypt, Turkey Block Lebanon-Europe Hash Routes

CAIRO—Egyptian police confiscated 3.5 tons of Lebanese hashish after an eight-hour gun battle with nine smugglers near El Alamein—the site of the famous WW II battle. The hash had come to El Alamein via Cyprus and was on its way to Europe and points west when border guards, acting on a tip-off, surprised the smugglers and ordered them to halt.

The smugglers opened fire with submachine guns and pistols, and the battle began. Several smugglers and one border guard were wounded, and all the smugglers were captured and arrested. Police then confiscated the 3.5 tons of hash, which had been concealed in

85 automobile tires and stowed away on a boat.

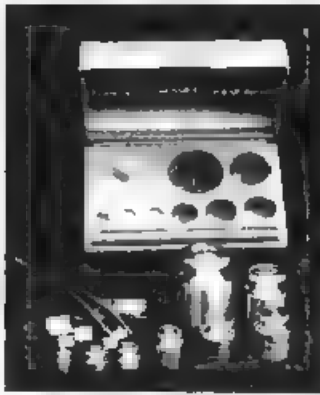
275 Pounds Nabbed en Route to Europe

Another hashish related incident occurred in Turkey when narcotics police posing as buyers captured two members of a local hashish-exporting concern as they allegedly attempted to ship 275 pounds of hash to Western Europe via Romania. The hash was reportedly Lebanese in origin. Two men were arrested, but Hadi Akman—one of Europe's best-known hashish exporters—evaded capture during the raid.



In the heart of Lebanon's Qurnat es Saouda Mountains, 20 miles northeast of Beirut, grows the famous Balbek hashish. The field pictured here, which was harvested in 1975, extends 25 miles in either direction.

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Farmers Beware!



While scanning the leaf of a pot plant with an electron microscope, biologist Peter Kaufman discovered "Fred" the red spider mite. Magnified 400 times, Fred is shown here feeding on a strain of pot provided by Ernie Small's marijuana farm at Ottawa's Agricultural Research Department in Canada.

Hijackers Hit on 5-Ton Valium Heist

Over 10,000 pounds of diazepam (Valium) have been stolen from the Hoffman-La Roche Company of Nutley, New Jersey. Corporate officials would not confirm the robbery or release any details, but *High Times* has learned from an unofficial source close to the pharmaceutical industry that the theft occurred when a company truck was hijacked at a truck stop on Route 80 near Bartonsville, Pennsylvania.

The two drivers were kidnapped and later released unharmed in Philadelphia. About 60 percent of

the merchandise was later recovered in a warehouse in Brooklyn, New York. The truck was also recovered near the warehouse. Besides Valium, the haul also included Librium (chlor-diazepoxide hydrochloride) and Daimane (flurazepam hydrochloride). The shipment consisted of over 22 million dosage units in tabs and caps, of which 8.8 million have not been recovered.

There were 50 million prescriptions and refills written for Valium in 1974, which amounted to nearly 15,000 pounds.

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Leary Lectures Planet on Migration to the Stars

NEW YORK—Calling LSD a "post-terrestrial experience," former acid advocate Dr. Timothy Leary has embarked on a nation-wide lecture tour to promote the concept of living in gigantic cylinders that orbit the earth. The ex-Harvard psychology professor who pioneered LSD at Milbrook, New York, during the Sixties told his Seventies' audience of 600 that he does not intend "to lead a charge of the light brigade back to the Sixties."

The prelude to Dr. Leary's arrival at C.W. Post was pregnant with postacid pomp and circumstance. Two front men for the Leary entourage treated the crowd to the music of the Pink Floyd, the Moody Blues and David Bowie. Leary, who makes over \$1,000 per lecture, leaped from behind a white screen wearing a white suit and well-worn white sneakers. At no point during the talk did he mention LSD by name. Instead, the man who told a generation to "tune in, turn on and drop out" spoke of "mutation, metamorphosis and migration to the stars."

Leary dubbed his audience a "fairly sophisticated society of primates." Leary's hour-long lecture covered biochemistry and history and ended with an explanation on why the human race should migrate to the stars if they wished to survive. He went on to tell the crowd that they "should scratch

death from their appointment books" and rally around the "three neurological postulates of life extension, intelligence increase and space migration."

"The three are the same," said Leary. "You cannot have one without the other two."

The three neurological postu-



Carrie Boretz

Dr. Timothy Leary explains his Terra II voyage to outer space to High Times News Editor A. Craig Capelas.

lates can only be carried out in space, he said. With heavy references to the space migration theories of Noble Prize-winning physicist Gerard O'Neill, Leary said that his proposed space colony, Terra II, would include "Miami Beach, Las Vegas, Colorado Mountains and an urban slum, if you insisted." He gave no details as to how the colony would be financed or constructed or when it would be completed.

Leary's lecture was almost marred when pie-kill sharpshooter Aaron Kay attempted to enter the

hall with a mocha-cream pie. Kay was ejected from the hall screaming, "Leary is a traitor to the counterculture." Kay was referring to allegations that Leary, who is out on bail from a federal prison in California, sold out his former LSD chemists, dealers and associates to buy freedom from a marijuana charge.

"I didn't sell anyone out," Leary later claimed. "I spent 29 months in solitary and not one person was indicted. I don't believe in conspiracy theories anymore."

Vermont Busts NORML Leader

LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Michael Harris tried and failed to decriminalize New Hampshire. Now he faces charges of growing marijuana in his garden. Harris, 26, is the New Hampshire state coordinator for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), and local police and the Merrimack County sheriff's office say they raided his ridgetop acreage near Loudon and uprooted 16 mature cannabis plants about four feet tall. Narcotics later visited Harris's home, where they claim to have confiscated an

assortment of pipes, papers and a rolling machine and six more plants hung out to dry.

A NORML sponsored decriminalization bill passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1975 but was defeated the following year in the Senate under threat of veto by Governor Meldrim Thomson, Jr. Under the existing law, Harris is charged with manufacturing a controlled substance, a Class A felony in New Hampshire—in the same category as murder or the manufacture of heroin.



Frank Miller

New Hampshire NORML State Coordinator Mike Harris rests on the fence of his Loudon farm, where police arrested him for alleged possession of marijuana.

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California Lawyer Fights to Grow His Own

By Patrick K. Lanzing

MENDOCINO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA—Ex-corporate lawyer Ed Frey is publicizing his personal pot patch and daring authorities to charge him with the felony of pot cultivation.

In mid-July, the bearded attorney, who once worked in the same firm as presidential advisor Ted Sorenson, entered the office of Mendocino County Sheriff Tom Jondahl toting a brown paper bag. It contained 15 hemp plants grown in his backyard garden. After explaining his opposition to the laws against cultivation, 36-year-old Frey emptied his harvest on the sheriff's desk and asked to be charged with possession and cultivation of marijuana.

Drug agent Howard McPherson obtained a signed statement in which Frey admitted growing marijuana in order to test the law. Frey was then released with a warning that the sheriff would soon contact him with a warrant for his arrest. Later that evening, McPherson and another deputy photographed more marijuana plants in Frey's garden.

Fifty days later, Mendocino County D.A. Duncan James declined to charge Frey with marijuana cultivation which carries a two- to ten-year penalty under California law, saying he had "insufficient evidence" to make the charge stick. Instead, he cited Frey with the offense of simple possession, punishable by a \$100 fine

"The D.A. and the sheriff want to treat me as a nuisance to avoid publicity in this case," the soft-spoken attorney told this reporter. "They obviously don't want to face a serious challenge to this unconstitutional law."

On September 9, as California celebrated its admission to the union, Frey decided to press the



Ed Frey inspects his homegrown

issue. He appeared on the lawn of the county courthouse in Ukiah wearing clown's whiteface and a black judicial robe and introduced himself to a crowd of reporters and passersby as Judge Lester B. Not

Lawbook in hand, he quoted from the recent Alaska Supreme Court decision allowing cultivation, possession and use of marijuana in the home. "I think it's time we had that kind of justice in California," he said.

Said Judge Not of himself, "I have a friend who's going to try to do something about the pot laws in California. He took some plants in to the sheriff and admitted to the whole thing. And when it came time to prosecute, the D.A. said there was insufficient evidence." Reaching into a cardboard box, he produced two small hemp plants. "Well," he continued, "I have further evidence for the district attorney, in the form of two little plants. On behalf of my friend Ed Frey, I'm going to tack these little illegal plants right here on the door of the D.A.'s office." Cheered on by the crowd, he did just that.

Behind Frey's theatrics is a legal talent that could apparently hold its own in such a court battle. After attending UCLA, Frey went on to graduate from law school at Berkeley and to a career in corporate law that included a stint with the New York firm of one-time Kennedy advisor Ted Sorenson. Frey says he became increasingly disturbed by the "corruption, violence and insensitivity" he found in the courts, prisons and legal profession. Until the first of the year, he enjoyed an excellent local reputation as a legal aid attorney. He then decided he could no longer participate in the legal system and had himself placed on the state bar's inactive list. Now he wants to go back into business as his own attorney, to fight a law he considers unjust.

So far, however, D.A. James and Sheriff Jondahl appear to be reluctant adversaries. Though Frey notified the sheriff's office in advance of his courthouse demonstration, no deputies were present. The only available lawman, said the sheriff, was busy investigating a hardware store theft. James refuses to say whether or not he got the plants that Frey tacked on his door.



and, as Judge Not delivers "insufficient evidence" to the district attorney.

"I'm not making any comments about Ed Frey," said the district attorney.

In mid-September Frey appeared in court on the possession charge and obtained a two-week continuance to prepare his case. "I may just plead not guilty by reason of insanity," he grins a hint that he may employ more theater in the courtroom. "That way, I can say anything I want. If this law's sane, I'm crazy."

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Gov. Brown Balks on State POW's

By Patrick Lanzing

SAN FRANCISCO—Edmund G. "Jerry" Brown has not moved to release 65 state prisoners still serving time for pot convictions under the state's old laws.

It has been a year since California Adult Authority Chairman Raymond Procunier announced that illegally incarcerated prisoners of weed would be granted an "early release." Yet as late as August the CAA admitted that "as many as 15 persons" were still in California prisons for the sole offense of possessing under one ounce of pot. In addition, NORML West Coast Coordinator Gordon Brownell says that he knows of another 50 prisoners whose records are complicated by other convictions but are serving time for their pot convictions. "In these cases," says Brownell, "the time to be served on marijuana charges should be dropped."

NORML's attempts to catch Brown's ear on the issue have been unsuccessful. His replies to their queries express confidence in the CAA. In one letter, Brownell took pains to point out that conservative Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe pardoned more than 400 pot prisoners when Texas softened its penalties in 1974. Although Brown is empowered to grant pardons, he has not shown an inclination to do so.

Alice Little of Governor Brown's legal office told this reporter that the governor "has nothing to say on the matter. He just doesn't know about this."



Governor Jerry Brown: A Jesuitical silence on pot prisoners?

Kentucky Hemp Farmers Mobilize to Legalize

LEXINGTON—Gatewood Galbraith believes American farmers can grow dope just as good as the imported kind. Now he just has to convince the farmers. A third-year law student at the University of Kentucky, Galbraith has organized the Future Kentucky Marijuana Growers Association and has called upon the United States to prevent dope blackmail by overseas powers. "We intend to organize farmers, small and large," says Galbraith. "Given the technology of the United States and with the help of the agriculture department, America could grow as good grass as any other country. ODEP is not a threat unless the government refuses to place protective tariffs on imports."

The 29-year-old pot activist claims to have made contact with at least 20 Kentucky farmers who are interested in challenging the nation's marijuana laws. And he intends to stump the 4-H club and county fair circuit in search of more support. "We've made positive contact with farmers whose spreads range from 50 to 200



Bruce Grwin

Gatewood Galbraith. American farmers should turn to pot.

acres" says Galbraith. "Right now we're still in the organizational stage, but we've got a lot of help here in Kentucky."

Blue Hawaii—More Raids Expected

HONOLULU—While Americans everywhere prepared to observe Pearl Harbor Day, Hawaiian pot farmers were the victims of ruthless, sneak aerial attacks as heavily armed police surveillance helicopters swooped down on marijuana farms throughout the Hawaiian islands in an attempt to wipe out the pot harvest.

Using what they call "spot from the sky" techniques, Hawaiian police have seized over 10 tons of marijuana from at least 23 farms on the island of Hawaii alone. The largest haul to date was 1.5 tons taken from a farm on the north shore of Oahu. The seizure was so large (plants ranged in height from 3-14 feet) that the Oahu Vice Division had to use the police paddy wagon and rent two vans to cart the pot away.

Once envied for their remarkable skill in camouflaging Kona Gold in sugar-cane fields and in cleared sections of remote jungle areas, Hawaii's grass farmers are reportedly arming themselves with semiautomatic weapons for protection from air raids, as well as booby-trapping their fields.

"We've received information telling us that if the choppers don't keep away they will be shot down," said one Honolulu detective. This threat followed raids that have destroyed at least \$4 million worth of marijuana.

Hawaii NORML, the local branch of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, is upset over the present situation on the islands, but local coordinator Hyman Greenstein is

quick to point out that "It's not as serious as everyone is making it out to be. At first the helicopter raids scared a lot of people, but now the worst seems to be over."

Greenstein would like to get involved in some of the cases rising out of the marijuana raids, but as of yet "no one has formally contacted NORML." Formal queries, however, may soon be flowing through Greenstein's office, sources in Hawaii claim a grand jury investigation into the lucrative marijuana farming industry will soon begin. The grand jury's look-see into the local marijuana trade reportedly stems from a recent kidnapping of a still unidentified person caught plugging a marijuana field at Hawaii Acres near Puna.



The slash and burn technique. Hawaiian cops display dynamite and detonating gear discovered in a marijuana field near Puna.

New England Hiker Trips on Mystery Plant

Walter Foster knows the White Mountains like the back of his own 42-year-old hand. So when he collected his gear for a solitary two-day trek, he didn't expect to be tripping for a week and a half.

An experienced woodsman, Walter followed forest paths he'd roamed before. Halfway to his destination he decided to take a short cut, and he sprained his ankle in some thick brush. Favoring the painful twist, he decided to camp for the night. He supplemented his meager rations with some greens picked from the bank of a nearby stream.

That's when Foster's second trip began. Shortly after eating, he became violently ill and began to have vivid hallucinations in color. Then he spent four days wavering between delirium and unconsciousness, followed by amnesia of his experience. Wandering aimlessly through the woods, he lost his shoes and most of his gear, fell and broke his tooth but does not remember it. Gradually recovering his senses, Walter was afraid to eat anything but some ferns. He followed a stream down the slopes, then headed toward traffic noises on a nearby highway. He was rescued by a Boy Scout on his ninth day in the woods.

Undaunted, Walter Foster plans to strike out again to locate what it was that nearly put him on the

MIA list. Prime suspect is a ten-inch-high plant with white and yellow flowers and pointed leaves that was growing abundantly by the stream. Foster has tentatively identified it as a member of the *Solanaceae* family, which includes jimson weed, henbane, angel's trumpet and belladonna.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: *HighTimes* News, *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Pot Pollen Man



When *HighWitness* News photographer Ken Schiff returned from covering the DEA's 100-ton Don Emilio marijuana bust in the Caribbean, he encountered the Miami dock-worker (above) unloading the haul into a dump-truck conveyer destined for the Pompano Beach incinerator. While following the convoy in his car, Schiff lost sight of the pollen man and was unable to discover whether the DEA scraped his skin or let him go on his way.



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Michael Kennedy

(continued from page 40)

face going to Attica, where he probably would have been killed, causes one to understand why he split.

I think that the times have changed a little bit. I also think the Rockefeller laws have failed in their purpose. Their avowed purpose, of course, was to stop drug traffic, but I don't see how you can stop drug traffic when the bulk of the drug traffic is being done by cops anyway.

The first thing that I saw happen with reference to the Rockefeller laws was that the drug traffic in Jersey got a real shot in the arm. Because the bulk of the dealers went across the river. But since that time the impact has basically failed. That is, they have not stopped traffic in heavy drugs and the reason they haven't stopped traffic in heroin, which is the heaviest drug, is because they don't want to stop heroin traffic. They want to continue it, particularly in Harlem because it's the greatest opportunity to keep what is one of the most potentially insurrectionist areas of our country, namely Harlem or the South Bronx, from blowing up. In other words, they keep it from blowing up by poisoning the minds of the young people with all the smack they can possibly keep on the street.

High Times: Is there any way left to attack the Rockefeller laws, aside from getting them repealed?

Kennedy: The bulk of the legal strategies have been tried. Dope laws are predominantly a political and not a legal problem and until the political situation has changed, the dope laws are going to continue to be a vehicle for a lot of very aggressive, authoritarian-type individuals to continue to lord it over other people.

High Times: Getting back to Abbie, would you think things have changed enough so that you would advise him, were he to ask your advice, to turn himself in?

Kennedy: I would advise Abbie, if I had the opportunity to try to understand himself, his desires and his goals, the conditions he finds himself in now being underground and the conditions that exist in the state of New York as carefully as he can. Were he to make the decision to return, I would help him out.

The one thing that has not been tried completely in Abbie's case, although Gerry Lefcourt did a great job at the hearings in Abbie's absence, was the illegal means they employed to get Abbie. With the disclosures that have come out about the illegal activities of the CIA, the FBI, alcohol, firearms and tobacco, the New York police bosses and the rest of them, it is almost impossible for there not to have been very heavy criminal activity perpetrated against Abbie that could be used in his defense. That opportunity has not presented itself. His presence will present that opportunity.

If he's busted in an underground situation, the chances of his getting bail are very poor, whereas if he voluntarily surrenders himself his chances of getting bail are greater. Were he to turn himself in in a state with more progressive laws—California or Oregon, for example—and try to raise some of these political questions in his extradition fight that might be a good view. Or in fact he may stay underground and become a really viable political progressive force.

I view Abbie as a highly visible individual. Invisibility seems inconsistent with his character. I would not be surprised if he surfaced. It's hard to figure out what's going on with the interviews.

High Times: As for the Weather Underground, you obviously would help if they turned themselves in. But they seem to be pleased with what they're doing. Do you foresee them surfacing?

Kennedy: My guess is pure speculation. But if in fact they're moving in a direction that seems to be more broadly based than they have in the past, which I think is a correct direction for them to be going, their leadership is going to have to become more

**"Timothy Leary was up at
Vacaville being
deprogrammed. I think
they were trying to find
his brain, and if he had
any chromosomes left."**

visible and that could mean that individuals will surface. But I have no idea. Maybe that leadership would develop elsewhere. But certainly there's going to have to be visible leadership to form a Marxist-Leninist party.

High Times: Some cynics have said that the term 'radical lawyer' is a contradiction in terms itself.

Kennedy: It is. It is a contradiction.

High Times: Do you ever have to turn down clients? If so, how many and why? Is there anyone that you wouldn't defend, say Charles Manson?

Kennedy: Well, there's nobody individually that I wouldn't defend, because it would depend on the crime. And the only crime that I have refused to defend is rape. And the reason for that is that I couldn't in good conscience do to the prosecuting witness in a rape case what the law basically requires be done to defend the individual. And that is to attack her reputation, her chastity and all the rest of that crap. You basically have to destroy her and make her look like a sex maniac.

To put a woman in the context of having to justify her credibility by showing that she may or may not have ever slept with

anyone else is complete bullshit. Because a woman could have had sex with every person in the world and still be raped. A woman could be a prostitute and still be raped. So it is a completely phony defense, and I won't participate.

High Times: How about Manson?

Kennedy: Manson sent an inquiry to us in San Francisco as to whether or not we would come interview him before his trial. And I thought about it a lot. It was primarily an academic exercise, because the fact of the matter was that we were too busy at the time to be able to take a case of that magnitude.

Politically I saw that case in part as an attack on our culture. And I had no qualms about defending against that. Also, there was no way in which I could understand, let alone justify, the crimes he was accused and found guilty of. I would take a case such as that only if there were no one else to represent him. I certainly wouldn't let the state take it by default. Fortunately, it didn't get to that point.

High Times: What do you think should be society's proper disposition of such a person if everything that was said was true?

Should such a person be on death row?

Kennedy: No. I don't think there should even be a death row. I don't think there should be a death penalty. We lack the ability to be able to solve a problem such as Manson. We lack the ability because we are too damn busy. The reactionaries are too busy making money, robbing other people and trying to get us on the moon to be able to concentrate on anything such as human problems.

If we focus on that kind of a problem, we can solve it. The answer lies in undercutting the conditions that create a Manson even when you aren't able to successfully undercut all those conditions. Because in China, the People's Republic of China, and in Cuba they still have some crimes. Certainly less than we have here. But what they have done is changed the conditions so drastically that the reasons underlying criminal activity don't exist. But when a crime does occur they concentrate on rehabilitation and re-education and not on punishment. Because punishment does not accomplish a thing.

High Times: You know that many doctors are upset by socialized medicine. As a lawyer, how do you feel about socialized law?

Kennedy: Well, it has to be better than capitalized law. I've seen two legal systems in socialist countries. One in the People's Republic of China and the other in Cuba. Each is substantially different and each substantially better than ours. In China lawyers have essentially been abolished. The bulk of the problems that occur are defined as political, social, cultural, economic or educative problems. And when a contradiction occurs among the people, or between two people, rather than bring a lawyer in, they attempt to bring the two people together to try to work it out them-

selves. And the law in China basically requires that these individuals come together and try to work it out.

A typical case would be a divorce, and we had the opportunity to follow one while we were in Peking. In the United States what happens is that the husband and the wife have a disagreement, they agree that they are going to disagree. One goes and hires a lawyer and the other goes and hires a lawyer. It is to the lawyer's advantage to perpetuate the contradiction between the two rather than to solve it because the longer it can be drawn out, the more of the estate the lawyer can get in each case.

In China what happens is that the lawyers are kept out and the vicious self-perpetuating bureaucratic cycle is removed because the money ingredient is removed. So in China the couple is brought together, they are counseled. Each one belongs to a work unit as well as a living unit that is a collectivized situation. If they can't solve it themselves, their living units and their working units go to work on the problem. And 90% of them are solved, and there is no need for a lawyer.

In Cuba there is a form of socialized law that is probably much more in tune with the concept of socialized medicine that upsets doctors so much. And the reason that doctors get upset by socialized medicine is that not only will it work better and will people get better health care, but the doctors will get less money. In Cuba there are collectives of lawyers that might consist of 5, 10, 15 lawyers. The collective is paid by the state so much money per month per year. They divide the money among the lawyers based upon the work that the individual lawyers do. No lawyer can get a fee in excess of the equivalent of about \$500. And no lawyer gets a fee less than what is effectively \$250 a case. So the economic incentive the capitalist incentive is in fact removed.

And the argument of the United States lawyer is that this would take away what is really motivating the lawyers in this country. That is, if you don't pay him, he is not going to work. The trouble is that most people in this country can't afford to hire a lawyer anyway. So that under our system the vast majority of people are deprived of the legal system. So socialized law in one form or another is a very good thing. As I said before, the ultimate test of a lawyer to me is how hard that lawyer works at abolishing the need for his or her services.

High Times: Do you believe that the red star should be flying over Washington?

Kennedy: It may be a blue star or a white star. The flag of the People's Republic of North America whatever it becomes someday. There will be a flag that people decide on. And it will undoubtedly bear some resemblance to the history of those people and their aspirations. I don't know what that will be.

I think, in fact, that a system where people work together in a communist way

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is inevitable I also think that it is going to take longer to come about in this country than any other country in the world. It is going to come about more rapidly, for example, in South Africa, because the blacks are going to kick the shit out of the whites there and see that it happens. Here it is going to take a substantially longer period of time, but it will happen.

And the way in which I see a communist society is in terms of competition. In a capitalist society, basically what we are taught is that we are in a hierarchical situation, and that we are all on a ladder and the ultimate goal is to get to the top of the ladder. And there are some people on rungs above you and some people on rungs below you. And the way in which you can best live your life is to be constantly grabbing at the legs of the people on the rung above you in order to pull them down so you can get ahead of them and simultaneously stomping on the toes of the people below you who are trying to climb up the ladder.

In a communist society, the situation is much more human because it is the horizontal concept. And, in fact, individuals can be interlocked in terms of holding hands or locked arms and they are all moving together. And you compete with the external contradictions, and you compete against nature, and you compete in terms of sports and other activities and friendship with other people.

When you stop defining yourself in terms of dollars and cents and start defining yourself in terms of human worth then you are a whole lot better off. The biggest crime in the communist countries is to be nonproductive.

High Times: Do you think that should be a crime?

Kennedy: Absolutely. Because in this country, the greatest reward in this country is, you know, getting into a position where you can do nothing. That means that you are really high class in the U.S.

High Times: What about dope laws in Russia? We've heard of huge busts of LSD and occasionally hashish and marijuana in Russia.

Kennedy: I am more familiar with China and Cuba but somewhat familiar with the Soviet Union. What they have done is make it almost impossible for anyone to make a profit off of dope.

High Times: In Russia?

Kennedy: In Russia, in China and in Cuba. What happens, though, is that occasionally there are individuals who want to make a profit. And black-market stuff is available to almost any chemical outlet, any chemist, or any neighborhood pharmacist.

You see marijuana growing in China. They use it to make rope. They also use it in acupuncture. We walked into a hospital in China and took a big whiff and I smelled dope. I definitely smelled killer weed. There was this old gentleman who had bad arthritic conditions in both knees. He had the acupuncture needles going into both

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knees, and on the end of each knee was cannabis, wrapped tightly up on the end. It was lit and the essence of the cannabis, the THC, works its way right down the needle into the muscle.

In Cuba we had a meeting with a member of the Supreme Court and we were asking him some questions about the dope problem in Cuba. He said, "This was quite a problem at one time. At one time some of the people on the island were very proud that we had the best marijuana in the world. Now we have less of a problem. We are accused of being an underdeveloped country. In some respects that is true. Our criminals are underdeveloped."

High Times: Do you think there is a drug abuse problem in America? And if there is, what should be done about it?

Kennedy: There is a drug abuse problem in America and I think the problem is primarily fostered by the Drug Enforcement people themselves. The abuse comes when drugs are sold to individuals in order to keep them from finding themselves from being something better, the deliberate, conscious trafficking in heroin by narcotics officers, by the government in Harlem, the South Bronx, in Detroit, Chicago, most of our major urban areas particularly where there are substantial minority populations. That is a distinct drug abuse problem. I don't think people smoking flowers or whatever are particular problems.

High Times: There is an organization now called Youth International Party. Do you think that youth should have their own political party in national politics? And if so, what might this be like?

Kennedy: I think it would certainly make more sense to have a party that was created upon some common political experiences such as age group, than upon the arbitrary and mostly specious distinctions that exist between the Democratic and Republican parties. If there were, for example, a party of young people, a party of middle-aged people and a party of older people, and if all three had basically equal abilities in terms of the election of leaders, the creation of the different social institutions and structures that exist that that would be a substantially fairer and more egalitarian system than what we now have. If we are going to continue to let capitalism play itself out without trying to interfere with it in some revolutionary way, then it seems to me about the only thing we can do is to try to organize lobby-type organizations for those groups that seem to be representing the most progressive forces.

Young people ought to be able to vote from the time they are 8, 10, as soon as they can crawl to the polls. They are human beings. To arbitrarily deprive them of the vote because they can't satisfy an adult that they can follow orders until they are 18 is completely arbitrary. They are smarter when they are younger because they haven't yet been fed all that conditioning. It is the conditioning, it is not the intellect.

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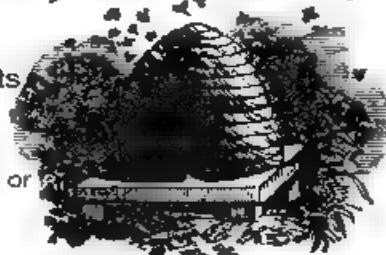
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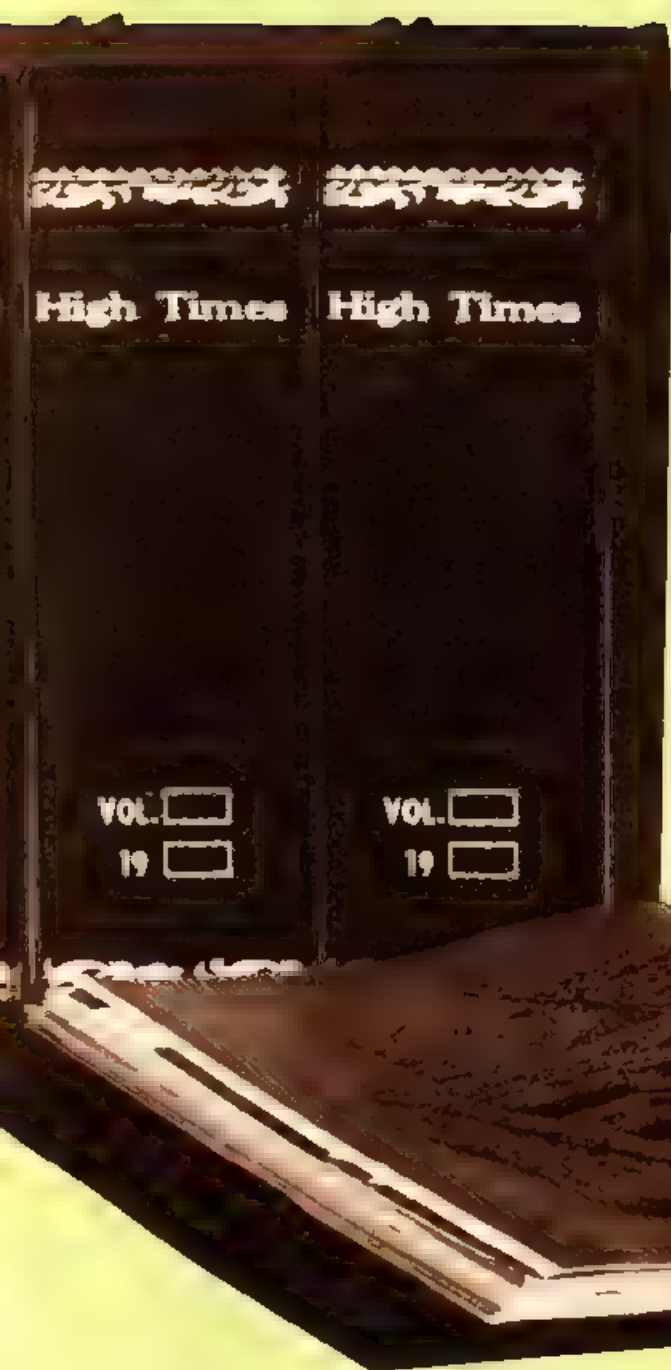
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High Times

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LSD?

With Timothy Leary touring as the self-anointed messiah of acid, little children began taking snacks of sugar cubes. Mother snuffers began copping pleas of biochemical computer malfunction induced by LSD overload. The psychedelic carnival dazzled the American press. Then, suddenly, LSD disappeared from public notice. Researchers thought they knew why: the young had finally learned their lesson and were no longer taking the dreadful stuff, a conclusion deduced from the dearth of acid freakouts being treated in emergency rooms.

Wrong. According to workers at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic and similar facilities around the country, acid was as popular as it ever was. As they see it, the drastic drop in "bad trip" victims appearing for treatment after 1969 was simply the result of users having learned what to expect from LSD. Consequently, those who didn't feel capable of handling LSD steered clear of it, and only the most extreme cases made it to the clinics. Data from American street drug analysis programs tends to support this view: through 1974 LSD was the drug most frequently submitted to them; over the past two years, it has been outranked by coke and speed.

The real change began in the early 1970s. Good base materials for LSD were hard to come by, and good acid became as rare as good coke is now. Badly synthesized doses of 40 to 50 micrograms were about all that could be had. Yet a yearning remained for the real thing. The new heads wanted what the old heads smiled so smugly about, and a few of the old heads felt an occasional twitch of desire for past glories. Finally their perseverance paid off and the chemists got the message. Most of the stuff analyzed in Los Angeles over the past year has been in the 80-to-100-microgram range and, according to testing labs, relatively free of impurities. Ditto Cleveland. And red B.B.'s weighing in at 300-plus micrograms have turned up in Pennsylvania.

There seems to be plenty of LSD available. One small West Coast dealer who can only score the ends of lots gets them 20,000 at a time. Where there's a demand, someone's going to meet it. It's the American way. —Richard Ashley

A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE ART AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS

A GOOSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR



BICENTENNIAL TRIPPING AT VALLEY FORGE

BY ED DWYER



The whole trip began with the frozen goose. Or maybe it was the place where I bought the goose. On the steamy afternoon of July 3, 1976, I hadn't yet decided what to do on the historic morrow. Beyond the Statue of Liberty where the gala Disneyworld-produced fireworks were being planned, beyond Staten Island, where nothing is planned, and beyond the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, off which I plan to leap one fine day, the Tall Ships luffed in haughty anticipation. That means their canvases were taut, their handsome prows were curling waves (as waves are wont to do) and their modern day engines were humming them toward New York harbor and the much-heralded Operation Sail—a nautical tribute to our 200th birthday. We invited participants from great sailing nations of the world, especially those we call friend when in need of a vote in the United Nations. The spy yachts included a floating torture chamber from China, a rowing spy ship from Russia and the Colombian entry the *Gloria*, which had already been purged of six pounds of flake cocaine discovered on board. One if by land, too if by sea?

Anyway, I purchased my goose at this notorious Italian butcher shop in Greenwich Village—the shop that features a goat's head propped in the window, a comet Kahoutek and an Earthday button pinned to its chest and a pair of dusty Ben Franklin shades over its dead eyes. They even hang slaughtered rabbits, tail up, over the goat to keep it company. This is funnier among the raw meat set. Well, ten pounds of cold goose flesh to the better. I also anted for a case of Rolling Rock beer from the one-eyed Greek grocer, so as to wash down the canard in case it cooked up greasy. Just where and with whom I intend to share my good fortune I haven't the slightest notion. Being an editor of *High Times* is most definitely not all it's cracked up to be. By the fifth can of suds I start thinking and come to a patriotic decision. Didn't George Washington like a goose every so often? Don't Pennsylvanians love Rolling Rock beer? I realize now that I've made my provisions and have been preparing to do the same as the Continental Army before me. What a hasty retreat to the country.

There was good-natured holocaust in the Gotham air and I wanted no part of it. And violence of a more direct sort simmered on the streets. I have witnessed

several near torchings when enthusiastic Italian youths tried to turn passing cars with Jersey plates into servings of long pig by discharging Rott in candles into the open windows. And in the leather bars in the West Village, Italian kids have taken to heaving M-80 into the saloons, hoping to draw out a few of the sidewalk cowboys into a clobber fest.

Many have pondered the mysterious fate of Atlantis. The incumbent mayor of Hoboken, New Jersey, took to predicting something quite similar to Atlantis. H.2. zoneer Stephen Cappiello produced quite a large stir in the local press when, without any obvious benefit of liquid spirits, he accused the Newport Yacht Club nabobs and their friends in the Manhattan Social Register of putting the citizens of his town in dire peril. He had it from reliable sources that the combined weight of the expected tourist horde would send Hoboken sliding screaming into the sea. God save the good people of Manhattan, lined with fissures, tunnels and tunnels. Skyscrapers and millions of citizens and patriots—not to mention the pushcart vendors of Indonesian, French, Korean and Italian delicacies in Battery Park—are prey to a sudden shift that would send them all tumbling to a hideous, crushing death in honor of the Bicentennial. Already I feel the need for a Quaalude and a bottle of beer; things were beginning to look transcendent, and I still had my goose under my arm as I headed toward my friend John's photo studio for help in making my holiday itinerary.

Some photographers think in terms of art. My friend John thinks in terms of Christian duplication. Making sure the world knows of the beauties that the Lord has placed here on this earth. That's why he only takes pictures of great dope and naked women. The former mostly for this magazine, though he isn't above making a few pennies in other sheets; the latter usually as a prelude to some healthy biblical fucking. He also collects about him in his "cave" in the heart of the Village one of the strangest collections of miscreants, losers, would-be scam artists and dopers ever to squash cockroaches underfoot.

I knew that John would be up for escape, be it chemically or in a stolen car. Makes no difference to a God-fearing man. But, b'Jesus, if I don't chance to meet at the studio a very strange specimen of a mook—those strange assholes who have

certain abilities to hold your attention while at the same time you try to think of things that will shorten their lives, like Weather PPKs, Bowen buckle knives, napalm and good hemp rope. Since this mook refused the joint I passed to him, I was immediately suspicious of his intentions. What other reasons could there be for him to be at John's if not to get plastered on dope and watch John muddle his way into a few odd jobs. Could he be an omen-mook (or OM)? He claimed to be a plainclothes New York cop, which is the same thing, since omen-mooks (OM) and cops create bad karma whenever they go. They sneak up on you and cause you to lose your cool. The chanters in their electric suits were omen-mooks; their message was LEAVE THIS TOWN. Now, right there in John's place of business was a cop who got a kick out of trying to put me in his handcuffs.

This man hadn't imparted the foolish price of wisdom that all omen-mooks possess (though it's always unique wisdom). That is until I mentioned the prophecies of the good mayor, whereupon the mook-cop began to tell me what the Police Department knew was going to happen tomorrow. Through dope-clouded ears, the sound of my moving feet picked up speed. There's going to be demographic warfare on the streets, says he of the small, black sunglasses. This sounded like cruising music for me, the goose and perhaps John himself; for the omen-mook's scenario was true, ethnic-melting-pot, Statue of Liberty madness. It was to be a true test of the spirit for the high lives it would be one of those tests of endurance between the inner being and the one that seems to urge everyone else along onto madness, including demented cops, mooks and Frank Perdue.

Stunned, I gave the cop-omen-mook five minutes; while he looked in an oily black attaché case for his badge (which I'd asked to see) he told me that the Red Squad had discovered that the PLO and JDL had assumed positions on opposite sides of the Hudson River and planned to plink at each other and any tall ship they caught belying up the river. The JDL had managed to camp in penthouse apartments in the traditionally Jewish Upper West Side. Their snipers' nests were the best, I was assured. With typical bad



luck (sometimes blamed on the habit of beating dogs and women alike) the Palestinians had taken the Jersey Palisades, and were forced to carry out a campaign of terror in the Jersey suburbs where it wouldn't even be noticed by the media. Try to cross the river and the sons of Abraham would have them cold. However, oil money was to play a dramatic role on the Bicentennial Day. I was informed, because it had enabled the sons of the desert to procure several Soviet-built surface-to-air missiles (SAM). With these they planned to waste Zabar's deli. Commentary magazine and Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. His five minutes were up. And so was I. This mook was an omen-mook. What was an all-American boy to do?

Acid. Yes. LSD. The surprise guest at Greener Pastures Farm near Valley Forge Pennsylvania, the place where all good dope mag editors go when they are near death. A place to undergo some psychic laundering before being placed in circulation again among the hardboiled and the citified. On the road the dawn of the Fourth found me and the goose and John with our asses to the city and our beaks snuffing for the ether of Greener Pastures. And there we were met by the hand of Fate. Ah, a mysterious woman who wore a very unmysterious, fairly repulsive red eyeshadow over one third of her aquiline face. She was the date of the very unmysterious master of ceremonies, San Fran Slim. When Fate proffered a blotter dot of acid in receipt for my goose (whose pink ass she intended to cook) and I accepted graciously, I realized, here it was! My *deus ex acido*. The latest link in my very own V. Another chance to test the power of LSD in my life. Another chance to elevate myself and approach the third century of my country with an expanded consciousness. The omen-mooks (OM) and the bad shit were behind me! I was snug in the bosom of my friends and right next door to the cradle of liberty. And already I was rockin'. Across the wide green river valley the official, multimillion-dollar Bicentennial wagon trains were beginning to collect in Valley Forge National Park. And up the shady driveway of Greener Pastures Farm the imported beer and the country gentry arrived. God, I was feeling native born again! What could be more American than LSD at Valley Forge on Bicentennial Day?

I recalled tranquilly an essay by Mark Twain called "A Turning Point in My Life." Twain had been asked by Harper's Bazaar to contribute any thoughts he had upon that theme, and so laid said turning points out flat for all to see. To Twain's way of thinking, *circumstance* and *temperament* accounted for every turning point in his career, or any person's for that matter. In his case a literary, imaginative temperament and an adventurous series of circumstances that almost led him to become the emperor of the nineteenth-century cocaine trade. He was still Samuel Clemens then, but he'd always had grand notions

One day while working as a printer in Idaho, where his days were relieved only by his passion for the written word and adventure tales, he came across an account of the coca trade written by a certain traveler to the farthest reaches of the Amazon, to the mountains of the Madera. There, he read, was found the astonishing coca, "a vegetable product of amazing powers . . . so strength-giving that the natives of the mountains of the Madera region would tramp up hill and down all day on a pinch of powdered coca and require no other sustenance."

Clemens, whose passion for adventure was far far greater than his passion for the printing trade, was on to something mighty big—at least the way he saw it. "I was fired up with a longing to ascend the Amazon. Also with a longing to open up a trade in coca with all the world . . . spring that splendid enterprise upon an unsuspecting planet!" Think of it Mark Twain as Superfly. But young Clemens had to have something more than a dreamy mind (which he blamed on a childhood disease that removed him from contact with the real

**I heard the trees whisper
my name, and I knew I
was off. I remembered
another great American
who once tripped—
Donald Duck, it is
rumored, took mescaline
while in Mexico.**

world) to be played on the stage by Hal Holbrook. He had to have circumstance appear in the guise of a fifty-dollar bill which he found and forgot to report. That's what old Sam called circumstance. I call it the touch of the omen-mook (OM). Who was the man who dropped that fifty? Was he a reliable American, or some kind of insidious fellow traveler of destiny, a dope purveyor luring an honest printer into a life of crime and destitution? For troubles aplenty had Twain when he became a celeb. His failures made Sonny Bono's successes look like Jimmy Carter's peanuts. Yessir, Jim. Be it biographies of drunken presidents (Grant), or printing presses that cost him their weight in dollar bills to fail, Twain had something dogging him when he decided to finally flee this earthly life.

There he was reduced to writing things like "The Turning Point in My Life," explaining what reasons there were for him to be writing the piece anyway. Which was because he had this crazy idea that he'd like to get into something really heavy and different and make a few million dollars in the interim. He ended up a pop idol of sorts instead. Ah yes, the solitary path to Greener Pastures is always lined with the same compulsions. Here I was assigned by this magazine to write about whatever I did on

the Fourth! For what my life lacked in the way of the antique glamor of Twain's resolution to sail into the jaws of death itself to peddle cocaine, it equaled in temperament and circumstance. Any readers who know what Twain had to say on the Fourth of July, 1876, in ten words or less will be a friend and true. What I say is—I shoulda been there, back in New York, that is, because if you think the good guys ever won by retreating, then you've never read Douglas MacArthur's *In War There Is No Substitute for Victory* or believed George Patton's words "When in doubt, attack."

I too suffered from a childhood disease that removed me from the pulse of the world. This malady was called suburban blight. The standards of literacy at my high school put the grape joke on the same level with Aldous Huxley. In fact, only two kids in my sophomore class knew that two writers died on November 22, 1963. And I'm not saying that I was one of them. Yet even in this inhospitable and typical American backwater known as "Pennsylvucky" to its now-graying children, a few copies of Kerouac's *On the Road* passed hands. This held my temperament in place until, at the age of 18, I met my circumstance, my omen, my mook. LSD. Yes, the very same molecule that was being quickly digested in my system at Greener Pastures on the Fourth of July, 1976, had been the article of faith that drew me to my present circumstances, my trip to Peru.

Actually, a few friends went to Peru after a few years of taking acid, and a few of them were expected at San Fran Slim's Bicentennial Boogie—the air pressure in the Andes does wonders for damaged chromosomes, you know. I was supposed to believe this nostrum (and so should you) because I heard it from my host at Greener Pastures several minutes after my arrival. He has a few friends who dig things Peruvian and when they get together you almost shiver to feel the guests from the American past—Franklin, Washington, Jefferson—try to push past you on the way to the mirror. On the Fourth, said tray sat in the middle of the kitchen of the 100 year-old log cabin where every May at Greener Pastures Slim gathers his supporters in his personal primary race for the post of The Hippest Guy in the World. This annual event—when hundreds of Slim's most intimate friends gather under the shade of the noble three-hundred-year-old oak tree that punctuates his spacious, circular drive—is known as the Spring Fling. This is when good-natured Slim turns into the Harold Stassen of hipdom. But it's all great fun, you know, so by the time his Bicentennial fete has rolled around I've already got on my red, white and blue shirt from Italy, I'm on at least three drugs from the ride down. I'm happy to see Slim and I'm willing to toss him my uncommitted vote for a couple more 714s. What the hell! I've already got the example of Mark Twain to follow.

The guest list was exclusive, and the only invitee to not show was Bigfoot. The moist air quickly filled with the subtle roar of Mercedes and BMWs wheeling up the viciously rutted main drive. The Dom Perignon flowed as fast as Tim Leary's brains through his ears and two color TVs were stacked one on the other next to the kitchen table. From my vantage point at the bar in the rustic, beamed living room, I saw Fate delicately stuff the goose while the media luxuriated in the antics of millions of happy Americans. Would the end of Gotham be televised live? I feared the worst, but the country that can bring back moonrocks and Buffalo Bob seemed stronger than the threats of the omen-mooks (OM)

I called acid my life's omen-mook (OM) a moment ago. Since I previously described this awful force as human and bringing bad shit into my life, I suspect that acidheads will be turned off. Let me clarify: Like electrified chanters and raving cops, LSD caused me to march to a different drummer. Something like the fifty bucks that sent Twain on his way to fame and bankruptcy, the prophecies of the acid heresy were the drumbeats of liberation—tropical and compelling the escape from bleak, suburban existence to paisley, Oriental ecstasy. Instead of reading about Xanadu I could see it, live it, if only for six to eight hours. I took it for kicks and laughs—an all-American motive—and was never completely convinced by the claims that the proper set and setting would produce an intimacy with God or my inner self. Why would God require abstinence from rock and hamburgers?

But acid was a sensitizer, a sort of cue, a whistle that made the war babies like myself perk up their ears. Years after their siren call first invaded our consciousness the acid avatars have dispersed, a saddened beaten crew assuming various functions today as convicts, stoolies, stooges, brown rice freaks, gurus, reformists and social workers. Yet we now look back on them and their "acid age" with nostalgic yearning, trying to understand how such promises of a better future fell so short. Perhaps we were victims of typical American gullibility, led on by campaign promises that a chemical derived from a mold would rejuvenate our stagnant systems and bring the long-sought-for heaven on earth. The utopian American nature was captured by the vision. The young became members of a psychic Tammany Hall. Yet every campaign leaves its lessons, its precious memories that the true believers cherish long after the votes have been cast and the appalling unchangeability of Mom, baseball and apple pie settles in. For a few years, we acid eaters tried hard to elevate the world by elevating ourselves, and still can't understand why so massive an effort failed. There was even a convention where the party met. So what happened to the Woodstock Nation? We are older and perhaps wiser now. Yet we

still accept acid if it is offered to us knowing that it is people who change history, not chemicals.

I never experienced the touted supreme bliss or realized Godhead because such things do not reside within my jaded soul, years of unthinking materialism have blinded me. It's certainly not for lack of effort. I probably never tasted the real thing in all my dozens of trips, for by the time it reached my nervous system, American acid had been transformed by scammers and hypesters from the alchemist's stone to the psychoactive hula hoop. Or perhaps, as my friend Albert Goldman claims, acid became much like a walk through the funhouse barrel for millions the first few times you try it you get tossed for a loop, thrown about and forced to pick yourself up off the ground—but go through it enough and you don't even lose your step

On to the next thrill. I had my hopes, spiritual expectations, and somehow I've always felt ripped off for my cosmic inheritance by the ultimate shortcomings of acid. It didn't seem fair

Acid became like a walk through the funhouse barrel: the first few times you get tossed for a loop, but go through it enough times and you don't even lose your step. On to the next thrill.

that, from the beginning, it provided little more than a very private sort of recreation, a sort of derring do activity that always hinted at a far greater danger (and delight) than it delivered. For anybody. What would happen? Madness, illumination—a combination of both? Instead of Godhead, I began to believe that nobody really knew what time it was and that only assholes cared, that Altamont was a warning and that Paul was better off dead. Yes, acid never took me where I hoped it would, but its very shortcomings made me suspect that something was afoot in the world that needed explanation, required escape or called for a drink. Omens were found everywhere, things took on significance far in excess of their nature, life became somewhat fictional and friends and enemies became expendable transparent prophetic—mooks. The vibrations of the cosmos were perceived from then on in the side effects of an overrated fungus, and the "om" in my ears was not the celestial chorus but the whispering of an aroused survival instinct. Beware, my love, I can hear the music, and it sounds like the past catching up with the present.

The smell of cooking goose and the clatter of dishes being prepared escaped through the open doors and windows of the historic cabin while I felt the first

clutching in my throat and behind my eyes. I heard the trees whisper my name, and I knew I was off. I remembered another great American who I have been told once tripped—Donald Duck, it is rumored, took mescaline while adventuring in Mexico. I once requested verification from the resident anatologist at *High Times*, who, being a great devotee of artist Carl Barks and the webfooted zanies of Disney comics, seemed a good bet to fill me in on Donald's reaction to psychedelics. Unfortunately, this sage of the beaked boohoo was unable to answer my inquiry to any degree of satisfaction, not even upon consulting a curious Italian study of the Donald Duck literature. I wondered, what would Donald do if he were in my place? Would he squawk at Fate, nip her ankle in rage or be mellow and dig on the light rain that was falling outside?

I roused myself and wandered outside to see what else was cooking. The guests not ardently getting tightened on Dom and Heineken's (and tequila too) were roaming hand in hand across the acres that Slim called home. Lovers cavorted on the dirt bike track and scrambled atop the rickety white observation tower built several years ago for the purpose of watching Slim's pals look death in the eye at his annual Spring Fling bike race. You could tell who was the highest or the sexiest by the grass and dirt stains on their clothes. One pal, an unrecognized artist of sorts (his specialty is bannisters and wainscoting) soliloquized on a fresh pineapple while his lady friend of the day asked all who passed if "there's any blow around." Both were perched atop a motorcycle that belonged to a near-OD in the bedroom and both had had their day's share of PCP. "The race begins at midnight" was their cryptic response to my salutations. I fondly hoped he would remain unrecognized for at least another 24 hours. Gradually, faces started to look like crimes waiting to be committed. For example there was Willie brother to Slim. He's the spitting image of Robert Vesco. Some call him "Stiletto": he's friendly to a point, but if you press him he cuts. For him the wet head ain't dead. He wears regulation KGB sunglasses, a black leather carcoat, an Italian knit shirt and shiny patent leather demiboots. He's over six feet tall, owns land in South America and he's so cool his ears are ice blue. He's usually a pussycat, but he wasn't digging at all the way John and an ex-copter jockey named Howell had taken to throwing firecrackers at anyone who stops for a second to regain their balance. Both were burping propane and giggling like the punks who shouldered Stephen Daedalus into the square ditch. "Somebody should shove a few pounds of black powder up their noses and set off a fuse in their asses," mumbled Willie as he rose and prepared to do just that. A real mellow dude, I mused, and hustled away so I wouldn't have to hallucinate on blood and contusions.

The sky began to take on the hues of the

Bay City Rollers' kilts, and I was beginning to feel a bit like the late Frank Olsen of the CIA before he jumped. Would my family sue? Words failed me as I passed knots of partiers, but so did my feet, and I soon dropped to my ass and stared at the sun (as we acidheads often do) tempting blindness as well as insanity. The fireball was setting over an adjacent golf course; the greens shimmered and undulated like drunken Irishmen's dreams of shamrocks, car tires whispered warmly as they grabbed the driveway of the clubhouse a half a mile away. I sat alone on the edge of Slim's forest face bathed in liquid light. My God! I leaped up after about fifteen minutes—the sun had grown spokes. Man, that wheel's on fire! The eye of God, indeed! I was one with nature. I suppose why else would I allow several ants to crawl up my pantleg and bite the shit out of me? Who said you can transcend the mundane under the influence of... come to think of it how was I going to make it back to the cabin to eat? For the call had gone out that dinner was being served.

Simian style, I shambled through the trees. Whom should I meet there but a passing guest whom I shall call the Kahuna. This is necessary since he has his name on several arrest reports, which will probably result in him having a number for a name in a few months. Once a giant among men and women, and one hell of a poker bluffer, the Kahuna on the Fourth was a mere shadow of the former reckless daring freebooter and gambler who cost the federal government some \$500,000 to pinch. Yet reduced as he is to sticks and stems by the very machinery of American injustice, he celebrates the Fourth and the Bicentennial in characteristic fashion. Around his neck hung a tricolored scarf, which kept getting in the way of his natural stream and on his head was perched a Davy Crockett coonskin cap. I wondered aloud how he could be so patriotic with six to ten in his future. "It's not America that wants me in prison," he confides. "It's the assholes!"

Apparently, Willie, John and Howell reached a stoned détente, for as the Kahuna and I entered the kitchen, I saw the three of them gorging themselves on my goose. Sans blood and contusions, mind you. A steaming bowl of stuffing sat centered between heaping plates of macaroni salad, gravy, corn-on-the-cob, rolls, cucumber salad, and several fresh magnums of champagne. A feast for the Pilgrims! Unfortunately, everything was starting to blend at the edges of my awareness. I was undergoing an advanced attack of synesthesia. It felt like consciousness by Waring. What to eat, how to eat, what smells! I decided to start with stuffing since I had pleasant green chunks of celery in it. But then, so did everybody else. Eat the stuffing, that is.

In between stumbling into delightful tits and crotches and spilling drinks onto \$40 sneakers, we all agreed that

Fate shore do cook a sweet goose and stuffing. A couple of diners even made fast to retrieve the last globs of the breadstuff from the ribcage of my departed buddy. Our little chef with the painted face just smiled sweetly and sipped hesitantly on a tumbler of Cuervo Gold. Behind her Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops waited their way into the concluding bombast of the 1812 Overture while hundreds of thousands of Bostonians got properly gassed on the music, the fireworks, the booze and the marijuana.

I was awed by the televised display. And expectant. When would the horrible news from New York erupt across the screens? I'd babbled my jeremiads at every available ear all afternoon and evening, and they were received with the uncommon grace of the comatose doper. Yet a change was beginning to come over the assembled guests under Slim's beamed roof. And it wasn't in appreciation of Walter Cronkite's Bicentennial eulogy. Certainly not, because I'd taken to yelling "The British are coming" while poking a carrot through a hole in a British Airways ad where Robert Morley's zipper should have been. A certain, well, lewd look had begun to glaze over kaleidoscope eyes. Slim's housemate Rhett, disappeared after eating quickly, and it was rumored that he and his lady, Ghee, had opted to fuck on the tower while the fireworks from nearby towns blasted in not too distant skies. Soon enough, screams were heard in the area of the dirt track, and a few worried souls proposed a rescue mission, fearing wildebeests and wolves had eaten the lovers—if not the pack of dogs all these country folk have brought along. No need for heroics though, for in a few minutes the couple lurched through the pressed flesh in the rustic doorway, covered with a lot more than the fruits of love—namely bruises, bloodied and torn clothes, grass stains and burrs.

It seems that the Kahuna and his lady were invited by Rhett to join in the spontaneous *agape*, when Ghee protested, she was thumped upside her tresses and booted out of the tower. This outbreak of violence seemed to liberate the crowd. Willie took off his shades and started dancing to Donna Summer's lust ballad. He was soon joined by a couple I haven't seen since I puked in their van at a party last winter and blamed it on a sick dog. All together they've decided to stomp on the floor until all the bad spirits have been exorcised. Poor Slim's face fast approached the macaroni salad while several guests plundered his pockets for hidden cocaine and the firecrackers were being aimed.

But the biggest story of all was what I thought I saw in the bathroom. A pussywatch. Yessir, a pussywatch, which I stumbled upon in all innocence. This involved women whom I've respected for years, though I do admit to a good deal of adultery with all of them in my heart. God

knows, all I wanted to do was take an honest day's leak and not intrude upon the business or amours of the ladies. But as I opened the door to the john prepared to perform my physic, what do my overwhelmed eyes see but one young matron on her knees before another looking for all the world like her tongue was hanging out in anticipation of a tasty lap at the exposed inner thigh before her. A third lady was busily disengaging the pants that had slipped down the half-dressed delight's legs and were caught about her ankles. Perhaps they were merely examining a scar or a bruise that had been inflicted in a passionate joist. But Zounds! As my sodden face intruded upon the scene, the three merely turned to face me all smiles and delightful maternal solicitude. I expect as much in the sordid nooks of Greenwich Village in such hothouses as Bonnie and Clyde's and Club 85, but this was in the hollow of history! I was too flabbergasted to even consider, *omigod*, in Was this my illuminating hallucination? Across the river the wagoners were singing old ballads; all across America dishes were being washed and the last innings of baseball games being wound up, back in New York hundreds of thousands of honest burghers were placidly oohing and aahing the Disney fireworks. Hoboken stood firm, there I was murmuring "excuse me" to three nonplussed suburban hausfraus zonked on Vitamin Q champagne and cunt lust. Were they the three fates, the furies, the three strikes, the omens of on-rushing night, the phone call that brings bad news, the telegram in the mailbox? I'd left the big city in fear of my young life and now I was rooted in my tracks half way between bedroom and bathroom, astounded by the morality my dearest friends had evolved in the snug, arboreal recesses of the country. And I was a lot higher than one cruddy hit of blotter should make me! What gives?

An ominous shiver ran up my spine as I lunged for the safety of the outdoors. A light fog retreated across the stars as the last of the day's rain clouds snuffled their way toward New Jersey. John and Howell, with the help of several inebriated guests who have a habit of watching little crackers explode in their hands, are preparing the grand finale. They were constantly interrupted by a good-natured barrage of M-80s thrown their way by John's former victims, most of whom were cackling, weaving aimlessly around the acreage and falling to the ground on their \$52 jeans. Sal, my accountant poker buddy and a mean man with a razor (and mirror) held forth on the parabola of the rockets' ascent while he proceeded to deviate his septum and flourish a large piece of aluminum foil. What was remarkable about this feat was the fact that he was being accelerated some twenty feet in the air on a long swing that hangs from the ancient oak. Less fortunate souls held their own pieces of foil, hoping a few stray flakes might fall

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L★S★D PURITY CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODHEADLINESS ★

In the late 1940s, psychologists began experimenting with LSD as a "psychomimetic" drug—one that causes the taker temporarily to mime the condition of psychosis. Some experimental subjects, however, and eventually some modern mystics like Aldous Huxley, Allen Ginsberg and Alan Watts discovered in LSD a shortcut to the ecstasy and egolessness of nirvana. LSD was recognized as the switch that turned on the "clear light of the void."

Today's acid trip, however, is far more likely to resemble a live TV broadcast in runny color from the front seat of a roller coaster, or a scene from *The Exorcist*. The decline in psychedelic quality over the years, which resembles the degeneration of Christianity and Russian Communism, has been a consequence of greed and opportunism on the part of manufacturers and distributors. They offer to substitute immediate sensory gratifications for the original spiritual ideals. But the history of underground chemis-

try is also one of ingenuity and courage, though influenced by haste and amateurishness. It is the story of how LSD-25, the most powerful and spiritual molecule known to humanity, became a "street drug."

Originally, all LSD was made by Sandoz Pharmaceutical Company, which had developed the chemical and hoped to market it commercially. It came in glass ampules filled with blue liquid, or small tablets in bottles with pharmaceutical labels specifying strength.

With underground LSD use came underground manufacture. The first recorded underground laboratory was set up by Bernard Roseman in 1962. Roseman, who now lives in seclusion in Oregon, was later arrested for allegedly attempting to smuggle 62,000 doses of LSD. In his *LSD and the Age of the Mind* he gave this account of the first manufacture of LSD of less-than-pharmaceutical quality:

I have already invested a year—on and off—and all the money I could save, on this project, and I was at the point of admitting defeat. At this time I was naturally reading everything I could lay my hands upon about ergot alkaloids. I stumbled upon a few articles that at first seemed quite unrelated to LSD, but they were logical and worth a try, because by comparison the process was exceedingly simple, compared to Hofmann's monumental preparation.

I obtained new starting material and worked it up to the point I was sure was correct, where I had d-lysergic acid monohydrate, quite useless by itself but the prerequisite for making LSD-25 by any system. The rest of my ordered materials arrived and I was ready to proceed. After so many repeated failures, I couldn't accept the possibility that this few-day procedure would work.

I went ahead nevertheless, though pessimistically, so that my seemingly apparent failure would not bother me too much. I worked with extreme care, protecting anything from heat and light. At the last step, when I was recrystallizing the few grams I had obtained, I was filtering the crystals off by vacuum and using ether. When all the ether evaporated, the substance started to absorb moisture from the atmosphere and was turning black before my eyes. All my work was gone. I stood there shocked, unable to move for a moment. My hands instinctively grabbed an alcohol bottle and I poured it over the black decomposed material, hoping to salvage something. I separated it with water and despondently took the black mess home. All night, I tossed and turned and dreamt horrible, unrelated dreams.

At the first crack of dawn, I jumped out

BY
BRUCE F. SINGER



of bed grabbed the flask from the refrigerator, poured a teaspoonful and drank it down. I went back to bed and turned on Wagner's *Parsifal*. Minutes passed by and nothing seemed to happen. I had psychologically prepared myself for failure, so I just closed my eyes and lay back and listened to the wonderful sounds of Wagner. In my concentration, I failed to notice that the music was getting slowly louder and instead of just my ears hearing, all my senses seemed to encompass the sound, and instead of hearing the music—I was the music!

Beautiful, soft colors emerged and exploded as climates of tone were achieved. An immediate understanding of the composer's intentions was revealed to me. I was being taken on a heavenly excursion into the world of pure sound and emotion. All at once, I sprang up with joy. I was in the state of LSD—my own LSD which I had made. I was deliciously happy and proud of my success.

LSD is a translucent crystal, this was a black mess. Thus, the first underground LSD was also the first impure batch, and its distribution may, somewhere, have incurred the first unfavorable consumer reaction.

By 1965, use had increased sharply. Most acid at this time came in sugar cubes dropped with liquid Sandoz or some type of underground LSD. What percentage of the material was Sandoz is left to future determination. Augustus Stanley Owsley III, unable to obtain any pharmaceutical LSD, began to manufacture his own—first in Los Angeles in '65, then in nearby Point Richmond in '66.

Owsley's fellow alchemist Tim Scully admitted to me that the 1965 batch was impure, but claims that Owsley and he perfected a purification process in 1966. Many who used both Sandoz and Owsley—the latter came in tablets of purple (Purple Haze) and white (White Lightning) of 270 micrograms—say that Owsley acid was less mystical and had more stimulant side reactions than the Sandoz product.

Timothy Leary, who realized that impurities were a threat to the spreading psychedelic revolution, uttered prophetic words of warning at a Senate committee hearing in 1966, in an exchange with Teddy Kennedy:

Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts: "What is it in the quality that you are frightened about?"

Dr. Leary: "We do not want amateur or black-market sale or distribution of LSD."

Senator Kennedy: "Why not?"

Dr. Leary: "Or the barbiturates or liquor. When you buy a bottle of liquor—"

Senator Kennedy: "This is not responsive. As to LSD, why do you not want it?"

Dr. Leary: "On possession?"

Senator Kennedy: "Why do you not want the indiscriminate manufacture and distribution? Is it because it is dangerous?"

Dr. Leary: "Because you do not know what you are getting . . ."

Despite Leary's warning, LSD was made illegal on October 16, 1966.

Owsley acid was the first large-scale commercialization of LSD. There were other, smaller LSD laboratories before Owsley, and there were scores of laboratories that put out LSD at the same time that Owsley did. Some were making LSD of a purer form; the majority made it much worse.

After Owsley was arrested in 1967 at his tabbing facility at Orinda, California, his protégé Scully set up a laboratory with Nicholas Sand, another alchemist long involved in the psychedelic scene. They manufactured a quantity of ALD-52—a cousin to LSD, which they called Sunshine—in large, crumbly orange tablets of 270 micrograms or so.

In the spring of 1969, Ron Stark, then a chemist with a European LSD factory and now a fugitive, allegedly began supplying underground acid to the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Since the Brotherhood was also, by this time, distributing ALD-52, and since both

I was on a heavenly excursion into the world of pure sound and emotion. I sprang up with joy. I was in the state of LSD—my own LSD, which I had made.

drugs were tabbed into identical pills (except for a few early blue tablets of ALD-52), many people didn't realize that there was more than one kind of Sunshine. Many counterfeit versions soon appeared on the market, most of which were impure, according to Scully.

Sand and Scully ceased manufacturing, but Stark went on to produce over 10 kilograms (over 35 million doses in crystal form) of what became the famous Orange Sunshine—the last of which actually appeared in large red and green tablets called "Christmas Acid."

With the Sunshine boom came increased reports of side effects. In addition to stimulant reactions and symptoms akin to those of strychnine poisoning being reported, there seemed to be something missing in the spiritual dimensions of this new underground acid. Michael Hollingshead, who gave Leary his first taste of acid in 1960, later wrote in *The Man Who Turned on the World*:

There was now (1968) little good acid around, and what there was—the so-called "street acid"—came mainly from California. There was something wrong

with the synthesis, it was not pure. And you were never sure what it was exactly that you were taking, so I only dropped it on those rare occasions when someone gave me "Sandoz" or "crystal" acid.

My evaluation had nothing to do with the notion that a wholly synthetic drug produced a wholly synthetic experience—the intellectual response—but was based on direct, first-hand experience (about 30 trips with street acid in all). And in each session I felt that there was something it lacked—it was too "electric," too "speedy" and too "mind-shattering." The earlier clarity of "insight" which I had obtained via the Sandoz acid was replaced by confusion, brokenness, words and worlds thrown into absolute dismemberment, or even absolute chaos, though, I must add, often coupled with a feeling that I can only describe as "sublime inflation," a superabundance of emotive energy, but it could not signify more a passionate flame and less the life-giving sun.

At Woodstock, Hugh Romney (a/k/a "Wavy Gravy") of the Hog Farm announced to the crowd, "There's no such thing as bad acid, just acid that's made wrong." In 1969, LSD began to appear in microdots, and in 1971, on gelatin sheets of various shapes—dubbed "window-pane." The strength of individual doses swiftly decreased, and so did the purity of the average street dose.

In a correspondence with *City* magazine in July 1975, Timothy Leary wrote: "After 1966, my lectures and writings were mainly concerned with a general theory of psychological and political relativity and made little mention of lysergic acid, which in truth, had been driven completely off the scene by Owsley speed orange amphetamine, and the more commercially and socially acceptable cocaine-heroin trade."

In *Timothy Leary at Folsom Prison*, a filmed dialogue made for television but never broadcast, he amplifies: "I don't particularly recommend you take LSD. First of all, 99 percent of what people call LSD isn't LSD. And 99 percent of what they say about it isn't true."

Ken Kesey also had occasion to reflect back on the acid scene in his recent book, *Garage Sale*. "I can't really recommend acid, because acid has become an almost meaningless chemical. I mean, the first acid I took was Sandoz, given me by the federal government in a series of experiments (what now, Uncle? Don't give me that anti-American drug field bullshit you turned me on . . .!) and it was beautiful."

"With perhaps the exception of Owsley's work, every bootleg batch I've tried from then on down has been interesting, enlightening, agonizing, bizarre, etc., but never anything as pure."

Many other early trippers, including Alan Harrington (author of *Psychopaths*), Dr. Stanley Krippner (former

head of Brooklyn's Maimonides Hospital Dream Lab) and Adam Smith (author of *Powers of Mind* in addition to his Wall Street best sellers) have also noted the decline in psychedelic use and linked it with the purity crisis.

An LSD experience is a complex interaction of five influential factors: set, setting, guide (fellow tripper), purity and dosage level.

Set refers to the psychological makeup of the LSD tripper: both long term (genetic inheritance and childhood conditioning) and short term (expectations about the LSD experience and how the person feels that morning).

Setting refers to the environment of the trip—indoors or outdoors, "informal suburban house," "formal hospital room" or "windy beach at sunrise."

Set, setting and guide form the fabric of the trip. But before these influences can come into play, alteration in consciousness must occur. Thus, the nature of the biochemical used, its purity and its dosage level are most central in determining the course the session will take.

In its pure form, LSD (di-lysergic acid diethyl amide) is an odorless, colorless and either tart-tasting (if in the tartrate form) or tasteless crystal substance. The major pharmaceutical company manufacturing pure LSD for research purposes is the Spofa United Pharmaceutical Works in Prague, Czechoslovakia, although it has been manufactured by many others. Besides Sandoz Pharmaceutical Company in Switzerland, there was the Eli Lilly & Company with a patent for the Garbrecht process (the most efficient process for the manufacture of LSD), and Farmitalia of Milan, Italy, which perfected the deep-vat cultivation of ergot, a mold that grows on rye, among other places, and serves as a source for lysergic acid monohydrate, the main precursor of LSD. In addition, a number of U.S. pharmaceutical firms make small amounts of LSD for testing purposes.

Today underground acid comes in many forms: in tablets of varying sizes and colors, in capsules (most popular from 1966 to 1968), as gelatin windowpane (a lamentable hardship to vegetarians, who do not eat cow hooves, from which gelatin is derived), plastic film, blotter paper, liquid vials and many other forms—just about anything on which a liquid can be dropped has been used. Since LSD is a crystal and the average dose is so small as to be just barely visible, it is usually dissolved in a solvent such as ethyl alcohol and then dropped on some medium or buffered with some inert substance. Only if a buffering substance is inert will it not affect the course of action of the biochemical mind-changer.

The most common explanation re-

garding impurities seems to be adulteration with some other biochemical mind-changer such as speed (amphetamine) or strychnine additives. Yet, as most testing programs and drug information organizations are fond of repeating, there is rarely speed or strychnine in street acid. The most common additive is PCP (phencyclidine, or Serylan, an animal tranquilizer that causes hallucinogenic, delirium reactions), which is also present when street acid is mislabeled "mescaline" or "psilocybin." Synthetic mescaline and psilocybin (usually psilocyn) disappeared from the streets a bit after pure LSD did (around 1969), and the only genuine forms of these drugs on the streets now are the organic staples of mushrooms or buttons of peyote. (Note: The acid-PCP combination is sometimes used on store-bought mushrooms, so caution is advised.)

Because of the imprecise nature of the street-drug market, a number of street drug testing programs were established in the 1970s. These drug organizations

The responsibility for acid impurity lies with government. A small elite of government- sanctioned scientists controls LSD in the United States.

have repeatedly labeled most street samples of underground acid as "LSD." For example, the Straight Dope Newsletter, a compilation of information from U.S. testing organizations, reported on a total of 209 samples turned in to the various organizations during the period from March 1973 through July 1973, of which 183 samples were "LSD."

PharmChem of Palo Alto, California, the most noted of the various street drug testing groups, reported in 1973: "Of 405 samples said to be LSD, 91.6 percent were as alleged, 3.4 percent had no drug at all, 3 percent were actually DOM, PCP and others and 2 percent had DOM, PCP and methamphetamine in addition to LSD."

Contrast these two reports to a survey abstracted in *LSD—A Total Study* (edited by D. V. Siva Sankar). Marshman and Gibbons tested 519 samples of street drugs for which the vendor's claimed composition was available. Of the samples alleged to be LSD, 44 percent contained LSD with two or more contaminants or even were mixtures of intermediate chemicals resulting from the failed attempts to synthesize LSD."

There is something wrong, something impure about today's "street acid." One possible theory for the degeneration of LSD manufacture is given by Hollingshead in *The Man Who Turned on the World*:

I think the problem for the underground chemists manufacturing clandestine acid was a shortage of ergot without which the synthesis of d-LSD-25 is impossible. Until 1965, supplies of ergot could be bought with little difficulty from three or four European chemical companies, but pressure from Washington put a stop to this, doubtless, hopefully that this would lead to an end of clandestine LSD. In one sense, the Federal authorities were right. The underground ceased turning out d-LSD-25; instead they discovered a wholly synthetic substance akin to d-LSD-25. Sure the new stuff worked—in the sense that any new mind-altering chemical "works" to produce subjective effects within the body, but it didn't seem to produce in those who used it any particular noticeable elevation in either head or heart—at least it was—and probably is—an unpopular view amongst the "cognoscenti" who claim that some of the street acid is capable of producing positive subjective effects of a "long-lasting nature," though they readily admit a lot of the stuff sold as "pure acid" is actually methamphetamine (a potent form of amphetamine, first developed by the U.S. Army) or a stripped-down ergotamine compound by modern molecular chemistry.

A more likely reason for the different effects of street acid and LSD is that by-product impurities contaminate the product at various points in manufacture. LSD can be made from lysergic acid derived from either morning-glory seeds or ergot, or from compounds made from ergot—including ergotamine tartrate, a pharmaceutical drug used in treating migraine headaches. LSD can also be synthesized totally from organic chemicals. No matter what process is used, if it is carried forth correctly, the resultant molecule is LSD.

Before LSD was made illegal, the materials for its manufacture could be purchased from a number of chemical companies in the United States and Europe. Most Owsley acid was manufactured from lysergic acid monohydrate obtained from Sandoz before lysergic acid was proscribed. But after 1966, properly prepared precursors were not easily obtainable.

The manufacturing of the necessary precursors is a long process, and a great many new occasions for impurities can arise. During the preparation of the main precursor—lysergic acid monohydrate—various ergot alkaloids and cycloalkamides of lysergic acid will contaminate the final product if not later removed by

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THE PRE-ELECTRIC. RYE BREAD ACID TEST

LSD-25 is derived from a variety of rye smut called ergot, or *Claviceps purpurea*. It is the 25th amide of lysergic acid to be developed from ergot by Dr. Albert Hofmann of Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland. In 1943, after he had accidentally absorbed some of it through his fingertips and discovered himself absolutely stoned, he christened it with the pound-shilling peñce acronym (E-s-d) we know so well today. Previously, ergot had yielded to science a variety of healing drugs such as histamine (a labor inducer) Methergine (to

control uterine hemorrhaging) and Hydergine (to counteract geriatric senility). But to most people, ergot was just a nasty purple smut that occasionally ruined a rye crop and rendered it unfit for sale or consumption.

Claviceps purpurea, says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "is an ascomycete or sac fungus. In the ear of rye infested with ergot there is exuded a sweet, yellowish mucus, which after a time disappears. The ear loses its starch and ceases to grow, and its ovaries become permeated by the mycelium of the fungus

which forms the sclerotium in autumn." In other words, the ergot invades and possesses the rye so cunningly that it leaves it more or less unaltered in appearance, except for occasional phallic excrescences of grey, purplish rust. Only from prior experience could ergotized rye be distinguished from a badly weathered crop.

The germination patterns of *Claviceps* are subtle and deceptive. Although there are some 20 varieties of ergot wherever rye is grown around the world, it's an uncommon parasite. It only appears,

HOW MEDIEVAL SOCIETY TUNED IN ★ TURNED



under a peculiar set of weather patterns—a rainy spring in which it germinates on the growing rye, a windy summer for the spores to blow around to new hosts and a damp harvest season to “fix” the smut firmly on the standing plant. Any particular subsistence farmer therefore, might encounter ergot in his rye crop only once or twice in a generation, if at all. But once would be enough.

Before the last couple hundred years, Europeans subsisted mainly on rye. Un- known in the Ancient World (the Med- iterranean), rye was the staple crop of the Teutons and was brought down to Ger- many and France with the Vandals and Visigoths. During the great barbarian in- vasions of the Dark Ages, it was prac- tically the sole diet for the poor. The peasants consumed mainly rye: rye bread, rye pudding, rye porridge, rye pancakes. Undernourished, they were prey to rickets and infested with round

worms continually, but grateful beyond expression for every autumn’s harvest.

If the August rye harvest was any- where near good, the peasants would always commemorate the event with a decidedly pagan tribute to the Mut- terkorn, She Who Causes the Rye to Grow. The last sheaf of standing rye was decked out in a white bridal gown by the oldest woman in the community and carried through town with music and hooping. The last man to cut the rye—the son of the Mutterkorn—was tied into the sheaf naked and the rye was gently flailed into chaff around him.

When the crop in the field looked stunted and ugly, the ceremony was al- tered. Old people could sense the differ- ence: pointing toward the purplish, de- formed grain waving in the wind they would warn children “The wolf sits in the rye and will tear you to pieces.” At the harvest, the man or woman to reap the

final sheaf was said to “kill the wolf” and was obliged to bay like a wolf on all fours and bite viciously at people.

In a bad year, the people would have known by the time the last sheaf was harvested that horror lived in the grain. The farmers gathered the very first rye that fell out of the reaper—the *Kummelkorn*—and baked it after a perfunctory threshing. The dough might be grey and smell of fish, but it had to be eaten. And then the town would go up, whole families at a time, into shrieking hell.

There were two manifestations of ergotism, acute and chronic. The acute phase, predominant in France, was *ergotismus gangrenosus*, vulgarly called *le mal des ardents*. The afflicted person first came down with lassitude, back pains and mental dulness; within days, hands and feet were alternately seized by ice and fire, and the skin had turned yellow. Then the feet turned pitch black,

ON ★ AND BURNED AT THE STAKE ★ BY DEAN LATIMER



often up to the knees and becoming dry as parchment to the touch, pinched off neatly at the joint. After the first seizure of fire and ice, the disease was eerily painless. "A woman was riding to the hospital on an ass," it is recorded, "and was pushed against a shrub; her leg became detached at the knee, and she carried it to the hospital in her arms."

The chronic phase, *ergotismus convulsus*, predominated in Germany, where they called it the *Nervenkrankheit*. Convulsive ergotism resembles epilepsy: the limbs cramp up, muscles working in opposition, the hands clench, the face contorts with the tongue protruding; the subject is prey to hot and cold flashes and abdominal retching. The fits recur daily for hours at a time for weeks or months. "to be distinguished from epilepsy," says a 19th century encyclopedia, "only in that the victims remained conscious."

The spring of 1691 was a damp one for Salem, Massachusetts, according to the diary of Dr. Samuel Sewall. The summer was hot and windy, but the weather turned cool and damp for the harvest. The first of that autumn's rye crop may not have been baked until Thanksgiving—the Puritans' only holiday all year—or even a few weeks later.

In December of that year people began going crazy in Salem. It seemed to strike by households: the Reverend Samuel Putnam's wife, two daughters and a maidservant were visited first and then, in other households, men and women alike became afflicted. The symptoms were most conspicuous in the women, particularly the girls, whose "strange fits" were clearly "beyond those that attend an epilepsy, or a catalepsy." All the afflicted were subject in some degree to "disorderly speech, odd postures and gestures, and convulsive fits" but in the young girls the condition persisted, recurring savagely for months. The girls were given to peculiar visions and bizarre behavior in their fits. At the house of the Reverend William Parris, his 11-year-old niece Abigail regularly tried to set the kitchen afire and run up the chimney. Reverend Putnam's daughters were periodically seized by such "a feeling of suffocation in the throat" that they were convinced Satan himself "had stuck balls into the windpipe to choke them."

In April 11, 1692, Deputy Governor William Danforth convened a provisional court at Salem to examine certain persons accused of inflicting witchcraft on the possessed girls, of which there were eight. The girls were brought into court together and were bidden to name the persons who were bewitching them. The alleged witches were brought individually before the girls, who invariably fell into convulsions at the sight of them. After the accused had touched them, the girls promptly recovered, and proof of witch-

craft was thereby considered to have been demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt. In the case of persons who could not be brought into court, spectral evidence—the girls' affirmations that the accused appeared in their visions and tormented them—was sufficient.

Convicted witches and those awaiting trial were confined in the Boston jail until the new governor, Sir William Phips, arrived from England on June 2 with a new Massachusetts Bay Colony charter that empowered him to carry out executions. Sir William promptly established a special court of Oyer and Terminer in Salem Village to implement this process, and the first witch, Bridget Bishop, was hanged on June 10. By the following October, 19 witches, mostly old women, had been hanged and some 150 more were accused. At this point the court was recessed until the following January, when it reopened on a considerably more clement note. Out of 50 remaining witchcraft indictments, only 20 were tried, of these only three were condemned, and the following May the lot was acquitted by Governor Phips.

These were the Salem Witch Trials.

Horrible insanity struck at random, for no perceptible reason, possessing whole families and townships with unutterably bizarre, supernatural transports of lunacy.

which have been painstakingly reexamined every generation or so since then according to the prevailing social prejudices. During the Victorian era it was resolved that the bewitched girls were suffering from neurasthenic hysteria, as girls will, with Freud, the whole thing was attributed to the well-known horrors of puberty (although some of the girls were only five), and there's always the hard core of folks who sincerely believe it was witchcraft. A notion has prevailed over the last 20 years or so that the girls were merely putting on a show to gain attention from the adults, and also to send some of those adults to the galows.

Now, in the Seventies, the possibility that the girls may have been stoned on acid is naturally gaining credence. One Linda Capraoel, a Santa Barbara graduate student, broached the notion in last April's *Science* magazine. "The physical symptoms of the afflicted," she points out, "and many of the other accusers are those induced by convulsive ergot poisoning." Indeed, if they were a secret sorority of sensation-seeking girls, they would not likely have gone half so far as the follow-

ing symptoms, described on the spot by the Reverend Deodart Lawson. "Their motions in their fits are preternatural which is so strange as a well person could not screw their body into, and as to the violence it is also preternatural being much beyond the ordinary force of the same person in their right mind."

This could be epilepsy, except for the visions and the peculiar appearance of blisters over their bodies. The choking throat could be simple hysteria, but then what of the peculiar pricking feeling that plagued the girls' skins? The blisters (eczema) and the pricking (formication or ants under the flesh) are characteristic only of ergotism, though that still isn't quite enough to go on. Further indication of ergotism is suggested by the hysteria that gripped the Salem community at large. As we'll see elsewhere, mass ergot epidemics tend to convey a decided contact high to local bystanders, with generally unwholesome results. Scores of people were being accused, tortured and examined according to rules of evidence that permitted touch and spectral evidence.

For example, the first woman to be hanged, Bridget Bishop, was convicted largely on the spectral evidence of John Londer. He complained, under oath, that in his fits he was visited regularly by "Bridget Bishop or her likeness," who sat on his chest and choked him. She was invariably accompanied by a familiar that "looked like a monkey, only the feet were more like cocks' feet with claws, and the face more like a man's than a monkey's." Choking sensations, cardio-pulmonary inhibition—and animal hallucinations—are both typical symptoms of ergot intoxication.

As for touch, no less a future folk-hero than John Alden was nearly condemned on the basis of this arbitrary phenomenon. The girls accused Alden in July of bewitching them, adding for the record that "he sells powder and shot to the Indians and the French, and lies with Indian squaws and has Indian papooses." When Alden was brought before them in court, all eight girls pitched over flat on the floor in convulsions. They revived straightaway after he touched them, and Magistrate Sewall asked if the obviously guilty accused had any final remarks before sentence was passed. Alden looks him straight in the eye and says, "What's the reason you don't fall when I look at you? Can you give me one?" This perplexed their worship exceeding; they declined to pass sentence immediately and clapped Alden in Boston jail, where from he escaped 15 months later.

The magistrates in charge of these goings-on were likeable people really, and were honestly tortured forever afterward by guilt over the auto-da-fé they had engineered. Governor Phips wasn't a bad fellow at all, most of his life, yet when Giles Corey was being pressed

to death under a plank by 100-pound weights (it took two days) and his tongue came out of his mouth in his final agonies. Governor Phips revulsively pushed it back in with the tip of his walking cane. These people had been changed.

Maybe the thought processes of the magistrates, responsible and respected men in the Colony, were altered," suggests Caproael. However she recognizes that "the utmost caution is necessary in assessing the physical and mental states of people dead for hundreds of years." As far as Caproael can determine, if there was ergot involved, it most likely came from the barn of Samuel Putnam. Putnam it seems, paid his debts in grain so that not only did his own household go up on his tainted rye but also the households of his creditors. The pattern of dissemination of the poisoned bread which Caproael suggests is therefore highly speculative, but not at all improbable.

Why should an entire township go bananas merely because a couple dozen people, at most, flipped out on Samuel Putnam's magic rye? Unhappily for the sake of modern research, the mass effect of an ergot epidemic on a human community is virtually impossible to determine any more. Though ergotism has been largely defunct for the last 200 years, we can gain a hint of the mass hysteria that must have accompanied outbreaks from considering the one well-documented case of ergotism in this century: the 1951 visitation of St. Anthony's Fire upon Pont St. Esprit in France.

The poisoned bread—*le pain maudit*—didn't originate in Pont-St-Esprit, an ancient manufacturing town in the torrid Midi region of France, but in Poitiers, 300 miles to the north. It had been an indifferent growing year up north, damp in the spring and windy all summer, and the local bakers found themselves stuck with a good deal of inferior grain by the time August came around. Early that month, one of these Poitiers *boulangeries*, M. Guy Bruere, opened a flour sack he'd purchased sight unseen and found it absolutely unacceptable. Besides being infested with dead moths and awful purplish "dust" the stuff wasn't even wheat, by Heaven, but rye!

Nom de dieu! Nothing for it then, but M. Bruere must go to his excellent friend M. Maurice Maillo at his mill and beg of him a few quintals of decent flour in return for all this blighted grain. Since one must favor one's neighbors, M. Maillo reluctantly obliges and runs the filthy stuff through his grister whilst holding his nose and dumps it into the sacks bound for the grand national grain distributor the Union Munière Ltd.

The Bruere flour, moths and "dust" and rye all ground together, was consigned on the night of August 16, 1951, to the three bakeshops in the La Villette district of

Pont St. Esprit. La Villette's three bakers, Ms. Monier Griotti and Briand discovered it to be thoroughly repulsive: the batter it yielded was greyish in complexion, sticky, smelling of something like fish or petrol and very difficult to work. But they were stuck with the stuff. So the three *boulangeries* baked it up. After tasting it repeatedly, they ordained it fit for consumption, if nothing special.

Besides the bakers and their families, some 300 people ate loaves from that night's baking. Teachers, shop clerks, farmers, assembly-line workers and their children ate it, and the leftovers were given to the animals. Oddly enough, the dogs wouldn't touch it. Cats and fowl ate it readily enough, though, and within a few hours there was an epidemic of screaming cats all over town. Many of the cats, geese and chickens fell rapidly into total paralysis and died. It was all interpreted correctly as an ill omen.

The people themselves began to register their first symptoms early the next morning. Many awakened suddenly with cramps and colic, leading to an ineffective kind of diarrhea that alleviated the cramps only temporarily. As the day

One never knew which of these tormented persons might be the innocent victims and which might be the obscene wizard responsible for the epidemic. The safest thing: burn them all.

went on, the cramps went away, to be succeeded by a vague itching in the flesh, a quickness of breath and persistent cold chills. When doctors were called in, they typically found the patients shivering with hypothermia (low body temperature) in the swelter of mid-August. Also, their pupils were enlarged, and they seemed to be talking more than usual. The three bakers, seeing their families and customers suffering from what appeared to be a mild food poisoning, called in the bread and sent it to the Union Munière with a stiff collective complaint.

That night, August 18, none of the 300 afflicted slept a wink. All over Pont-St-Esprit, people found themselves suffused with a giddy but rather pleasant kind of exaltation, with it came a marked desire to walk around outdoors in the open air, where they discovered a lot of other people in precisely the same frame of mind. Everyone was wonderfully gregarious and chatty, and little clusters of citizens formed under the plane trees in the local squares, conducting profound moonlit discussions of politics, art and religion all night long. This ecstatic mood

prevailed all week long. The night rappers kept feeling better and better, though once in a while one would be seized with a flash of shattering anxiety. Women, it was noted, began menstruating heavily on the third day, due date or not, but by and large, no one was very concerned. "I think this illness," a typical night rapper remarked on Sunday, August 20, "has done me a lot of good. I've never had so much energy in my life. I know I haven't been able to sleep at all since Thursday evening, but..."

To those around them, though, the *malades* ("sick ones") must have presented a disturbing prospect. For one thing, all of them smelled peculiar—an odor akin to dead mice and urine, a downright upsetting odor, the stink, in fact, of panic. For another thing, they tended to be altogether too emotional and insistent about their mysterious new well-being. And it was just plain weird to see them standing around out in the pitch-black street at three in the morning, muttering earnestly and almost conspiratorially among themselves. Tension was mounting all over town; something awful was going to happen.

On the night of August 24, precisely a week after the bread had been eaten, the Fire descended on the town. It began about midnight among the little knots of insomniacs: one person would abruptly tear off down the street shrieking incoherently, and within seconds the whole group would be convulsed with the horrors. "I am dead! Do you hear?" screams a woman. "My head is made of copper and I have snakes in my stomach. They are burning, burning, burning!" A man, clinging to a lamppost, insists hopelessly. "My belly is full of snails. They are burning me to death. I am in the water. I am sending out radio messages everywhere. Get me the x-ray! Get me the x-ray and you can see."

Everywhere people were pursued by lions and tigers, enveloped in clouds of insects, consumed by fire, suffocated in black filth. Those who retreated indoors from the horrors were immediately seized with claustrophobia and flew back out to roll deliriously on the ground. Rescue squads were called in from every hospital in the district, and their weird ululating sirens awakened everyone in La Villette. Here is what they saw, about two in the morning:

"There was the man and wife, both bleeding and disheveled, who had been chasing each other around the kitchen table with knives. There was the woman who was absolutely certain that her three children had been drawn and quartered and were hanging from the rafters to be made into sausages. There was the man cringing and twisting his body in contortions because there were bandits with huge donkey ears chasing him. There was the seven-year-old child whose every toy changed suddenly into a fantastic,

indescribable beast. There was the man who saw the hospital attendants as giant fish, ready to eat him alive. There was the woman surrounded by the dead."

Many of the *malades* exhibited supernatural strength when hospital attendants sought to restrain them. One man, chased up to his second-story bedroom, leaped out through the window in desperation and shattered both legs on the pavement below, still he ran two blocks on compound, greenstick fractures, and after he was subdued, still managed to rip off his emergency casts. On a farm out of town, a peasant youth ripped through seven canvas strait jackets before they managed to confine him. He was finally tied under a restraining sheet in the Centre Hospital de Nîmes but managed to bite his way through it losing all his front teeth in the process, and actually bent the steel bars of his isolation cell before being reconfined.

By the next afternoon, though, all the violently psychotic *malades* had been put away. Local health facilities were impossibly overburdened and doctors had no idea how to treat the illnesses. Tranquilizers were wholly ineffective; most, in fact, tended to aggravate the patients' psychoses. People began to die. A woman in her seventies, Mme. Rieu, had broken a leg in her convulsions, 48 hours later her leg turned gangrenous and killed her. Within a fortnight, four others died of pulmonary and cardio-pulmonary arrest. And the rest alternated between psychotic delirium and brief intervals of heart-breaking lucidity during which they begged to be released.

Many other victims remained at home. Some of these had to be searched out by the health authorities and committed days later such as five year-old Marie-Joseph Carle, whose convulsive symptoms were identical to those of the Salem victims. "Her entire body was shaking, her arms and legs were jerking in massive spasms, her fingers were clenched until they could not be pried open. Her eyes were moving wildly in their sockets and her contracting arm muscles gave her the appearance of a choral director leading a choir." Her pinwheeling eyeballs regularly focused in utter terror on something in the middle distance when she would cry out that a giant tiger was about to leap on her, or that a pit of adders had opened before her, or that blood was pouring out of the walls and ceilings. Abruptly, she would snap out of her possession and babble wonderingly about the peculiar things she'd just seen.

Others who managed to stay at home shared all the afflictions of ergotism with the incarcerated *malades* to a slightly milder degree. Marie Carle's father Joseph, for example, spent nearly a month sitting in his bedroom counting the six panes of the window. The town's

pet intellectual M. Marcel Delaquis, stayed hunched over his desk throughout the same period scribbling off reams of impenetrable poetry, marking grooves in the paper after his pencil had worn down to the wood, unable even to sharpen the thing lest in the process he yield to the temptation to throw himself out the window. Nobody slept, not for an instant, for a whole month.

These obsessive *idées fixes* syndromes were actually comparatively mild manifestations of ergot poisoning. In the hospitals, reeking of dead mice and urine under their restraining sheets, the truly delirious patients existed on a plane of more pronounced psychosis. Each was prey to zoopsie, hallucination of animals. Each had a creature, tiger or shark or half-human hybrid that regularly tormented him or her. Even worse were the perceptual distortions: *malades* continually experienced colors as intolerably brilliant and artificial and were regularly suffocated by claustrophobic impressions of crushing walls and ceilings, even outdoors. All of them at the height of their fits, witnessed balls of fire that came rushing at them and then receded off into infinity, again and again. And all were subject to daily convulsions that would have broken the bones of normal people.

Yet the *malades* sometimes experienced transports of inconceivable bliss and rapture, especially after extremely violent seizures. Some heard angels singing sweet celestial music and beheld brilliant flowers cascading everywhere about them, others suddenly witnessed in a fingernail or a cockroach the simple, ineffably serene truth of the living universe. Most of them could communicate even in convulsions to old and trusted friends, part of their minds would relate solidly to reality, though they were gripped with the horror of apparitions as palpably real to them as the straps that held them down.

By the end of the first fortnight, the intervals of lucidity for the *malades* became longer and more coherent though their intervals of delirium remained as violent as before. This reestablishment of self awareness though was accompanied by anxiety since now the patients knew that the horrors would be back upon them before long. Although they now recognized that their delusions were unreal, they also knew that when the fits came they would become real. The advent of a seizure was remorselessly reliable, too. It commenced with a twitching in the legs, as a spectral penumbra seemed to condense within the consciousness and progressively distort all perception. Vague stirrings of dread mounted just below the threshold of consciousness and then spilled over and invaded the daylight, populating the whole world with monsters.

The crisis occurred for the afflicted between the 14th and 20th days. Recov-

ery was signaled by the appearance of eczema sores on the bodies of the *malades*; the sores exuded a colorless serum that produced rashes on the attendants when they touched it. At the same time, chemists who were analyzing the infected bread also discovered that touching the stuff with bare hands produced a nasty rash. The ergot was seemingly changing itself into something else entirely and leaving the bodies of the *malades*. Suddenly the afflicted found that they could sleep, blessedly, after 20-odd days of insomnia and their appetites reappeared after nearly a month of intra-venous feeding.

After this phase, the incidence of psychotic seizures in the *malades* dropped dramatically. They were still shaken and weak but sane and ambulatory, and so the overburdened hospitals promptly discharged them.

In early September, home they went to La Villette or to their farms. They found it difficult to entirely readjust, and for months they kept going back to the hospitals with violent flashback symptoms. A typical case: "I remained a month at the *maison de fous* at Nîmes. They felt I was cured. Last Thursday, after having eaten my dinner, I realized I had no more cigarettes. I got on my bicycle to go to the *tabar* and get some. But at the doorway to the shop the sickness overcame me again. I saw the house tumble down on top of me. The stones and the timbers were crushing my body. The people standing by ran over to me and held me down. My hallucinations continued. Bombs were exploding all around me, and little goblins were attacking me with blood-red needles like spikes, stabbing me all over. The men rushed me to the Hotel Dieu where I spent the night tied to the bed. But in the morning I had become very calm again."

Similar recurrences beset the *malades* at intervals for months. Besides the purely physical aftereffects of ergot poisoning—*scotoma*, blank spots in the retina, being common, and also chronic vertigo—the implicit opprobrium of the community persists to this day among the La Villette survivors.

The convalescent ergot veterans procured a lawsuit against the Union Munière with rare persistence. In effect they were trying to redeem themselves against unspoken charges of insanity. Had it been a conventional case of food poisoning, they doubtless would've won a quick decision but this was unprecedented in legal history. The last ergot epidemic in France had visited Burgundy in 1855 and had only affected peasants who knew better than to try to sue anybody for it. There was no precedent whatsoever. And the Union Munière, a multimillion-dollar state-subsidized corporation, had no difficulty defending itself against a collection of *petit bourgeois*.

(continued on page 105)

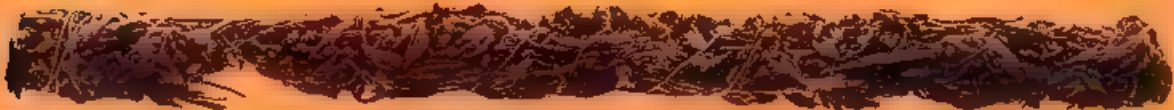


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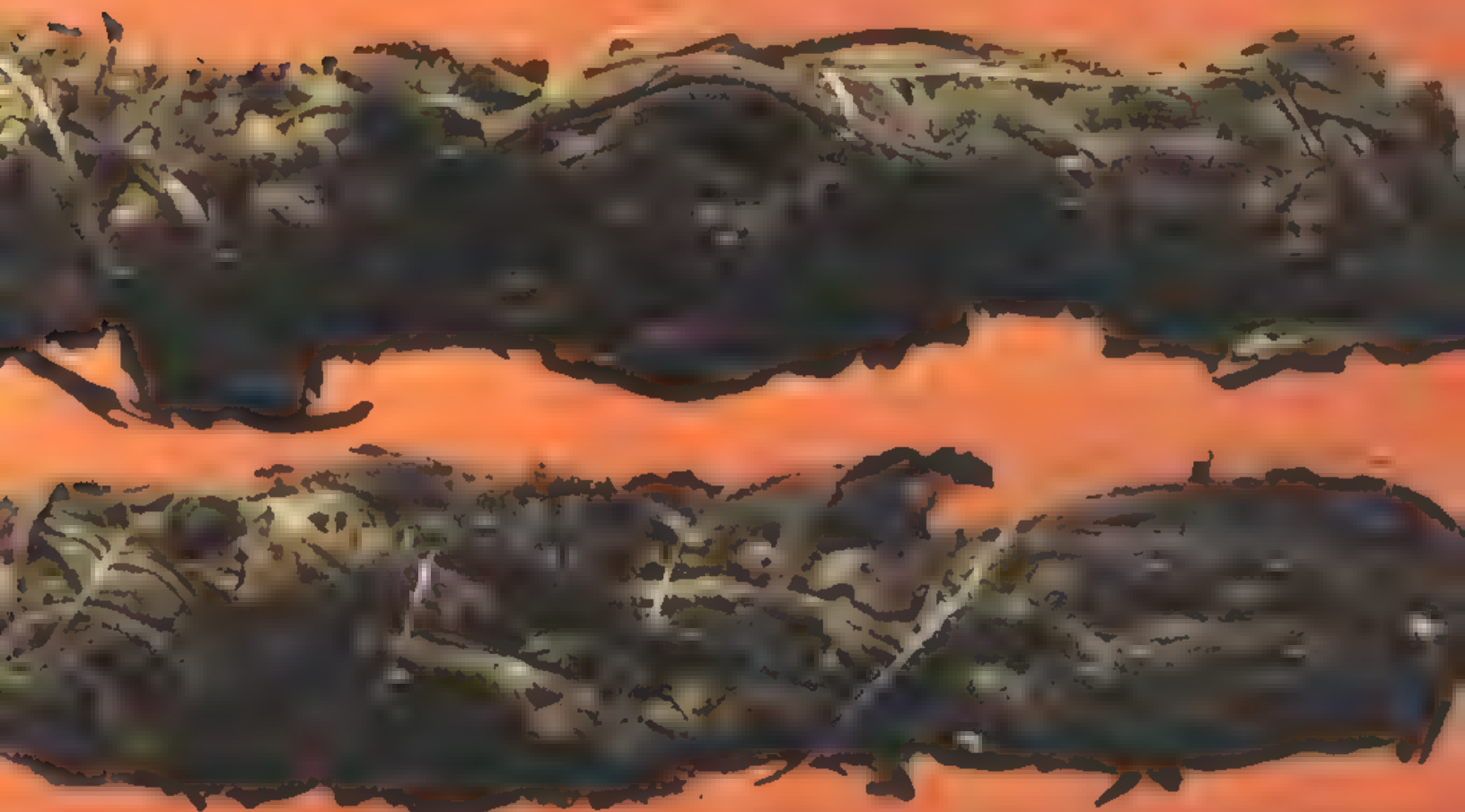
Photography by Ted Einhouse

Somewhere east of Suez
where the Bashi-Bazouks play,
There's a brand of smoke that Buddha
takes, and it's not what you'd call tay.
For it's sticks, Thailand sticks,
each five inches long or six,
The same the wily Pathan puffs
to play his bloomin' tricks.
Three thousand for a pound of 'em,
or two bills for an ounce,
One stick serves two and will see you
through if the fuzzy-wuzzies pounce.
For it's sticks, Thailand sticks,
better than Jamaican bricks,
When the frogs and wogs and nig-nogs
and the mutineerin' Sikhs
And the golliwogs transfix you
on their cannibal toothpicks—
Only Thai, bloomin' Thai,
will keep you flyin' high,
When you're signed up for the menu
of the anthropophagi.



All flesh is grass, the Good Book tells,
and who's to say it's not?
When the Regiment's surrounded
and you've fired your last shot,
And you're pleadin' not to be eaten
by the bleedin' Hottentot,
And he chops you up with relish
and he pops you in his pot!
Then he slices you from stem to stern
with his cannibal spear-point,
And says, "Give some head
while I polish off this joint!"
For it's sticks, Thailand sticks,
tied with twine the way you fix
Your bayonet when it's time to puncture
dervishes' stummicks;
The only shit to smoke while shootin'
tigers, grouse or Bolshie-viks.

When the dope comes up from Asia,
care of Tommy Atkins Bey,
You'll find those lovely little sticks
that'll bomb you more than Huns or Micks
in their blimps and I.R.A.
For it's sticks, Thailand sticks,
grown by Hindoo lunatics,
They won't give you Paddy's hangover
when he's had his Papist kicks.
You'll smell geisha smells, hear temple bells
and when you reach to feel 'em,
You'll touch *hasheesh glue* upon the stem,
More precious than the perfumed gem
in Kali's Ivory diadem...
So if the Thaisticks, *deal 'em.* ▣



BAY AREA

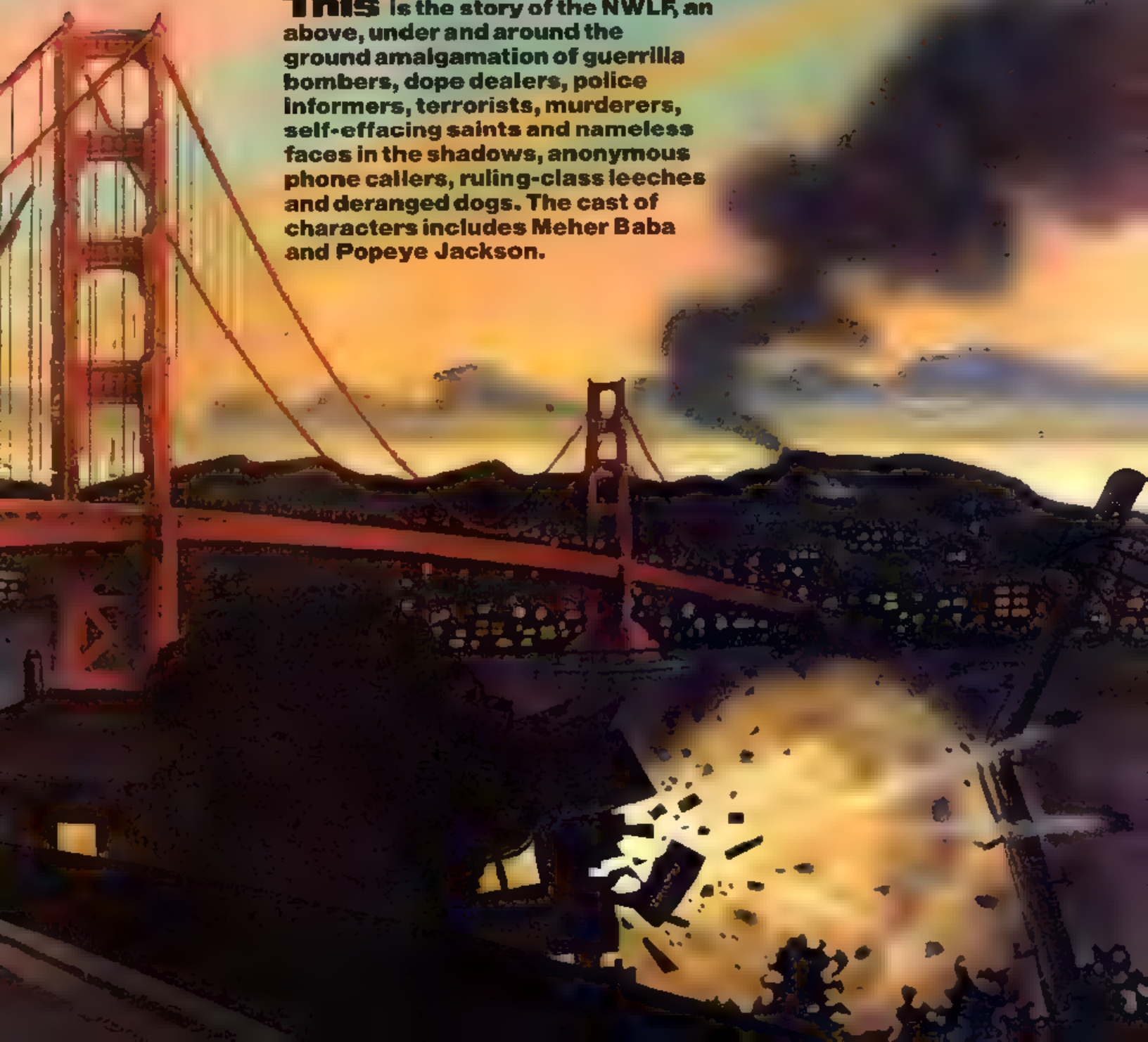


BOMBERS

THE NEW WORLD LEFT ON THE OLD FRONTIER

By Steve Long

This is the story of the NWLF, an above, under and around the ground amalgamation of guerrilla bombers, dope dealers, police informers, terrorists, murderers, self-effacing saints and nameless faces in the shadows, anonymous phone callers, ruling-class leeches and deranged dogs. The cast of characters includes Meher Baba and Popeye Jackson.



The scene is Berkeley, the time is now.

The NWLF has over 40 bombings to its credit, putting it considerably ahead of the vaunted Weather Underground. With the demise of the SLA, the vanguard of the revolution may now be the New World Liberation Front, to whose credit most of these bombings are said to redound. The NWLF is certainly the most active, the most entrenched and the most media-conscious of the Bay Area liberation armies. It has carried out sustained guerrilla offensives lasting several months, won victories, suffered no appreciable defeats and appears to be expanding rapidly.

The NWLF's ideological origins go back to the late 1960s and the split within the Black Panther party that led in 1971 to Eldridge Cleaver's expulsion from the party. Cleaver, who is now anathema to Bay Area guerrillas, had come to believe in the necessity of urban guerrilla warfare in the belly of the beast. While visiting Cuba in December 1968, Cleaver talked with other American revolutionaries about forming a

New World Liberation Front. The idea of a united front of guerrilla organizations was kept alive among Cleaver's supporters long after he had fled into political exile. The Cleaver faction of the Black Panther party formed the Black Liberation Army to carry out his dream of bloodshed in Babylon. Early in 1972, Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt, the former head of the Los Angeles Panthers and a BLA leader, wrote a pamphlet that included a design incorporating the words 'New World Liberation Front.'

By the spring of 1974, the formation of a united front of guerrilla organizations had become a top priority of the embryonic West Coast BLA. During April 1974, five BLA women soldiers were reportedly sent from Los Angeles to the Bay Area to help organize combat units of a NWLF. Four days after the May 17, 1974 massacre of six SLA soldiers in Los Angeles, a secret political statement was written by a group of BLA "grass-roots women" supporting the SLA. The unpublished statement, signed by "the New World Liberation Front—Black and Third World Women's Unit of the Black Liberation Army," concluded: "In the spirit of our beloved Field Marshall [sic] Cinque we say to America and its Facist [sic] government, 'Up against the wall mother fucker.'" On May 31, 1974, a small band of black youths calling themselves BLA Combat Unit Four robbed a Berkeley bank and issued a communiqué claiming credit for the "expropriation" to "all elements of the NWLF." On the same day, the May Nineteenth Combat Unit (NWLF) declared its solidarity with the SLA in a statement issued from "the Western Region," a BLA designation for "California prisons and safehouses."

The SLA responded in a June 7, 1974, communiqué—the first since the shootout. Bill Harris began with greetings to the BLA and Combat Unit Four and continued: "We have come together in many different cells, squads, and military political units. We

have taken many different meaningful names. But we are not hung up on names. . . . To our comrade sisters and brothers of the Black Liberation Army and all other fighters, let it be known that the Malcolm X Combat Unit of the Symbionese Liberation Army proudly takes up the New World Liberation Front banner."

However, after their capture on September 18, 1975, Harris and his wife Emily denied they were ever in the NWLF. There have also been press reports that SLA associates Jim Kilgore and Steve Kathy and Josephine Soliah were allegedly seen at the site of NWLF bombings, but these reports have been denied both by the NWLF and by the FBI. The NWLF, in denying that the SLA committed any NWLF bombings, said, "not to imply they [SLA] couldn't have, or wouldn't have, but the simple fact is that we carried out the actions and wrote the communiqués."

The fact is that no one knows who is in underground NWLF combat units except the members of each combat unit. The FBI has not been able to crack it. The NWLF is probably mainly white middle-class in origin, with some minority members and some prison experience. It reportedly has clandestine contacts at San Quentin and at the Marion, Ill., federal prison. Unlike the SLA or the Weather Underground, the NWLF is not primarily run by women, though women do play an important role. There seem to be few if any homosexuals in the NWLF combat units, unlike the SLA or Seattle's George Jackson Brigade. A few NWLF members may have belonged to the now defunct Venceremos organization, as did a few SLA members, but there are no reports that the NWLF has had any links with the BLA since 1974. Finally, the NWLF now recognizes "members" outside of clandestine underground combat units. In February 1976, the NWLF declared that "any person armed with principled theory or sincerely struggling to so arm themselves can now belong to the NWLF, either individually or as part of an aboveground support unit." Be the first on your block to join the NWLF!

The NWLF's first attempted bombing on August 6, 1974, was a dud, but almost all of its guerrilla actions since then have been successful. NWLF targets include multinational corporations such as General Motors and ITT, a television station, government buildings, financial institutions and oil companies. It has waged a year-and-a-half-long struggle against Pacific Gas & Electric and has carried out sustained guerrilla campaigns against the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and local landlords.

Its most heavily publicized bombing occurred on February 12, 1976. A powerful blast ripped through a guest house at the lavish "castle" built by William Randolph Hearst on his estate at San Simeon on the California coast. The Hearst Castle bombing was a masterful example of "armed

propaganda." The heavy force of the explosion—\$1 million damage—and the choice of a target identified with the Hearst name while the Patty Hearst psychodrama was capturing national attention in San Francisco guaranteed a big media play. The NWLF warned that "Hearst Castle will only be the beginning" if Patty Hearst's family did not meet the NWLF demand for a cool quarter of a million dollars contribution to the Bill and Emily Harris defense fund. Declaring that "justice is bought in this country," the NWLF said it was "well aware" why Patty had not been bailed out of jail. "If she had, she would never have made it to her trial alive," the NWLF ominously declared.

NWLF tactics have often been ingenious and sometimes whimsical. In November 1975, after San Francisco police went on a \$10,000 parking-ticket blitz in retaliation for voters' rejection of police-supported ballot initiatives, the NWLF launched "the parking meter war" by plugging the locks of thousands of meters and even police headquarters. A communiqué urged poor people to join in "by jamming the parking meters with epoxied washers, liquid steel, etc." The NWLF demanded the board of supervisors return the people's money in the form of two free medical clinics complete with a four-by-eight foot sign on the outside "Health Is a Human Right! United People Power!" When the demand was not met, two cars mistakenly thought to belong to high police officials were blown up. There was still no official response. On January 10, 1976, two bombs wrapped in candy boxes arrived at the homes of two supervisors. The bombs were only symbols and were not designed to go off, but the threat was taken very seriously. Though the NWLF never formally claimed responsibility, a communiqué warned the supervisors their health would be "in extreme danger" if the NWLF demands were not met. An anonymous caller claimed credit for the bombs, and warned that "our precautions and safeguards will not necessarily be repeated."

On July 5, 1976, the NWLF warned all Pacific Gas & Electric workers to stay away from all Bay Area PG & E sites until after July 10 because three "calendar clock bombs" were set to go off at two of the sites by July 10. In fact, there were no bombs. It was a hoax. But in the meantime, PG & E had announced it would conduct business as usual and expected all workers to show up for work. The media was full of stories about nervous PG & E workers. On July 10, the NWLF announced it had won a "war of nerves" with PG & E. "The mere threat of an action is enough to make PG & E reveal its true motives and priorities." The NWLF said it was PG & E that did not care about the safety of its workers, not the NWLF which had always shown "utmost concern for PG & E workers." On the third hand, the workers feel the same about PG & E and the NWLF as they do about cancer.

The NWLF like the SLA before it, sub-



High Times Guide to Guerrilla Units (If You Can Find Them)

By Pat McGilligan

Weather Underground Organization

Presumably the largest and most disciplined of the underground cadres, the Weather Underground Organization (WUO) was formed after a split in Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1969. Taking its name from a Bob Dylan lyric, the WUO vowed a clandestine struggle against the American government and vanished underground. The WUO has claimed responsibility for over 25 "armed actions" in this country, but nobody has ever been killed in a WUO blast—except three of their own members. WUO groups are small and highly mobile. They live in many parts of the country, especially on the West Coast, in New York City and in Boston. The organization's aboveground support organization called "Prairie Fire" is opposed to racism and sexism, supportive of workers' issues and working for a socialist economy.

Black Liberation Army

The Black Liberation Army (BLA) was formed early in 1971, following a split in the Black Panther Party. One Panther faction followed Huey Newton's mass organizing line; another followed Eldridge Cleaver's blueprint for urban guerrilla warfare. The BLA places heavy emphasis on personal combat. BLA "soldiers" have taken part in numerous bank robberies or "expropriations" (banks are considered the "nerve center of the modern capitalist system") and assaults on police. Many of the original BLA members were reportedly Vietnam War veterans.

FALN

The phantom of the burgeoning underground, the *Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional Puertorriqueña*, or Armed Forces of the Puerto Rican Nation, is evidently located in New York City. It proclaims a single purpose: to force independence for the island colony expropriated by the U.S. after the Spanish-American War. The FBI fears the FALN more than any other underground cadre because, in one agent's words, "We know the least about them... they are fanatical..." The FALN took credit in January of 1975 for the bombing of historic Fraunces Tavern in New York City that killed four people and injured at least 40.

Red Guerrilla Family

This guerrilla unit has issued many communiques that have been normally well researched and intelligently argued. And its actions show a precise and businesslike militance. The Red Guerrilla Family has bombed FBI offices in Berkeley, the Standard Oil Building in San Francisco (as President Ford spoke one block away), the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau of the Internal

Revenue Service, the Iranian Consulate in San Francisco (to protest the execution of ten Iranian revolutionaries) and, recently, a downtown office building whose tenants include major corporations with overseas interests, e.g. Union Carbide. All Red Guerrilla Family explosions have been very powerful and all have been preceded by a warning. Although the Red Guerrilla Family has been operating in the Bay Area for over a year, the FBI knows nothing about it.

George Jackson Brigade

This urban guerrilla cadre is named for black revolutionary George Jackson, murdered during an alleged escape attempt from a California prison. It operates in the Northwest and has executed a number of audacious actions since it originally surfaced last year. This past January, a reported ten members of the George Jackson Brigade were involved in an elaborate "expropriations" scheme. An attempt to rob a Pacific National Bank in a Seattle suburb went disastrously awry when police showed up, guns blazing. One Brigade member was killed and three men were arrested. One later escaped in a daring rescue executed by the still-at-large Brigade cadre.

New World Liberation Front

The most active and elusive of the San Francisco Bay Area guerrilla units, the NWLF has operated without sustaining a substantive arrest since early 1974. An embarrassed FBI has been unable to penetrate the organization and knows very little that the NWLF's own considerable literature has not revealed. Recent grand jury investigations have turned up no leads; nobody has talked. There are at least three distinct and autonomous units that exist under NWLF leadership—the Central Command, the Lucio Cebenas Unit (named for a Mexican revolutionary) and the Sam Melville-Jonathan Jackson Unit. Since its emergence, the NWLF has claimed responsibility for literally dozens of West Coast explosions. "We are working to build a strong secure base, geared for a protracted war," writes the NWLF "Central Command," which operates in a Marxist/Leninist/Maoist tradition.

Sam Melville-Jonathan Jackson Unit

An "armed unit sharing the same goals" of the NWLF, the Melville-Jackson Unit is named for antiwar bomber Sam Melville, who was convicted of several New York City bombings and died in the Attica rebellion, and for the brother of George Jackson, who was killed on August 21, 1971, attempting to free the Soledad Brothers on trial at the Marin County Courthouse. The unit probably functions independently of other NWLF units and does not have any contact with

other NWLF brigades. However, following a furious spate of bombings and arrests in 1976, all on the East Coast, it is unclear whether the unit is still operative.

Fred Hampton Unit

The Fred Hampton Unit has only claimed one action: the May 11, 1976, bombing of the Central Maine Power Company. Their published demands included reduced power rates for New England residents. Police have linked Joseph Acato, Everett C. Carlson (arrested in Portland), Edward Gullion, Jr. (a fugitive) and Richard Picariello (a fugitive) to the Maine blast and to the Melville-Jackson Unit. Connections have also been made between the Fred Hampton Unit and an assortment of other New England bombings in early summer. Indeed, there are similarities in the groups' actions—both the Suffolk County Courthouse and Maine Power Company blasts had 20-minute warnings, and both occurred during working hours.

Emiliano Zapata Brigade

This group was little known outside the West Coast until a series of flamboyant pre-dawn FBI raids in the Bay Area in February. Nine people in all were arrested at different locations and linked in national headlines to the "Emiliano Zapata Brigade."

The Zapata unit itself had taken credit, since its emergence in the San Francisco area in August 1975, for a brace of actions, but it has been a subject of controversy in the Bay Area since its initial communiqué, many people suspecting at the outset that it was a police setup.

Symbionese Liberation Army

The SLA's principal influence on the underground was regenerative, despite its disastrous mistakes and belabored consequences. Taking their cue from SLA deeds, most of the West Coast guerrilla cadres mobilized around the same time, and many of them still publicly cite the SLA as their inspiration. Of course, the only genuine SLA survivors are in prison. Meaning not Patty Hearst, who is rattling to the feds in exchange for leniency, or Stephen Soliah, found innocent of the Carmichael, California, bank robbery. But Joseph Remiro and Russell Little—who are serving life for something they say they didn't do, the assassination of Marcus Foster (a black community leader who was on the verge of instituting a comprehensive photo ID and police-on-campus program in Oakland's public schools); and Bill and Emily Harris—who were convicted on a number of felony counts. Whether the SLA is truly dead is another question entirely. The SLA, after all, originally began in the fertile soil of California's prisons, and that is exactly where things stand today. ☐

scribes to George Jackson's "focal motor theory." Jackson wrote in *Blood in My Eye* that a "focal motor" or combat unit would be the vanguard of urban guerrilla warfare. If revolutionary conditions don't exist, they must be manufactured. NWLF tactics follow Jackson's admonition that the prime military objective "of the urban guerrilla is to 'attack on every side with many different armed groups, few in number each self-contained and operating separately to disperse the government forces'."

Despite many serious threats and over 40 major bombings by the NWLF there have been no confirmed injuries caused by the NWLF—an astounding record. However, an unconfirmed report indicated that a San Mateo County deputy sheriff may have been the first person injured by the NWLF. On February 13, 1976, the sheriff approached two men planting a bomb on a PG & E utility tower. Before he could draw his gun, another man hiding in the bushes shot and wounded him. The three suspects escaped. The NWLF did not take credit for the shooting, but local authorities attribute it to them.

However the NWLF has been accused of using murder as a tactic. The story of the murder of "Popeye" Jackson is essential to an understanding of the NWLF and the development of the revolutionary underground in the Bay Area. Jackson's murder marked a turning point in the history of the NWLF and provided a warning about the danger of police informers, a warning that was needed by the NWLF.

Gilbert "Popeye" Jackson was perhaps the most prominent aboveground supporter of the SLA in the Bay Area. Jackson, who was 45 in 1975, was a controversial and flamboyant black man who wore leather jackets and floppy hats. He had spent 19 years in prison for burglary and robbery convictions, and he was the founder of the United Prisoners Union, a radical prison reform group that resulted from a split in another prison reform group known as the Prisoners Union.

Popeye spent the evening of June 7, 1975 in San Francisco's black ghetto, the Fillmore District, at a party given by friends in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He left the party with Sally Voye, 28, a pretty and idealistic schoolteacher who was a volunteer worker in the United Prisoners Union. They drove in Sally's car to Popeye's home in the Mission District and talked for a few minutes in the parked car. At about 3 A.M. on June 8, a gunman fired a dozen shots from a 9 mm. automatic pistol through the side window at point-blank range into Sally's and Popeye's heads and chests. It was a coolly professional execution. The killer escaped by running into a housing project a few blocks away.

On the next day, a communiqué allegedly from the NWLF arrived at the San Francisco Chronicle claiming credit for Popeye's death. The communiqué said the NWLF had "executed" Popeye because "he

was found to be an elitist pig serving his own personal needs and misleading the people's forces." The news that the NWLF had claimed credit for murdering Popeye sent shock waves of fear, paranoia and dissension throughout much of the Left in the Bay Area. Many leftists believed that the communiqué received by the Chronicle was phony, but it was not dismissed out of hand because a week earlier on June 4, a "poor people's" radio station in San Francisco had broadcast an NWLF "open letter" critical of Popeye. In the open letter, the NWLF said that Popeye's important position in the Bay Area revolutionary movement compelled the NWLF to "publicly question four important contradictions we see in you: 1. privileged treatment by the Adult Authority and the courts, 2. projecting a capitalist image, 3. urging people to premature acts, 4. subjective criticism—[verbal] trashing."

Still many Bay Area leftists suspected that police or government agents had assassinated Popeye and dismissed the communiqué sent to the Chronicle as part of a

Despite many serious threats and over 40 major bombings by the NWLF, there have been no confirmed injuries caused by the NWLF—an astounding record.

government campaign of "disinformation." The Bay Area Research Collective, an aboveground group that supports the SLA and NWLF posted leaflets all over Berkeley denouncing the communiqué and urging, "Fight the Setup!" Imprisoned SLA soldiers Russell Little and Joseph Remiro denounced the murders and said they believed the NWLF could not possibly have killed Popeye and Sally Next, a rare communiqué appeared from the SLA itself, concluding that Popeye's execution "was either carried out by counterintelligence agencies (FBI, et al) or by horribly misguided revolutionaries."

On June 11, the Berkeley Barb received a new NWLF communiqué that said that NWLF did not kill Popeye. The new communiqué, which was soon judged to be authentic, unequivocally condemned the murder of Sally Voye, but it did not water down the criticisms of Popeye made a week earlier. "In view of the information we have gathered we feel Popeye got weak and turned undercover pig." The communiqué said Popeye's murder would have been justified if the killer had "conclusive proof" that Popeye was an informer since it was necessary to create a "solid snitch-free base."

One of the first police suspects in Popeye's murder was a bizarre revolutionary group with an unusual name. Tribal Thumb claims to be a legal prison reform organization, but authorities believe it is linked with numerous underground groups, including the NWLF and the August Seventh Guerrilla Movement, which claimed credit for shooting down an Oakland police helicopter in which two officers died in 1973. In spite of their denials of any illegal activities, Tribal Thumb members have been convicted of several crimes.

Tribal Thumb consists of several communes organized loosely around the philosophy of the late Marxist psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich. Its leader, Earl Satcher, claims Tribal Thumb members are interested in low-profile organizing rather than publicity. Like the SLA, Tribal Thumb is a mixture of bourgeois white students or ex-students and blacks from the working class. Some Tribal Thumb members, including Satcher, were in Venceremos.

Tribal Thumb's leader is an imposing figure. Earl Satcher, a 34-year-old black man, is over six feet tall and has the body of a weight lifter; his head is shaved, and he has a neatly trimmed goatee. Satcher spent 19 years locked down inside California prisons until his parole in 1972. He became friends with many revolutionary prisoners, including George Jackson and Hugo Pinell of the San Quentin Six. Satcher was in the yard at Soledad Prison when the chain of events started that led to the Soledad Brothers case, the Marin County courthouse shooting in which Jonathan Jackson died and the San Quentin slaying of George Jackson.

Satcher and five other Tribal Thumb members were charged with robbing a Berkeley bank of \$16,000 on November 9, 1973. Satcher was acquitted but three Tribal Thumb members, including Satcher's wife Cheryl Ann, are still serving time for the bank robbery, while two others, Claudia Farwell and Janet Hashemi, are fugitives.

Twenty-nine-year-old Hedy Sardy, one of the Tribal Thumb members still in prison, claims that she was enticed into Tribal Thumb by Satcher and that he beat her repeatedly and wrapped her in a blanket that was set afire to coerce her participation in the bank robbery.

After being acquitted of the 1973 bank robbery, Satcher became a target of opportunity for the police. On April 4, 1975, FBI and other law enforcement personnel raided a Tribal Thumb apartment complex in Menlo Park. Satcher was arrested but soon released. He charged the government was trying to destroy Tribal Thumb. Soon after Popeye's murder, Satcher was again questioned by authorities and briefly put on a parole hold. He told me at the time that police and state prison sources were linking him in the media with Popeye's murder as "a long-range attempt at making me their next victim."

Satcher was not helped by his association with Sara Jane Moore, the ex-FBI informer and would-be assassin of President Ford. Satcher told me he had chatted with Moore in the Mediterranean, a Telegraph Avenue coffeehouse, the day before she shot at Ford, which, of course, increased the heat on Satcher. During the two weeks preceding the assassination attempt, Moore had shared her Mission District apartment with a woman closely identified with Tribal Thumb and had spent at least two days at a Tribal Thumb commune in Mendocino County. (Moore was also a close associate of Popeye Jackson.)

Even in custody, Sara Jane Moore is a black cloud hanging over Tribal Thumb. On April 7, 1976, Richard London, 26, a member of Tribal Thumb, was booked in San Francisco City Prison for the murder of Popeye Jackson. The San Francisco Examiner reported that Moore was expected to be a key witness at London's trial. The Examiner speculated that she will be used to corroborate a theory of blood feud between Popeye and London and the Tribal Thumb. There is little doubt that such a blood feud existed for many years, going back to Jackson's and Satcher's fight over a woman. And there was a recurring, though unconfirmed, report in underground circles that Popeye was executed after burning Tribal Thumb members in a drug deal worth thousands of dollars. In any case, Satcher told me that Tribal Thumb agreed with the NWLF's assessment of Popeye as a snitch and counterrevolutionary. Six other members of Tribal Thumb, including its chief theoretician Elana Payne, were named by a San Francisco grand jury as unindicted coconspirators in Popeye's murder. But Earl Satcher was not named. He had once again demonstrated that he led a more charmed life than his fellow communards.

The NWLF is led by its founding unit, which calls itself Central Command, People's Forces. In 1974 and 1975, it called itself various other names: People's Forces, Unit I, Unit II. There are several other combat units besides Central Command, including the Lucio Cabanas Unit (named after a slain Mexican peasant revolutionary) and the Samuel Melville/Jonathan Jackson Unit (named for antiwar bomber Melville, who died during the Athca uprising, and for George Jackson's brother, who died trying to free several San Quentin prisoners from the Marin County courthouse). There also exist at least one training unit, which hopes to become a full-fledged combat unit, and several aboveground and underground intelligence units, one of which used to have the surrealistic name, Political Intelligence Unit, Future Forces.

All NWLF communiqués are distributed by the aboveground communications base, known as Peoples' Information Relay-1, or PIR-1. PIR-1 has a public loca-

tion in a decaying Victorian house on the boundary between the Fillmore District and the cradle of the counterculture, the Haight-Ashbury District. For half of 1976, until they ran out of money, PIR-1 rented a store in the heavily Chicano and poor Mission District and started a "community cooperative" print shop known as Poor People's Press. It was there, early in 1976, that they began printing The Urban Guerrilla, or TUG, the "official" NWLF magazine.

The members of PIR-1 work and live together as a political collective, but they also form a commune, and it is not your ordinary counterculture commune. It is a quasi-religious commune, a commune whose members attempt to "manifest," as they might say, the teachings of the late Indian spiritual leader, Meher Baba, famous for his 45-year vow of silence, his Stalin moustache and his big grin.

The founder and leader of PIR-1 is a Babaist Maoist who calls himself Jacques Rogers, though he was born as Jack Rogers. Rogers is a 37-year-old ex-con who grew up in St. Louis, where on

The NWLF put pressure on the grand jury by making phone threats to the foreman and breaking several windows of his home with steel ball bearings fired from a slingshot.

Christmas Eve of 1957 he walked to the rear of a liquor store intending to rob the safe. But a cop walked in and broke up the robbery attempt. "The store was full of people," Jacques recalls, "and I didn't think they'd shoot, so I broke and ran. I was wrong. I was shot through both lungs as I departed," followed by a running gun battle up a dark street. Their nerve broke, and I got away but I couldn't get far due to internal bleeding. They caught up with me 30 minutes later, I'd left a bloody trail. It's a good thing they got me, or I'd be dead. I almost died anyway."

Jacques was found guilty and sentenced to the Missouri state prison where "everybody would have preferred me to be female," he remembers. "I had to be on guard constantly. I tried to kill a couple of inmates who wanted to turn me out."

In the late Sixties, Rogers wound up in San Quentin prison after being busted for possession of marijuana. Feeling that he was being railroaded, Rogers was enraged. "That's when I was ready to break out by any means whatever," he says. "There were lots of escape plans from shootouts to tunnels." The San Quentin experience permanently radicalized him, and he founded a prison underground paper The Outlaw.

"We used The Outlaw to stir up shit, point fingers, call names and organize. The single issue I was completely responsible for—the eleventh hour Outlaw, published on the day before a 100 percent successful demonstration in 1968—was done solely on typewriters because all the duplicating machines were under heavy guard by that time. It was a lot harder than distributing NWLF communiqués. I made six copies per typing. One copy in your possession equaled 30 days in the hole. More than one copy meant a fast bus ride to the hole in Folsom, which was tighter than the hole in San Quentin."

Upon his release from San Quentin in 1974, Rogers refounded the Dope Conspiracy, or DC, which he had conceived years earlier while doing small time dealing. An excerpt from an article in the first issue of TUG gives the DC philosophy: "Revolutionary grass dealers are desperately needed. People who will charge fair prices. We need dealers who are open with their customers about the quality of their product, the price they paid, and the amount of money they are making. One of the most effective ways to break down class barriers is to install in ourselves—as dealers and in every aspect of our practice—a true desire to share the fruits of our land with all brothers and sisters."

Rogers claims the DC puts revolutionary theory into practice by selling the best dope available at the cheapest possible prices, and from my own experience that does indeed seem to be the case. For example, the DC sold pounds of commercial-grade Mexican for \$75, pounds of brown Colombian for \$355 and exquisite Thai sticks for \$135 an ounce. The DC operated for a while out of a storefront in the Mission District but stopped early in 1976 when the political heat on the NWLF got intense.

Rogers first came to public attention in the summer of 1975 when he organized the People's Court Comrades to investigate the life and death of Popeye Jackson. The "court" was modeled after people's courts in China; it collected evidence and solicited testimony on the question of whether Jackson had been a police informer. People's Court Comrades concluded that Popeye had indeed been a snitch, and they published a 46-page pamphlet containing their analysis and dedicated it to "our comrades in the NWLF."

Shortly after the Popeye pamphlet was published, Rogers, who was its principal writer, was contacted by a member of the NWLF Central Command. He claims that he "knew" psychically that he would meet a NWLF member that day, and so he had been thinking of "test questions" all day. He says that the meeting "solidified our telepathic contact which had been operative before the Popeye investigation had been completed. I felt we had known each other for years." (Rogers believes telepathic powers are possessed "by all selfless

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Stalking Bigfoot in the Land of Cotton

One monster-hunter's search for the missing link

By Lee Frank

As it happens, monsters are my business. One day a few weeks ago I got a call from some friends who were traveling through the back hills of the deep South. They said they were in a town called Davisville, where a number of the local folk had met up with a massive humanlike beast that was scaring them out of their bejeus. My friends said these people had never heard of one, but all their descriptions indicated that the creature lurking about was a Bigfoot. I asked them how I could get in touch with a reliable eyewitness. Minutes later I was on the honker with a gentleman by the name of Huston Smith.

"Well sir there's some thing out here all right," he says in a Gomer Pyle voice.

Now I can't tell you what it is. I just know there's something out there. Only five days ago this big old thing came skulking out of Peaceful Hollow, which are the woods behind my house. This thing was real gruesome. It was well over seven feet tall and hairy, and it walked on two legs. It looked like a cross between a man and a gorilla.

"This thing tromped over to my neighbor's four-year-old son and waved his hands about and made like he was going to play with him. Well, his mother grabbed the boy and had him in the house before that old thing knew what happened. Now that child's daddy, a right good boy named Melvin Robertson, has seen this thing—I'm not real educated so I don't know what you'd call it—four times at close range. And I've seen it seven times."

I asked him what the townspeople make of all this.

"Well sir, they don't believe it. But if you were to walk through Peaceful Hollow—which is where most of the 15 eyewitnesses have seen the thing—every

50 yards you'd come across one of the local boys hiding behind a tree with his high-powered rifle. They're crazed drunk and out for a good hunt, shooting away at all hours of the day and night. They think there's a big bear out there. Me and most of the others who've seen this thing have

Hebraic persuasion as ersatz Bigfoot targets). I wanted to find out what happened when a hillbilly town gets monster madness, when Jed Clampett meets Godzilla. I wanted to see what kind of evidence there was for the creature. I wanted to search for the beast myself and learn if Bigfoot really lives. I wanted to find out all these things, and I wanted to leave for Peaceful Hollow immediately.

So I did.



been hunting all our lives, and we all say it's no bear. Even so, Peaceful Hollow is so jammed crowded with trigger-happy drunks, I don't go in the woods without worrying about getting shot at."

"Why do you suppose the locals don't believe the beast exists?" I asked.

"Because," said Huston Smith, "they wonder if the thing really is around, then why doesn't it come on out for everyone to see?"

I wanted to speak with others who said they'd seen the creature. I wanted to see the hunters who were lit on Daniels or moonshine (although I wondered how they felt about monster hunters of

It is a balmy day in the middle of June as I step off the airplane and pick up my rented car. I have a long way to drive. I tool through miles and miles of magnificent southern countryside, green hills that roll like lazy waves with compact cabins and stately plantation manors bobbing on top. I put past signs beckoning me to make a pilgrimage to Wonder Cave ("See Madonna and Child at Wonder Cave" and "See the Preacher in the Pulpit at Wonder Cave" and "See Sacred River at Wonder Cave") where, judging by the pictures on the signs, natural rock formations miraculously resemble natural rock formations. The land is beginning to get more rug-

ged and less populated. I drive down a tangled string of back roads. After a while I arrive in Davisville, where Huston Smith and rumors of Bigfoot live.

Two diners, a grocery store and two gas stations are scattered miles apart on the main road through town. In front of the grocery store a plastic-lettered, movie-theatre-style sign warns, "Careful: Bigfoot Country." I drive down a long, narrow, dusty road and pull up in front of Huston Smith's beaten, humble home.

Three guys are chatting in the driveway, leaning against Huston Smith's late Sixties Cadillac. The taller and hunkier one is pointing to the field beyond me.

They come over as I get out of my car, and we all introduce ourselves. The taller and hunkier guy is Huston Smith, and he looks like a Rhett Butler version of Zero Mostel. The other two, Gary and Paul, are from town and are interested in the sightings. I could swear I've seen Paul before, but I can't place where.

Huston says he was just describing something he saw this morning; "I got woke up before dawn by that thing making all kinds of carrying on. It was making a loud, high pitched whistle and screaming like a hysterical woman. I opened my front door, and in the light of the spotlights I have hanging around the yard, I saw this tall figure, maybe eight feet high with black hair all over. It just stood there and looked at me. After a couple of seconds it turned and lumbered off into the darkness."

Huston asks if we would like to take a walk through Peaceful Hollow and check out some of the places where people have seen the creature and found other evidence. Before we have a chance to respond, a lanky chap meanders over. He is wearing a baseball cap and carrying a very long rifle. He turns out to be Huston's neighbor, Melvin Robertson.

We all say we'd sure like to go on that walk. Then in unison, for no apparent reason, Huston and Paul and Gary leave. I am left standing alone with Melvin and his very long rifle. It seems natural enough to ask what he is doing with the rifle.

No sooner is the question out than Huston and the guys from town reappear gripping rifles at least as serious-looking as Melvin's. And then I remember I am in the land of the fearsome Bigfoot, where Melvin's son nearly got pattycked by a boogeyman. Surprisingly, Melvin doesn't think it's a dopey question. "You know, I'm beginning to think you may be right," he says dryly. "It just may be that thing can't be killed by bullets."

I get my 16-mm. movie camera and still camera and we are off. We amble down a path through the high grass between Huston's house and Melvin's cabin, which is 50 yards to the side. The path leads through a field. Huston tells us that here, a few nights ago, five guys came to look for the creature. They waited by the edge of the woods and soon heard a terrific racket behind some nearby trees. One of them panicked and fired and then they all fired and then they bolted. As they ran, they looked back and saw a rock the size of a grapefruit come hurtling out of the woods.

We walk some more and find a trail that Huston and Melvin say wasn't there a few days ago. The trail has been so heavily trod it looks like a steamroller crashed through. And it does look fresh. We notice that a lot of branches have recently been ripped off trees from a height of seven feet. Then I inspect the breaks and see from the curled

strands of wood that the branches were not ripped off, they were twisted off.

We follow this trail and come to a creek where Huston and Melvin and several others have seen the beast. Suddenly, Huston snaps into firing position. His rifle bounces along to a target I do not see. He looks like he is raring to go at an arcade safari. Then Gary crouches and sights along his rifle. Huston lowers his rifle and says he thought he heard something. Gary says he heard something and thought he saw something, too. And Paul says he thought he smelled something. I saw, heard and smelled nothing. We head back.

Paul, Gary and I drive into town and have some chili and beer at a diner.

A group of people are talking about the Peaceful Hollow sightings. They all say they don't know what to make of them. Gary and Paul will not let me set out unless I take one of their rifles with me. I decline their offer many times, but I am getting nowhere. The rifle will just sit in the back but if it makes them happy I'll take it.

I cruise back to Peaceful Hollow and park along the field in front of Huston's and Melvin's. I grab my pack and hide the rifle, which I don't have a license for, under the back seat. I lock the car and have a quiet little chuckle about all this foolish talk of danger. Then I have a second thought, and a bubble of apprehension forms in the pit of my stomach. I unlock the car, grab the rifle, throw my pack over my shoulder, flick on my flashlight and wander into the field.

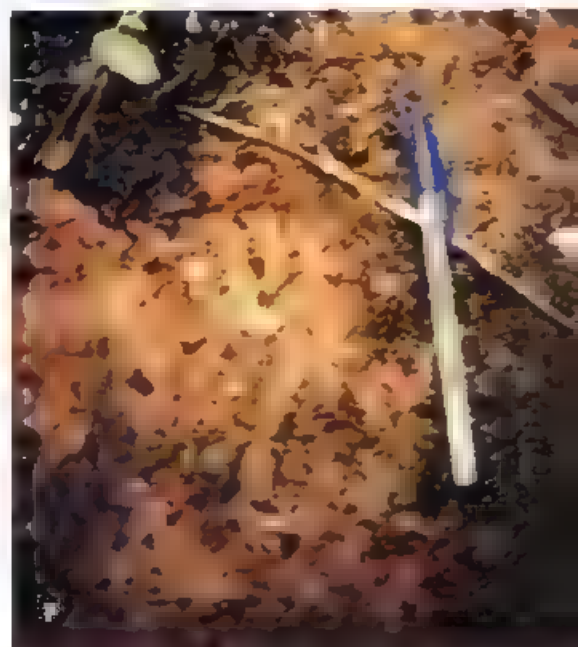
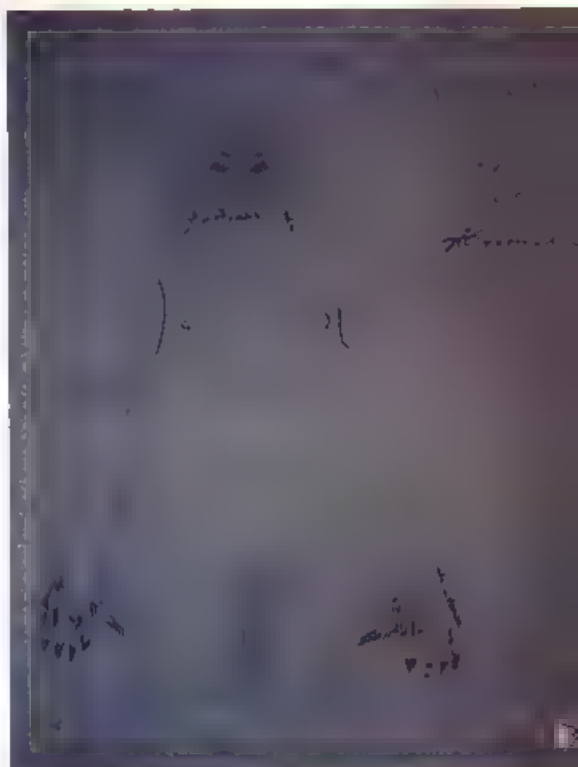
It is dark. . . I casually shuffle along the path my narrow flashlight beam cuts out. Something about these woods gives me the willies, although I don't realize what it is until I am midway into the field, the forest is dead still. Not a single sound. Not a bird, not a cricket. None of the sounds you always hear at night in woods. Nothing.

I amble further. In the starlight, I find a good place to set up camp. I drop my pack and walk some to take a leak.

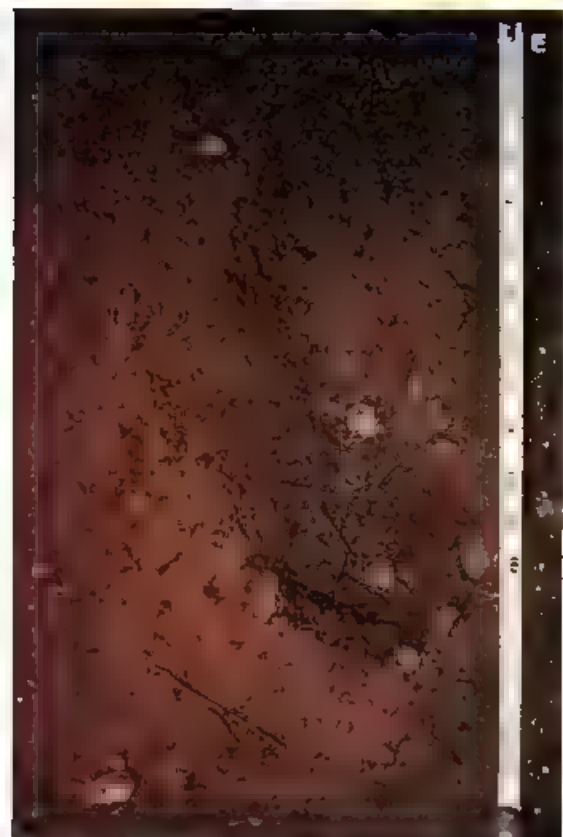
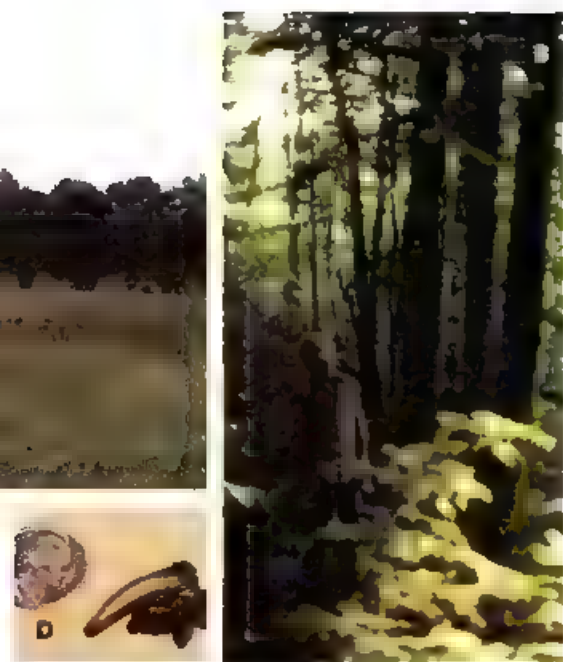
Suddenly, I hear it. From deep within the forest, with my flashlight in my mouth, my rifle in one hand and my schlong in the other, I hear a clear, definite noise pierce the silence. A sort of ponging sound. Like a hammer striking sheet metal. Now there is no way anyone is bopping metal in those woods at this time of night, so at first I'm not quite sure how to react. Then I decide how to react. I scoop up my pack and gallop out of there, zipping up my fly on the way.

The sun is rising and so I figure I ought to also. Besides, it's beginning to get stuffy in the car, the windows having been closed all night.

I take my cameras and stroll through the forest. There are all the normal sounds of normal woods. I hike and watch for several hours. Then I decide to head into town to



(a) scene of numerous Bigfoot sightings; (b) local inhabitant stalking Bigfoot in woods; (c) child's drawing of monster
(d) Bigfoot toenail specimen; (e-f) Bigfoot prints; (g) local sheriff, head of the hunt.



talk to more witnesses and townsfolk

Stanley Moore is the name of the guy who almost got conked on the foot by the rock allegedly lobbed by a Bigfoot, and I go to visit him. I get lost on the way and see a police station. I stop to ask directions

There is a deputy sitting in front of the station fishing a bologna sandwich out of a paper bag. As I approach he says, "You must be the fella who's looking for that critter over in Peaceful Hollow." If I hadn't been told how fast word travels in this small town, I might think the police were employing psychics.

"All this talk about Bigfoot," he says as he shovels in his sandwich, "well, I think it's total nonsense. Pure rubbish. There is no Bigfoot animal at Peaceful Hollow and anyone who believes there is, to my mind, is plumb foolish. These people who say they've seen this critter might have seen something—I'm not calling anyone a liar—but they certainly didn't see no Bigfoot. There's just absolutely, 100 percent, no such thing as Bigfoot. Except for the ones in northern California."

Stanley Moore confirms the story about the mysteriously pitched rock, and he goes on to say, "I think we've got something very important here. I'm convinced it is no accident that this is happening now and it's happening here. I have no idea what it all means, but I have the feeling that its importance is international in scope. There's a man by the name of Stan Ingram who several years ago spoke out a lot on the Communist conspiracy, and—"

A gentleman enters the shop and—speak of the devil—he turns out to be Stan.

"I've been researching this phenomenon for three years," says Stan Ingram, "and I think I've come up with some answers."

"It's my belief these animals exist. They're just as big and just as horrible as people say. As a matter of fact, they look very similar to the Bigfoot of the Pacific Northwest."

I ask him if he thinks this is a different kind of animal.

No question about it," he says. I notice he has a severe nervous tic in his hands. "I learned a lot in the beginning from my 17-year-old daughter, Becky. Becky came back very late one night, and she snuck up to her room so we wouldn't know how late it was. My wife and I didn't say anything. But when she came in the same late hour a week later, she was all beat up and bruised. I sat her down and very firmly told her to tell me exactly what was going on."

"That's when she said she'd been riding. She said UFO people had been talking to her for a while, and then one day they said they were going to take her up in their spaceship. They hypnotized her and made her leave school. She walked across the football field and walked into an invisible UFO. The doors went whoomp behind her and the UFO people said not to worry, they were going to take her riding. In a little over a quarter of an hour, they took her to the deserts of northwest Australia and back.

Since then, she's been riding lots of times and only got into trouble when the bad UFO people caught on to her. That's when they beat her up and threatened to kill her."

Now, I've since learned that many many people have been riding and most of them don't know it. You see, they can put you in a trance and make you forget the whole experience. And sometimes the estratellestricles don't take you up in their spaceships. Instead they take you riding in those smaller vehicles that look like golf carts and have force fields to keep the rain out. The only way to know for sure if you've been riding is by the side effects, like if you wake up in the morning with a hangover, even though you didn't do any drinking the night before. I, myself, have been riding dozens of times although each time they erase it from my memory."

"Why do you suppose they erase your memory?" I ask. Stan Ingram's arms are crossed and his hands do a tap dance of nervous tics.

"Deezda says you're all right, I can tell you. You see, Deezda is the monitor who was assigned to me by the UFO people, who call themselves Plantos. I'm able to communicate with her through a series of signals she sends by making my hands twitch. She tells me everything. She says the creatures in Peaceful Hollow are animals from another planet who gather food and supplies for the Plantos. And she says the reason they erased my memory was because I stood up to get in a lot of trouble with the government."

"I'm already in a lot of trouble with the MIB's, or the Men in Black, who are the bad UFO people. They're the ones who beat up my Becky and have offered us money for what we know. They offered us \$500,000. They showed my friend Swarner the money in a suitcase. But I knew if we took it, something would happen to us before we had a chance to spend it."

"Swarner's monitors, named Sarday and Quanquat, told him the MIB's have something to do with the Red Chinese, and the leader of the MIB's goes by the name Harlu Lang Chow. Now, I don't know if they've been crossing with the Red Chinese or what. I do know that other UFO people have been crossing with folks in this country, and I've talked to many people they've crossed with. And I'm sure that for every one who knows he's been crossed with, there are hundreds they've crossed with who don't know."

Stan Ingram says he has something interesting to show me. He goes out to his car and returns a minute later. He hands me a long, thick animal's nail. He says he believes it comes from a Bigfoot. The nail is much larger than that of a dog or wolf and looks nothing like a bear's claw or that of any animal I can think of. He wants me to hold onto it and have it analyzed. He says it was found in an area where he and others have heard the beasts wailing. The nail has a glob of flesh at the base and it's easy to see


(continued on page 130)



THE DEVIL in the Dice Cup

Backgammon, destiny and hope By John Graft



A large, stylized illustration of a creature's face, possibly a dragon or a monster, with a large, detailed eye and sharp, triangular teeth. The creature's skin is a mottled blue and purple. The eye is pinkish-red with a black pupil and a white highlight. The teeth are white with black outlines and are arranged in a row. The background is a dark, textured blue.

Time was when backgammon wasn't the national pastime. A few years ago only aged survivors of the last great gammon craze—in the Twenties, never to be forgotten—still wrestled with its mysteries. Today it's as common a remedy for hip boredom as dope and sin. Hugh Hefner, Candy Bergen, Jack Valenti, Felix Rohatyn, Telly Savalas, Twyla Tharp, Herb Caen, Bob Zimmerman and Andy Warhol are but a few of the trendy many who've whiled away the idle hours over the big board. Hollywood vultures and Wall Street bloodsuckers make sweetheart deals while pushing their checkers around, and coke-crazed groupies stake their favors on a turn of the dice. But why has this ancient game become a mass movement, and why now?

Chances are it has something to do with sheik chic—the tent-heads invented the game, and it's become a fashionable way for London's casinos to take their petrodollars away from them. Then there's the youth culture: thousands of nomadic

hippies drawn to the Middle East for hashish and dharma, returning with ivory-inlaid backgammon boards and a mystical devotion to the game. Mary Hartman, the raid on Entebbe, the new pornography and disco also suggest a few possibilities. Whatever else it may be, though, backgammon has become a badge that says "I'm in," which, as we shall see, is the status it always has conferred on its most devout followers.

For thousands of years backgammon was a game of the elite. It was first played by royalty and the priesthood. Later the game fascinated philosophers, mathematicians and, of course, gamblers. Each found its own secrets spelled out—in code—in the game, and secrets are power. For backgammon provides an exciting model of Chance, or Fate, a thing the elite tends to play with more than the masses. The game theory conducive to success on the backgammon board is inextricably linked to the control of countries and the winning of battles. Today the secrets are democratically dispersed in thousands of backgammon manuals, but they were once as jealously guarded as the name of the Master Mason.

Dice and primitive crap layouts have been found in such exclusive spots as the royal tombs of Egypt and the Great Death Pit of the Kingdom of Ur (roll them bones!), 4,000 and 5,000 years old, respectively. Were the pyramids really casinos in the desert, like Vegas, built by high-rolling gamblers from outer space? At any rate, the ruling classes of Egypt and Ur obviously took their dice seriously, for their play was inextricably bound up with the development of pyramid engineering and the meteorology that predicted the rise and fall of the Nile—facts that guaranteed the continuity of power to those who held it. As a result, backgammon has been tied up with the development of mathematics for 5,000 years, and still influences the scientists who work in the most abstruse equations.

There are two reasons for the intimacy of backgammon and math. The first has to do with the evolution of "modern" six-sided square-faced dice ("Oh, you means dice!"). The other deals with the spirit of backgammon—the element of Chance and its evolution from an inscrutable Fate to its role as a calculable factor in the scientific social security of modern technology.

The elements of plane and solid geometry were the "state secrets" of ancient Egypt and Iran (Persia). A few carefully selected individuals were entrusted with such information, and they were sworn to absolute secrecy. No one was permitted to write any of it down, it was transmitted by word of mouth. Gaming boards are found only in the graves of ancient royalty.

When the Greeks finally got this infor-



Dice have been found in the royal tombs of Egypt. Were the pyramids really casinos in the desert, built by high-rolling gamblers from outer space?

mation they weren't so discriminating, and they began writing down everything they could remember from their exposure to the Middle East. The game was imported along with math and philosophy from secret Mideastern connections, and the "backgammon" that was played in Athens approximately 2,500 years ago is described in a thin volume entitled *Backgammon: Its History and Practice*, written in 1844 by a London dandy named George Frederick Pardon.

Dice were common in Greece, and an intellectual people would soon have wearied of throwing them without further result than the ascertaining who flung the highest numbers; hours, unattended with deep gaming, is so wearisome that some contingent play must have been in use, and we accordingly find among them a sufficient approach to backgammon. They used a kind of tablet known as the *abacus*, in form not unlike our gammon board, with lines traced upon it the men, or counters, were moved according to the numbers on the dice alternately flung by the two players. This amusement so evidently resembles the game of which we write, that it is fair to conclude the first authentic mention of it is in the Greek writers.

In the 1890s, certain Sanskrit writings were translated into English and described a game that is unmistakably the prototype of modern backgammon. According to these manuscripts, a Persian emperor named Ard-shir Bābakān I, the

first emperor of the Sasanian dynasty of Iran-Zamin, invented backgammon early in the second century A.D. The ancient Persians called this game *nards*, to commemorate its inventor. This game was played on a cloth

containing 12 divisions or compartments according to the 12 solar months of the Persian year and the *muharrats* or counters with which *Nards* was played, corresponded with the number of days of the lunar month of the Fire Worshipers or Ancient Persians and one half of the counters were white and the other half black because one half of the month has moonlight nights, and the other half dark ones. The moves from one division or space to another be [*Ard-shir* or *Nardishir*] likened to the decrees of destiny, which vary and change, are turned and inverted in the life of every human being, and fate of each one differing from that of another.

— *Society of Bengal Journal*, 1902

The reference to "Fire Worshipers or Ancient Persians" suggests the possibility that the origins of backgammon are even more ancient. It was during the reign of this same *Ard-shir Bābakān* that Zoroastrianism, or the Magian (read Magician) Order, became the official religion of the empire. In other words, the same man who invented backgammon also began a new political dynasty based on a spiritual renaissance. Members of the Magian Order traced their wisdom back to the profound teachings of the legendary Zoroaster, who preached the cult of *Ahura Mazda* (Fire/Light).

To suggest that early Zoroastrians played a rudimentary form of backgammon is not as outrageous as it may appear. Through Zoroaster, the Magi linked themselves to the then ancient wise men of Vedic Iran-India (c. 3,000 B.C.) even retaining in their worship the rituals involving soma, the powerful Vedic drug. Though none of their writings have survived, the Magians are believed to have authored many books on philosophy, astrology, alchemy, theurgy (the summoning of spirits or divine intervention in human affairs), magic and mathematics. Many early Athenian street-sages claimed Zoroaster and the Magi as the source of their inspiration and their information. Very likely Plato (d. early fourth century B.C.) and certainly Aristotle (d. 322 B.C.) were acquainted with the doctrines of Zoroaster, and Zoroaster himself was supposed to be the master who taught Pythagoras his mathematical metaphysics.

This connection between backgammon and the "fathers" of mathematics/

philosophy is an essential clue both to the origins of the game and to the intentions of whoever contributed to its design. As Pardon pointed out, backgammon evolved from early forms of craps, but it is the perfect complement to tossing two regular six-sided cubes. The design of the board and the concept behind the rules governing play are intended to create and maintain a mathematically perfect state of equilibrium, the perfect environment for two persons to engage the fateful cavorting of dice demons. But in order to understand why the ancients designed the backgammon board as they did, it is necessary to understand their concept of Fate and how they related it to the cube form.

Nobody can say with certainty whether the first dice were used for gambling or for divination, but it stands to reason that there must have been at least some ancient wise men who made a living using dice both ways, for prophecy and for profit. Casting lots for oracular purposes is common even among primitive cultures. This is evident from the finely crafted receptacles, or dice cups, that survive. The Greeks used conical cups, the Romans used cylindrical cups, and some North American Indians made round grass baskets about 10 inches in diameter that were specially woven for tossing their flat, two-sided dice sticks. "The die is cast" indicated the course of Destiny not only to the Romans but to most civilizations that we know.

To the thinkers of antiquity, the form of the cube contained within its geometric construction the sacred mysteries that open the doors to cosmic illumination. Through geometry, they found this wisdom exhibited in the perpetual state of balance (the seventh point) created at the axis, or center, of every cube.

The number seven is important in any dice game involving two dice. Of the 36 numerical combinations possible with two dice, seven comes up more than any other number. (Six of the 36 combinations yield a seven. This holds true for craps but not backgammon, where the player may choose to separate the sum total of the roll and use each of the two numbers individually.) All honest dice are marked so that the faces opposite each other add up to seven (e.g., the side with six spots is opposite the side with one spot).

The profound mysteries veiled in the cube form have always found their expression in the religions of the Middle East. Muslims all over the world pray facing towards the small cube-shaped temple in Mecca called the *Kaaba* (Cube). Pilgrims to Mecca still walk around the *Kaaba* seven times, and each time round they cast one of the seven stones they carry against a certain pillar in the area. Mohammed (c. 600 A.D.) is said to have renovated the temple's exte-



The altar of Apollo's temple on Delos was a cube constructed entirely of horns from sacrificial goats. From Apollo's cube at Delos evolved the theory of probability—"odds" were born.

rior and to have emptied the interior, leaving nothing but 13 gold and silver lamps burning inside. According to Muslim tradition, the *Kaaba* was built by Adam, directly under the spot occupied by the *Kaaba* in heaven.

The design of the backgammon board is an attempt at demonstrating or representing the mystery of "cubeness" in the absolute certainty of the two-dimensional plane. In theory, at least, it accomplishes this feat: as the square has four sides, so the backgammon board has four "tables," or divisions, as the cube has six faces, so in each backgammon division there are six "pips," or points, and just as the cube implies the seventh point at its center, so does the unnumbered "bar" imply a seventh point, six points in from any corner, at the center of the board. So both are based on the mathematical function of 4×6 , and both imply the number seven. Using classical "whole number" arithmetic and its concept of "perfect numbers," it is possible to prove that the backgammon board was intentionally designed to theoretically demonstrate "cubeness" in a two-dimensional plane, and the unnumbered bar is meant to represent the seventh point at the center of the cube.

To Pythagoras the universe was composed of numbers. He honored the digits and geometrical forms with the names and titles of gods. He saw a divine geometry at work in all nature, especially in the rational nature or reasoning power of human beings.

Pythagoras devised a system of mathematical philosophy that when applied to the backgammon board, brings to life the circles, triangles and cubes as people, places and events

propelled by Chance through a rectangular utopia of justice. And even with all our sophisticated technology, there is still only one way today's backgammon player can appreciate the inner beauty of the game's geometry, and that is to approach the board as a Pythagorean would have over 2,500 years ago.

To understand the mathematical perfection of backgammon, you have to have Pythagoras' idea of perfect. There are no fractions or decimals or zeros in Pythagorean arithmetic, since unity (1) is indivisible, or irreducible, it can stand for the smallest particle of existence or it can stand for the entire cosmos. And since there must be at least one of everything in existence, zero or absolute zero or absolute "nothing" or the "void" does not exist.

In this "whole number" system, only those numbers are "perfect" whose "whole number" parts, or "submultiples" (a "submultiple" is a number that is contained by another number an integral number of times without a remainder) when added together again equal the original whole number from which they were derived. For example, the first perfect number is 6. The submultiples of 6 are 1, 2, and 3, since 6 contains each of those numbers an integral number of times. The sum of 1, 2, and 3 is 6. Perfect numbers are very rare, 6 is the only perfect number between 1 and 10; 28 is the only one between 10 and 100; between 100 and 1,000 there is only one, 496, and between 1,000 and 10,000 there is again just one, 8,128. Certainly, to the eye of the classical geometer, backgammon must have appeared to have been born from the depths of the cube, for both are constructed of the first two perfect numbers, 6 and 28.

While there appear to be only 24 spaces (6 pips \times 4 tables) on the backgammon board, there are actually 28, since the bar too is a space on the board that can be entered and occupied from any of the 4 tables. If the unnumbered bar is given the number 7 (6 pips in from each corner) and the rest of the pips numbered accordingly from 1 to 25, the board makes Pythagorean sense.

Pythagoras conceived an allegory of life from the elegant patterns formed by the generation of number. Each number has a specific meaning that describes its position and function in the infinite "net" of numbers. On the backgammon board, the numbers 4, 6 and 7 are the basic components of design. The number 4 relates to the 4 sides of the square faces of the cube and the 4 divisions of the backgammon board, its meaning in Pythagorean arithmetic is solidity, strength or power. The 6 pips of each table and the 6 faces of each cube signify perfection of work. The implied 7th point of both means rest, happiness, equilibrium. So, without the "esoteric" 7th

point, there are 4 divisions of 6 pips each or 4 (power) \times 6 (perfection of work), for a total of 24 spaces (24 = traveling, exile, inconstancy). With the seventh point, there are 4 (power) \times 7 (equilibrium), for a total of 28 spaces (28 = gifts, tokens, omens).

It's hardly worth the effort or risk to transcend the first 23 planes (triangle = surface, plane) only to end up on the road, in exile and headed for oblivion. After the 24th space, the "pieces" are "borne-off" or removed from the board completely; one by one, they are stricken from their "existence" in "backgammon reality" and disappear until all are gone, leaving emptiness instead of victory.

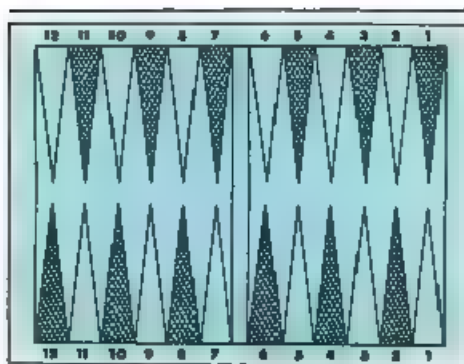
However, if the board is numbered 1 through 25, with the bar counted as number 7, then the last plane the pieces reach is the 25th (25 = intelligence, progeny), or the number 5 (marriage, pleasure, joy) squared. The risks these pieces took to make it that far have been worthwhile. They have achieved wisdom through intelligence and they have provided for their impending departure from this form of "reality" by leaving progeny to keep the "game" alive after they've gone.

In the home tables, or "interior world" this numerical arrangement places the first pip opposite the 25th pip, the second opposite the 24th, and so on. Each pair adds up to 26 (benevolence, charity). On the other side of the bar, in the "exterior world" of the outer tables, the sum of each pair of pips is 27 (bravery, heroism, daring). In the traditional 24-pip numbering, the pips facing each other add up to a sum of 25 on both sides of the uncountable bar point.

Logically, the center bar has to be accounted for somehow. According to the rules, any piece left occupying a "plane" alone is liable to be thrown off course by the opposition. When this occurs, the piece retires to the "center," the 7th point, to rest. Neither this piece nor any of the 14 other mates can make any forward progress until the piece on the bar can find a way to begin again. For the backgammon player with a piece on the bar, this delay is best used to reassess the position and to look for openings or mistakes in the opponent's defense to make up for the player's own lack of foresight. The player's piece must remain on this plane, physically immobile, until the player can find an opening, or an omen, through which to reenter the action and turn the tide of events.

There still remains the allegorical question of where the pieces in the game "go" when they leave the board. The pieces are to be removed from the board, but there's no designated place for them to go. Are they just "out there" allegorically, or somewhere "in infinity" numerically?

In the Laws of Backgammon prepared



The theory governing backgammon is inextricably linked to the control of countries and winning of battles.

by the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York City in 1931, rule 3 reads "For entering and throwing off, the points in both inner tables are considered as numbered from 1 to 6, beginning with the point nearest the light." What better ending can there be for the allegory: the pieces leave the backgammon "world" headed straight for the "Light." Knowing that the game was played by the Fire Worshiper cults of ancient Iran and India might help explain this otherwise unnecessary stipulation.

How closely linked are Luck and Merit.

Doth never to these fools occur;
Had they the Philosopher's Stone, I swear it.

The Stone would lack the Philosopher!

—Mephistopheles,
in Goethe's Faust

We say we are playing against each other at backgammon and it's true, we are playing opposite the moves of another person. But it's more accurate to say we play backgammon with each other and against the dice—both players inevitably must deal with the odds, or Chance. Each player helps create and is in control of half the scene, but when it comes time for action, the actual moment of confrontation is with Chance, not the other player. The will of the dice is the only unknown in backgammon. Everything else about the game is balanced by design and open to the inspection of either player at any time. Nothing is hidden but dice in dice cups—the Chance element.

Some players like to talk to the dice to get the Fates to fall their way, while others have made a science of the game by memorizing the odds for certain numbers to appear for certain situations on the board. Most serious players use a combination of the two methods. But with backgammon, no matter how lucky somebody is, no matter how familiar with the theory of probability a player

may be, a bad or untimely series of rolls can ruin anyone's plan at any point in any game. Of course master-gamblers use these perfectly natural losses to keep their hustle alive.

At the time that the ancient Greeks were turning on to mathematical philosophy, they were also being initiated into the fire cults of the ancient Persians. The mysteries, rites and rituals of the fire god of the Middle East were absorbed into Greek culture in the form of Apollo, the god of light, music and medicine.

Apollo was the first god in the classical pantheon to communicate the will of the Fates directly to human beings. He engaged in prophesying during his time on the earthly plane, and after his departure continued to speak to humans through drug-entranced priestesses. Apollo had two fabulous temples: One was on the island of his birth, Delos (Light), southeast of Athens in the Aegean Sea. The other was at Delphi, in the mountains northwest of Athens, on a line with Delos, with Athens situated approximately midway between the two. The main attraction at Delphi was a subterranean chamber with a gaseous fissure where Apollo spoke through his priestess, revealing the will of Destiny. A brass tripod was built over the fissure; the priestess climbed into a chair suspended from the center of the tripod, fastened herself in her seat belt and fell under the influence of the fumes that enveloped her. In this state of "en-thusiasm" (in Greek, *en theos* = god inside) she spoke with Apollo's voice. The god's oracular utterances were usually veiled in symbolism and open to various interpretations.

The altar of Apollo's temple on Delos was a cube constructed entirely of horn from sacrificial goats. From Apollo's cube at Delos evolved the theory of probability—"odds" were born. According to the myth, Apollo became angry with the inhabitants of Delos and visited a plague upon the island. In the ensuing pandemonium, the people consulted his oracle, who commanded them to double the size of the altar without changing its shape. Modern mathematicians still refer to this particular cubic equation as the Delian problem.

The classical geometers, however, lacked the algebra necessary to solve this or any problem involving cubics. They rejected any mathematical proof that couldn't be constructed on the physical plane before their very eyes. Grudgingly, they accepted an approximation for π in their calculations on the circumference of circles, but only because the Egyptians and Babylonians had accepted this approximation before them. Since nearly all cubic roots are necessarily approximations, no classicist had much of a chance to find the solution to any cubic equation, except those very rare equations whose

(continued on page 142)

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BICENTENNIAL TRIPPING

(continued from page 72)

their way. There will be a wailing and gnashing of spoons. In the first of the rocket's red glare, I caught a glimpse of Fate fussing in the kitchen, sloughing the last remains of my goose into the garbage while in the living room, someone (probably Slim) ripped a diamond needle across a Led Zeppelin album at full volume. Fate was the very picture of serenity in the midst of exploding silliness, and I ambled inside to compliment her on the preparation of the goose and thank her for the hit of acid. Her eyes sparkled like two chunks of anthracite in the ochre shade of her cheekbones and eyelids. The three ladies evacuated the john at just that moment, offering each other support like three soused sailors returning from shore leave. I loved them in their insolence as they passed without so much as a wink and went outside.

"Did you like the stuffing, too?" she asked. I replied that everyone found it delightful—even Willie and the Kahuna were observed downing huge forkfuls of it. She smiled, all lupine eyes and teeth. "I hope they liked the dozen hits of acid I added to it. I kept the mix moist so it would saturate." Great Flag! The circle had come around unbroken, the goose, my bosom companion in those fearful hours of retreat had in truth been the ultimate saboteur, an omen-mook (OM). New York had stood fast. America observed a joyous, low key celebration of its new century—all while I had seen spokes in the sun, watched trees walk and indulged in a day and night bacchanal. I've not even begun to describe for fear of lawsuits and lost friendships. My dose of introspection, my deliberate bout with acid and its impact on my life had been corrupted by the hand of Fate. Had I really seen what I thought I saw? How many hits of stuffing had I eaten? Would any of us at the celebration have acted the same had we known that an unexpected 250 mg. of LSD were packed in each mouthful of bread crumbs and celery salt? Yet what better way to celebrate the uncertain beginnings of our nation's third century than with a psychoactive surprise? If I'd not come to the cradle of liberty, my soul might not have been roused again. Now I know that I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy. And every day should be the Fourth of July. I put my goose in the hands of Fate and was repaid with an insight we should give acid another chance in America. But this time we should look to the greats of our own land for inspiration, not to the curried philosophies of the East as we did ten years ago. If instant karma is going to get us, let it catch us with the spirit of Valley Forge in our hearts. We can use a few more good trips. The fireworks next time! ☐

White Buffalo

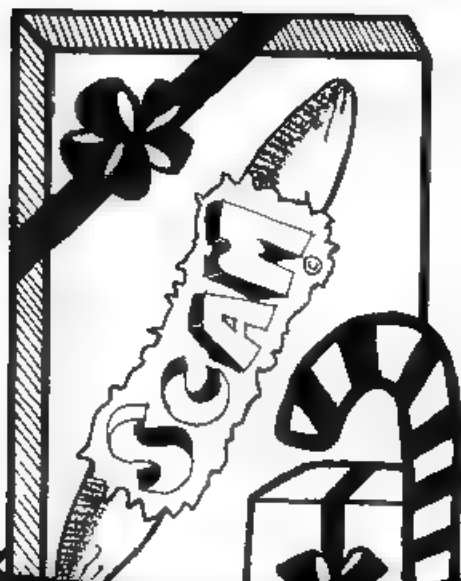


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LSD PURITY

(continued from page 75)

proper chromatographic procedures. Which contaminants do appear depends on whether the starting material was ergot, ergotamine tartrate or morning glory seeds. And once these proper precursors have been synthesized into LSD, various isomers and lumi-LSD (LSD saturated with water) may contaminate the final product if not removed by proper chromatographic procedures.

Thus, chromatography, the highly refined procedure that the organic chemist uses to isolate specific chemicals is the key process by which impurities may or may not be removed from the eventual LSD crystal.

A passage from *Psychodelic Chemistry*, by Michael Valentine Smith:

There is a great deal of superstition regarding purification of psychedelics. Actually, any impurities which may be present as a result of synthetic procedures will almost certainly be without any effect on the trip.

If there are 200 micrograms of LSD in a tablet there could only be 200 micrograms of impurities present. . . and few compounds will produce a significant effect until a hundred to a thousand times this amount has been ingested. Even mescaline, which has a rather specific psychodelic effect, requires about a thousand times this amount.

Most of the books on the market that give details on the LSD process—for example, *Psychodelic Guide to the Preparation of the Eucharist* by Robert Brown, *Basic Drug Manufacturing* and *The Book of Acid*, by Adam Gottheb, as well as Michael Valentine Smith's book—fail to describe the efficient chromatographic procedures like zone melting chromatography necessary for the manufacture of pure LSD. Timothy Scully told me that both he and Owsley believed the tolerable limits of impurities to be one tenth of a percentage point (requiring 99.9 percent purity)—far from the 50 percent figure of Michael Valentine Smith. Until careful studies are done, the true figures for tolerable impurities will remain unknown.

How do these impurities change the optimum course of action of LSD and the experience it creates? One of the theories is that, because d-LSD 25 is like a key (its outer electron shell has a specific shape) it fits into a number of tiny locks called "receptor sites." These are located somewhere in the brain—nobody is sure where but one theory suggests that they might be in the brain stem. It is known however that these receptor sites interact only with extremely specific molecular configurations.

The various ergot compounds, cycloalkamides of LSD and lumi-LSD plug into the same receptor sites as LSD does. But

these compounds evidently don't turn the lock in the smooth, clean manner of LSD. Many of these compounds have effects similar to symptoms of ergot poisoning—the St. Anthony's Fire of the Middle Ages. These symptoms include inflamed joints, headaches, nausea and hot and cold flashes.

Isomers of LSD are another possible contaminant and indeed are reported present by the drug analysis groups. There are four possible isomers of LSD but only the d-lysergic acid diethyl amide form is active. The other rotation forms—l-lysergic acid diethyl amide, d and l-iso-lysergic acid diethyl amide (contrary to recent reports!)—are inactive. They have no pharmacological role except possibly as a catalyst for some latent effect of LSD, or to block the action of LSD at the receptors, etc.

If a contaminated batch of diethyl amine is used in the manufacturing process, or if the chemist purposely decides to make them, LSD homologues might be present in the final crystal. Molecules similar to LSD in structure but with some addition, subtraction or rearrangement of action, homologues plug into the same keyhole that LSD does.

Some of these homologues have profound effects that vary in course of action and potency. For example, the strongest of these homologues, ALD-52, has 81 percent the potency of LSD and is said to have a slightly different effect upon the mind (there is some dispute about this).

However, as Albert Hofmann puts it in *Drugs Affecting the Central Nervous System*: "LSD has the highest and most specific effect and may therefore be considered as the genuine prototype of psychotomimetic compounds."

Thus, all impurities found in LSD are like imperfect keys. Such substances as ergot alkaloids, cycloalkamides and other lysergic acid derivatives, and LSD homologues and lumi-LSD are drugs that might open the door part way. But only pure LSD opens the doors of perception all the way.

In addition to manufactured impurities, impurities can also arise from decomposition of LSD. Dr. Albert Hofmann points out in his paper "The Chemistry of LSD" "The free base as well as the tartrate of d-lysergic acid diethyl amide, like all lysergic acid derivatives, is very sensitive to light and oxidizing agents. All preparations must be stored carefully, protected from light and from oxygen of the air to prevent them from being destroyed within a short time."

Even if by some chance, an underground batch were made pure, it would turn to bunk in time, especially if put in conventional underground packaging (blotter or windowpane) that does not protect it from light or air. Pharmaceutical LSD is stored in vacuum vials in nitrogen gas. A pure, viable form of black-market LSD should find its way to

the consumer in a tablet coated with pure, inert buffering material or in a vacuum vial, but this expensive packaging is certainly not reconcilable with dealing for profit.

Why is it that most of the underground LSD in the United States is made wrong? There are several other possible explanations. One chemist, for instance, told me that it was "because all the pros are out of the field." That is to say, most underground chemists, whether motivated by altruism or greed, are incompetent to manufacture pharmaceutical grade chemicals.

Moreover, they often lack the money to buy the complicated equipment necessary to produce pharmaceutical-grade materials or to test their final product properly.

Paranoia, too, can lead to faulty manufacture. A chemist often doesn't have the time to do a full-scale procedure, or will take shortcuts to limit possible exposure to busts.

It would help if street-drug analysis groups perfected their methods of analysis. Many such groups do not have samples of the impurities that can exist in street acid, and are therefore unable to identify them. In addition, their testing techniques are not up to the exacting task of determining the nature of their samples. Most rely on thin-layer chromatography, which can show only that LSD exists in a sample, but not all of the other impurities lurking there.

In a private correspondence, Dr. Alexander T. Shulgin, a professor of toxicology at the University of California at Berkeley, commented

In the usual analysis of LSD (such as done at PharmChem Foundation) one chromatographs an extract of the suspected drug, observes the resulting separation under UV light, and then sprays the plate with some color-generating agent such as paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde (PDAB). If there are impurities present that fluoresce (such as lysergic acid or iso-LSD) and that have mobility in the chromatographic separation, they will be seen. If impurities are present that have the intact indole-2-hydrogen atom, they will give blue to purple colors with PDAB.

Both tests require, of course, that there are amounts present sufficient to be seen. But if the impurity does not fluoresce (as is known to occur with lumi-LSD or any of the photoaddition products) or will not react with PDAB (as would be found with 2-substituted impurities such as 2-oxo-ergols) then they (the impurities) would remain invisible. It is completely possible that an LSD sample could be grossly contaminated with impurities and, if they did not give any response to one of these two tests, it is highly likely that their presence would never even be suspected.

Again, it would be helpful if street-

SKY HIGH

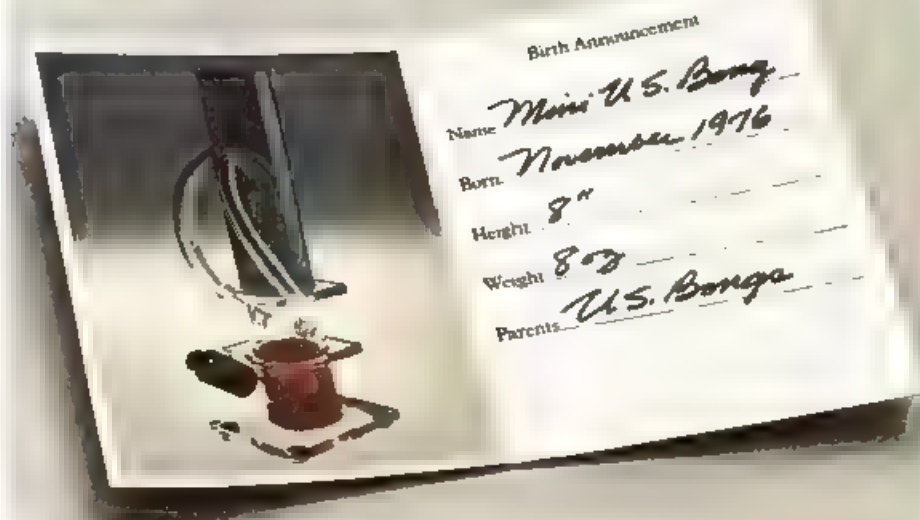
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drug analysis groups started looking for by-product impurities and established criteria for psychedelic chemical purity. They must stop labeling their impure samples "LSD," a habit that suggests purity and thereby creates much confusion in the public mind and among drug writers. Instead they must clearly distinguish between street acid and pure pharmaceutical LSD. And if they cannot afford the equipment to test LSD (mass spectrometers and electron microscopes), then they should let the public know about their true capacities. For that matter, none of the commercially sold drug testing kits is capable of determining purity.

Many early LSD users later gave up on acid and tried other methods of consciousness-expansion as available LSD became impure. They thought that LSD did not work any more, or blamed their heads, not realizing it was a change in the nature of the actual chemical.

Thus, the increasing number of impurities led many people to repress the mystical experiences they had had, and retreat to a comfortable, "cool" conformity. Or they turned to Eastern gurus and Jesus movements.

I suspect that impurities give people body trips (euphoria) rather than the pure mind trips of LSD (ecstasy). People turned to other euphoria-producing drugs (pot is one of these) because street acid fell into the realm of dishonest dealing games and lost the spiritual qualities of LSD. Just the fact that LSD did not work any more led people into attempts to escape from the all-too-static reality via coke, pot, tranquilizers, alcohol and smack.

As experiences changed the emphasis among the makers and distributors of LSD changed. In the beginning, the main motivation was spiritual—to turn people on. Much LSD was given for free, and dealing was just an amateur pastime. As LSD became another in a long list of body drugs, avarice polluted the spiritual stream.

The real responsibility for all this lies not with the underground, or even the public, victims of brainwashing with beer and TV but with the government. Today a small elite of government sanctioned scientists controls LSD in the United States. Despite the good their limited research does, their exclusive and narrow-sighted use of these drugs seems sad in the face of the much greater good that psychedelics could do if more widely used. Many suggestions for more rational use include making LSD a prescription drug, creating LSD centers or making LSD a patent medicine.

The psychedelic movement which has been in eclipse for ten years, will remain dormant until people can get LSD of known strength and purity. Until then, if you are an acidhead, chances are you've never taken LSD. ☐

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RYE BREAD ACID TEST

(continued from page 80)

gross and peasant farmers who had once been after all demonstrably insane.

Despite deteriorating eyesight and spells of vertigo, M. Delaquis, the poet, pressed the lawsuit. He managed to contact Dr. Albert Hofmann at Sandoz and obtain his expert testimony that, yes, the malady involved here was definitely ergotism and not mercury fungicide poisoning, as the Union Munière claimed. Hofmann urged that the bread samples should be immediately tested for ergot, since the ergot alkaloids deteriorate quickly when exposed to oxygen. This prompted the Union Munière to delay a final chemical analysis for months.

When an analysis was finally conducted, the Union Munière's chemists announced derisively that *Claviceps purpurea* was present in the bread to be sure, but only in the microscopic ratio of 1:1,000. It took months to persuade the court that one microgram of LSD is actually quite potent and that the original concentration was undoubtedly much higher. And on it went in this fashion: the Union Munière dragged the case out for 10 years before a decision was finally handed down against it, and then it began appealing the decision on procedural technicalities. Finally in 1964, after a technical "victory" that still would've obliged them to begin fighting the case from the beginning (such is the labyrinthine complexity of French jurisprudence) the Pont-St.-Esprit malades gave up the fight. Many of them were still in debt for court costs in 1968.

In 1968 Macmillan published *The Day of St. Anthony's Fire* by John G. Fuller, the only English language source on the Pont-St. Esprit holocaust. Besides this book there are only contemporary newspaper accounts which are peculiarly sensational and unreal in their presentation. The irony of the Fuller book—actually it's more symptomatic than ironic—is that it's written primarily as an urgent jeremiad against the menace of LSD-25. It's a late Sixties book, and every line of it manages to convey a lurid horror of LSD, of which one eyedropperfull could cause as many as 5,000 people to hallucinate for hours! The author, a TV-documentary writer and UFO buff, was sincerely empathetic with the wretched malades, no doubt about it, but he managed to subordinate their story to the overriding theme of the book, which was that the effect of LSD is as deleterious as that of ergot.

This simply isn't true, as events have demonstrated over the last eight years. But when the madness appears, witches are created to take the blame for it.

Actually, the notion of associating

ergot outbreaks with organized witchcraft is a relatively recent brainstorm. The great European witch-burnings didn't get into full swing until around 1600, and by that time ergotism had been endemic on the Continent for 700 years.

The documentation of ergot outbreaks is meager. The earliest reference to gangrenous ergotism occurs in the *Annales Xantenses* for Xanten, Germany, in A.D. 857. The recorder, after noting a widespread famine among the poor folk that year, mentions a *Plaga magna* rampant in the district, characterized by a "delectable putrescence which consumes the bones" of the afflicted. Ergotism came to be known as *Ignis Sacre*, the sacred fire sent from God to melt the offending flesh of the sinful, or burn their minds up.

The treatment of this divine malady, of course, was mainly of a sacerdotal nature. In 994, when some 40,000 people perished in Limousin and Aquitaine from a combination of famine, Holy Fire and Black Plague, medical wonders were accomplished merely by allowing the afflicted to touch the bones of St. Martial, which were distributed generously around the local churches. A generation later, when the "deadly burning" smote the peasants of Lorraine in 1039, the relics of various saints were anointed with holy water and steeped in wine. Some of the sick got well in spite of it.

Around 1100, coincident with the emergence of rational thinking that so illuminated the Medieval era, the systematic treatment of ergot victims was initiated. No one yet suspected rye as the agent of contagion—the Fire was still believed to come straight from God—but it had been observed that a decent diet significantly alleviated the condition. The disease was accordingly given its own holy patron, Saint Anthony, and some 400 hospitals were established in his name around France and Germany. These infirmity shrines, decorated with stained glass depictions of the saint genuflecting before hordes of cripples and madmen, could offer little more than fresh dairy food and honest compassion, but that was plenty, for the times.

The ordination of St. Anthony as the patron of the Divine Fire was wonderfully apt and poetic. Born about A.D. 251, Anthony was one of Christianity's more bizarre founders. He dwelt in a cavern outside Alexandria in Egypt for 20 years, during which time he spoke to no one but God and to the various manifestations of Satan that continually tormented him. The visions of St. Anthony were luridly abundant with "animal shapes roaring, howling, hissing, snarling. Lions, tigers, wolves, snakes, scorpions, bears and dragons" plagued him every waking moment according to a contemporary biographer. The zoomorphic character of his holy delirium made him a natural for victims of convulsive ergotism.

(continued on page 124)

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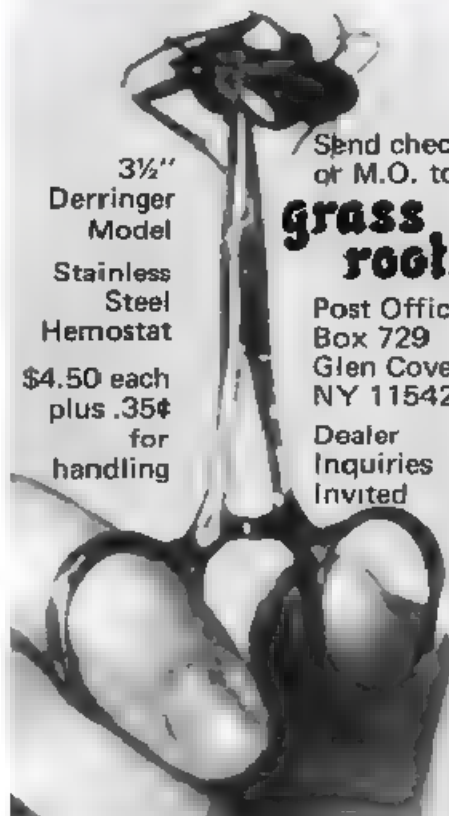
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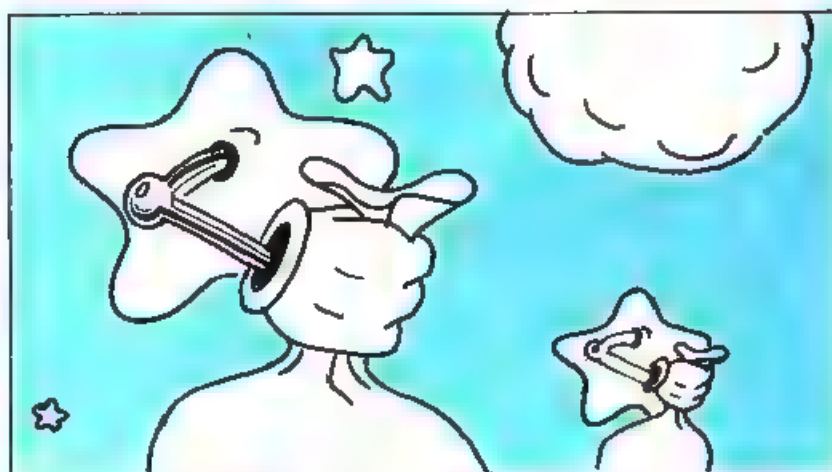
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Peyote Bites Dust?

Sacred Cactus in Danger

Our North American cacti are being hunted to extinction—all cacti, not just the psychoactive ones. They are being dug up by the hundreds of thousands and shipped to nurseries or underground distributors throughout the country. This is just one more example of cold-blooded profiteering with no thought for the future.

Certain button or barrel-type cacti have recently been promoted as legal highs. These plants will not get you high. Some species of *Arborescens* and *Epithema* do contain traces of alkaloids related to mescaline, but these compounds have no desirable activity. High doses will simply make you sick, or worse. One *Pelecyphora* species, a rare Mexican cactus, does contain traces of mescaline, but to obtain one dose you would have to eat three tons of fresh cacti!

Do not promote the malicious destruction of these cacti by buying them. Purchase only if the seller can guarantee they have

been grown from seed. The species mentioned above are among the slowest growing cacti known. A two-inch specimen can easily be 100 years old, and their natural reproduction rate is very, very low. No one can get high on them, but in trying, you drive them closer to extinction.

Peyote (*Lophophora williamsii*) is being endangered by indiscriminate and irresponsible harvesting. It is best to decrease its use or refrain entirely by using alternative sacraments. Acid and magic mushrooms are more readily available, and they do not cause as much nausea. Their use does not endanger the existence of a unique species of life. If peyote is harvested, it should be done by slicing off only the top, leaving the undisturbed taproot to grow several new heads.

Although it is illegal to do so, peyote may be easily grown indoors. Any living button may be grafted upon suitable stock. Methods for grafting are given in most

cacti and succulent books. Large, fresh tops may simply be placed in sandy soil and rerooted. The seed capsules are hidden among the golden, silky hairs of either fresh or dried buttons, and the small, black seeds have a high germination rate.

The best way to grow cactus seeds is the technique reported by M. S. Dunlap in *The Cactus and Succulent Journal*, Volume XL1, page 85 (1969). Clean plastic pots are filled with moist sphagnum moss (not peat moss). The seeds are placed on the moss and gently sprinkled with water. After excess water has drained out, the pots are sealed lightly in clear plastic bags and placed in a sunny window. The moss must not be allowed to dry out, but this will not happen for at least three to six weeks. Cacti potted in this fashion will grow at two to four times the normal rate. Peyote will grow to one-half inch in diameter and San Pedro to two inches tall in less than two years.

After one and a half to two

years, the seedlings should be transplanted to a normal cactus soil mixture. After at least another six months indoors, they may be transplanted outdoors, but only if you live in frost-free areas of the Southwest. This can be done any time except late spring or summer for the seedling must have time to adjust to outdoor conditions and develop a good root system before being exposed to the intense heat and light of the desert summer. Peyote likes to grow on the southern exposures of gravelly limestone knolls in the shade of plants.

To obtain peyote, you should make a pilgrimage to its native habitat and use only what you need while you are there. The trip is far better in the desert, and you will not be given a bumper by Mescalito for endangering his existence. Remember, the golden, silky hairs of the peyote contain neither strychnine nor mescaline, but they do conceal many precious seeds. With proper care, the seeds will give joy to our descendants.

My Bout with Cancer and Cannabis

By Bill Soiffer

A lump under the arm (the size of a golf ball) and waking up nights in cold sweats that broke high-grade fevers—those were the first symptoms. Then came the diagnosis: Hodgkin's disease, a cancer that infects the lymph system with its own unique characteristics. It is preeminent among young people and has a potential for prolonged remission. The treatment: two years of intensive chemotherapy.

Cancer I prepared to confront it. Psychologically, I learned to accept the fact that death could be around the corner. But I was unfamiliar with the "uncomfortable" side effects of cancer treatments, although I had heard that smoking cannabis eased the suffering.

I commenced a monthly diet of four cancer-fighting drugs—more than 20 pills a day for 14 days and injections the first and eighth day of each month. Then my body had a two-week rest period.

The treatments produced numerous side effects that I can classify simply as tolerable and intolerable. But what I grew to fear

were the shots of nitrogen mustard, which induced six hours of intense vomiting that caused my lungs to scream. By the end of the evening I was always delirious with pain. Usually I fell asleep from exhaustion and woke the next morning with a headache unlike any hangover from a drinking spree. The next day I slept it off. It usually took 24 hours to recover. Sometimes my voice was hoarse for a week afterward.

I wasn't a regular smoker, but when a medical journal reported that cannabis helped, I decided I had nothing to lose. When I returned from the doctor's office one night, I began my self-administered treatments. I remember my mother coming in as I was rolling the joints and asking if she could watch. My parents had always lectured me on the evils of smoking cannabis and on the danger of its leading to an addiction to harder drugs.

It could be that I was nervous about the treatments, but there was no high comparable to those I

had felt when smoking cannabis for pleasure. I can report moderate success in making the cancer treatments relatively tolerable. The vomiting didn't disappear, but the pains are now more like cramps from a stomach virus and they last only about half as long.

The study, headed by Dr. Stephen E. Sallan and presented at the annual meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research in May 1975, reported a positive response in 12 of 15 courses of THC administered two hours prior to treatment.

Sallan, who undertook the experiments after hearing stories of patients who had experienced decreased nausea and vomiting after smoking, said the published results had stirred controversy among cancer specialists. "The medical community was bipolar," he told *High Times*. "There were those who were enthusiastic and those who were negative, despite its validity. They condemned the study for political reasons."

He said he receives inquiries

every day from patients and doctors around the world. "I tell them they can only have it in a controlled study and I can't send it to them. I get very frustrated, but my advice is that if they are so disposed, they should smoke."

Sallan is now making second-generation studies. In the first set of experiments, cannabis was tested against a placebo. The new studies, involving about 40 patients, are substituting conventional antiemetic drugs for the placebo, and the results should be published shortly.

On legalization, Sallan said his personal position is unrelated to the investigation. He added, however, "A drug that is active with no medical toxicity should not be held back for its political side effects."

As for myself, the response to treatment has been excellent. My doctors tell me there is an 80-percent chance of total remission and I will be pronounced cured if the tumors do not return over the next ten years.

THE WEST VIRGINIA STORY

Staying High in a "Depressed" Area

By the Farmers Jones

While those of you back in the world worry about where you're going to cop your next ounce of weed, here in West (by God) Virginia all of us never, ever, worry about the lack of cannabis, because there is never (and I mean *never*) a lack of the golden-green gift from Mother Nature.

West Virginia's climate is almost too good to be true. We have a northern and southern floral overlap that allows us to grow just about anything. And marijuana grows and grows—from our wet spring weather, which gets the young seedlings off to a great start, right up to our dry August and September weather, which brings out the full, rich body of the domesticated hemp plant.

Most people think you must live in southern California to grow those whoppers of a plant, but it is not unusual in West Virginia to stand in a friend's patch next to a 14-foot monster that looks like an evergreen. It is not unusual, either, to have freshly cut plants weigh as much as 14 to 20 pounds with stalks as big around as silver-dollar pieces. In fact, most people need a bucksaw to cut through the trunks of their cannabis plants.

Of course we all learn a little more each year, but everyone around here begins snipping the tops of seedling plants and continues until the last month before harvest. Snipping the top buds of the main stems causes each stem to double, and by the time the plant reaches maturity it looks like a bushy evergreen and is anywhere from 10 to 14 feet high.

The point is that we don't have to spend one penny for good quality weed and we always have



THINNING OUT Here is a pile of weed ready for the drying shed. It was cut in July to make more room for the "big guys" that supply the main crop in September.

plenty for ourselves and our friends. That's the beauty of growing your own. You can always help out your friends in one of the most pleasant ways we know.

This is not to say that we don't sell any dew. We do, of course, during harvest season—August and September—but here again we try our best to give our friends from the city and customers from the outside world the best grass we can for the best prices. Standard rates range from \$100 per pound

to a high of \$175, and everyone comes back for more and more.

As far as the law goes, I've been told there are some counties where it is not cool to grow pot, but depending on where you live in this Mountain State, most places are so secluded that you could grow 100 acres of Mother Nature's High and never, ever, even get paranoid. That's not to say you don't have to be careful. Most of us never sell locally—that's where you get into trouble—but just about everyone here knows what everyone else is doing, whether it be making moonshine or growing weed. There's a common bond between pot growers just as there is among moonshiners—no one ever tells anyone else, they just know.

During the drying time every available space is utilized. Woodsheds double as drying barns, and workshops are crowded with plants tied upside down to the ceiling. Windows become drying areas, and large sheets are used for cleaning the leaves from the plants. Many hemp farmers here use the dried stalks as fuel in their cookstoves or wood heaters. We also use a lot of stalks in the

compost and make gallons of marijuana wine with them.

So the next time you're down our way and you stop by someone you know through someone else who told you about this guy in West Virginia, don't be surprised to see a pile of clean, dry cannabis sitting on the table with rolling papers next to it for your pleasure.

Mountain Marijuana Wine

2 gallons boiling water (spring water is best)
4 to 8 ounces green (fresh) cannabis stalks, branches, etc.
5 pounds sugar, or 8 pounds honey
3 oranges, sliced
3 lemons, sliced
2 cakes yeast

Place fresh cannabis stalks in the boiling water, add sugar, orange and lemon slices, remove from heat and let stand for several days. Add yeast after straining into a clean container—a crock or a glass jug. Then let the mixture ferment for at least two weeks before racking and corking.



CANNABIS IN THE WOODSHED During September all available space is turned into drying rooms for the marijuana harvest. This 12x12 woodshed was crammed so full that the wood had to be put outside while the grass dried.

HIGH CRIMES

U.S. Sends \$4 Million in Antipot Aid to Colombia

Two Tons Hit in Indiana

A new agreement on aid for narcotics control between U.S. and Colombian governments has been signed, raising the cash value of donated equipment (including helicopters) to around \$4 million. U.S. training of local narcs is also to be stepped up. Recently arrived U.S. Ambassador Philip Sanchez is reported to be taking a strong interest in controlling the flow of Colombian dope to the U.S.

• Two tons of Colombian pot on their way to market were allegedly seized near Columbus, Indiana, by police who stumbled onto the venture. The police had wandered into an abandoned airport near Columbus, where a private plane was unloading four thousand pounds of what one source described as a "superb Colombian crop." The police had spotted three waiting motor homes and thought they were camping in the restricted area. When police arrived on the scene, men began fleeing in every direction. One suspect was seized in one of the motor homes. Next day another suspect was arrested when he surfaced at the police station to report his motor home stolen. The plane, a twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar, three campers and a rented station wagon were also taken into custody.

Police Chief Fred Yentz said authorities took dirt samples from the underside of the airplane's wings to try to learn the origin of the delivery. They suspect the marijuana was flown to southern Indiana from Colombia.

• Five men, allegedly holding \$350,000 in cash and 90 pounds of hash, were nabbed by narcs in Pinellas County, Florida, after a series of raids by independent agencies. Events began when St. Petersburg police working with U.S. Customs officers attempted to buy 20 pounds of extremely potent Colombian hash from a contact they were to meet on the beach near Tierra Verde in Pinellas County's southern extremity. Pinellas County has long been a favorite pot port and achieved media notoriety in June 1974 when Marvin Flowers was picked up there in a drunken stupor with \$380,000 in cash suspected of being dope profits.

When the agents made their contact they were told "the last 57 pounds just went to a guy from Ohio," according to one detective. The narcs quickly caught up with the Ohio man, Donald Robert Russ, and found the 57 pounds. They then raided a house near the beach and another on Seventh

Avenue, where other people were arrested and contraband seized.

The house on Seventh Avenue it turned out, was being investigated by the sheriff's unit. When they heard police requesting a search warrant for the house, they rushed there themselves. It was too late: the police and Customs officials had made all the busts.

"No one from the sheriff's unit was in the area Tuesday night," fumed Lt. Smith "but there could have been and we could have been shooting at each other. Replying to criticism from Smith, Police Chief Mack Vines said this "particular case" had been discussed in weekly meetings between law enforcement agencies and that the sheriff's department should have been "fully aware of our involvement."

• And in the western portion of that pot-plagued state, in Fort Lauderdale, a wide-ranging dopenet roped two suspects, large quantities of cocaine, hash and marijuana and ten pounds of powdered



A sheriff's deputy in Stoddard County, Missouri, proudly displays part of a marijuana crop the department harvested on a farm in the area. Over a hundred of the seven-foot-tall, cultivated plants were found.

methaqualone. Labeling the street value of the drugs at "more than \$300,000" a satisfied Fort Lauderdale police lieutenant, Joseph Terlizze, Chief of the Organized Crime Division said "It's been a big week. The vice squad got about 15 hookers this weekend so the narcs, not to be outdone, made three big busts."

• A little old lady was seized in Augusta, North Carolina, on a charge of marijuana possession. Wilkes County Sheriff's Department officials visiting Mrs. J. T. Russell's home spotted "the biggest marijuana tree around" and alerted authorities. The plant, 12 feet tall and 7 inches around, was spotted by drug investigator Gary Rogers growing by Mrs. Russell's back steps. Cats were playing under it and a flock of seedlings had sprung up around it.

It turned out that Mrs. Russell, 75, was given the plant a few years ago on the departure of a couple who had rented a room from her.

She didn't have an idea in the world it was marijuana," said investigator Mark Moore. "She loves pretty things. She was waiting for flowers. It was in a perfect spot, sunlight in the morning, shade in the afternoons. Mrs. Russell watered it faithfully and fertilized it

heavily. It looks like a cedar tree. You could use the branches for fishing poles."

Told by authorities it was the biggest marijuana plant they had ever seen, Mrs. Russell was delighted. "Thank goodness I did something outstanding for once in my life," she said.

• Narcs of the New Mexico State Police allege that two unidentified men killed in a light airplane crash in the Guadalupe Mountains were marijuana importers. The narcs say the pair were Mexican nationals whose twin-engine Piper Navajo had crashed in the mountain range during a storm. The remains of about 1,200 pounds of marijuana were found in the wreckage.

• The Drug Enforcement Administration's expanded aerial war on Caribbean and southern waters proved fruitful recently when the CGC *Dainless* entered Haitian waters and commanded the 54-foot sailboat *Nahoa* (Gulfstar 54) with 187 bales of Jamaican weed totaling 6,500 pounds. The *Nahoa* had been spotted by a DEA plane. Five men were arrested: Fred Jaco, Jacksonville, Florida; Walter Schuber, Mill Valley, California; a Mr. Dall of Sydney, Australia; Leonard Walker of Jamaica

Frank Watson



16 TONS AND WHAT DO YOU GET? *Busied. Nares spotted and destroyed 16 tons of pot in Mt. Vernon, Washington. The ten-acre crop was spotted by helicopter. They tried carrying it off by truck.*

and a Mr. Larsen, also of Jamaica. The boat had been under surveillance for three months and had left Fort Lauderdale three weeks prior to the bust in the Windward Passage.

● Police seized 1,640 pounds of weed in Carlisle County, Kentucky, in what they claim is the largest seizure ever made in western Kentucky. Jimmy Trainer, a 47-year-old Carlisle County farmer, was arrested and charged with growing and manufacturing marijuana. And, reflecting a further shift in southern culture, Wilkesboro, North Carolina, is losing its title as Moonshine Capital to the pot farmers. Authorities point to Wilkes County as the pot capital of North Carolina, with more pot destroyed there than anywhere else in the state. Sheriff Bill G. Anderson and state special agent Greg Radcliff said that some of the county's former moonshiners are now in the marijuana business. One reason moonshiners turn to farming marijuana, Radcliff said, is that "they don't have to worry about violating federal laws with marijuana as they do with liquor. Another thing is that marijuana is easier and brings in more money." Sheriff Anderson added that Wilkes County geography makes it an ideal growing location. In several areas, he noted, fields were cleared in thickly wooded tracts, and borders of trees were left to conceal the weed.

● In Florida where all the Colombian comes in, drug enforcement agencies report that 74 percent of all 1975 drug busts were for marijuana. Drug authorities are defen-

sive about the high percentage of pot arrests. Captain Edward O'Brien of the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department denied that the percentage is a result of vice agents concentrating on the use of marijuana. O'Brien said the misleading figures result when street police officers or detectives find small amounts of marijuana on a suspect and are required to make an arrest on those charges. "We are directly targeted toward hard drug traffickers," he emphasized.

● Arizona pot's other big port of entry, reports that drug seizures for fiscal 1975-76 include 153,629 pounds of the evil weed, a sharp drop from fiscal 1974-75's staggering 216,232-pound haul. Jerome Hollander of the U.S. Customs Service in Los Angeles could not explain the decline in interceptions, although the El Paso office of the DEA estimates 150 plane-loads of pot a day cross the Mexican border, much of it through Arizona.

● The British are having a hard time at the hands of the bobbies, according to Release, London's drug information agency. Although the lord chance for three years ago advised magistrates to "treat the soft drug offender with becoming moderation," Release claims that people convicted of simple possession of cannabis are still likely to be sent to prison in many parts of the country. A study of 9,237 cannabis offenses showed chances of going to jail were about one in five. The study urged softening of drug penalties, pointing out that "Cannabis smoking is a more popular national pastime

than going to football matches.

● The first instance of the manufacture of speed psychodelic has been reported in Canada. Inspector Selvin Ginter of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) drug squad said two pounds of MDMA (methylenedioxymethamphetamine) were seized along with

laboratory apparatus in Downsview, Ontario. The drug, an MDA spinoff, is not available on the street in Ontario, Inspector Ginter noted, "has been recognized in the past as often the source of amphetamines [known as speed or whites on the street] for both other parts of Canada and the U.S." Inspector Ginter says he knows of no other Canadian seizure of the new drug, nor has he ever heard of its use or manufacture in the United States.

● Rex Douglas, 26, of Mission, British Columbia, was ordered to pay a \$1,000 fine monthly in installments after convincing a court that 49 Thai sticks were his "winter supply" and not for the purpose of trafficking. RCMP narcotics argued in court that no one could smoke a whole Thai stick in a day. An agent compared the strength of each one-quarter-inch chunk to one gram of hashish, suggesting that Douglas, if he smoked several, would be totally "wiped" beyond control. The agent claimed that Douglas was going to seal the sticks. Douglas argued that a stick could easily be smoked in a day by placing the chunks between heated knives and inhaling the vapors. The judge agreed with Douglas and dropped the trafficking charges but levied the \$1,000 fine for possession.

● El Paso probation officers are pushing hard for an "On Site Drug Abuse Urine Monitoring"

(Continued on page 112)



but not in California, where harvesting proved too much for Shoshonish County sheriff's deputies. A 24-hour armed guard was posted around the field.



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HIGH CRIMES

(continued from page 111)

Probationers would have to pee in a bottle on demand so that their probation officers can test them for drug usage. The tests, which will provide immediate results for an entire range of drugs, are expected to drop rearrest rates by about 30 percent, according to the West Texas Regional Adult Probation Department.

• Eight bales of marijuana vanished from a police station in the night in Blue Ash, Ohio. Police Chief Ron Spurgill said the burglars waited until between 3 and 4 A.M. when they knew the section of the building holding the pot would be empty. Then they smashed a window and helped themselves to the stash. "It was very embarrassing," said Spurgill.

• Mevin Crutchfield, a Richmond, California, sheriff's technician, was busted for ripping off drugs from the evidence room in the police station. Police spotted powder on the evidence room floor, which led them to investigate the locker in which the drugs were kept. The heroin had been cut and it weighed more than it did when it was logged into the evidence locker. Crutchfield, an eight year employee, was entrusted with caring for confiscated narcotics in the evidence room.

• Pro-marijuana lobbyist Michael Moran of Phoenix, Arizona, took it on the lam rather than appear in superior court for sentencing on possession of more than two pounds of marijuana for sale. Moran, 44, head of the cannabis decriminalization lobby, has spent much of his time since 1973 working for decriminalization of less than 50 grams of marijuana. The bill died in legislative committee. Moran was seized with 1,000 grams of marijuana, convicted and was awaiting sentence when he disappeared. Defense counsel Marc Cavness said he has lost track of his client since "about the

middle of August through I have information that he's somewhere in the Midwest."

• The Miami Herald is drawing heat from naves after blowing the cover on informant Thomas Holt. Holt, unlike many informers kept on the limb for petty crimes or dealing, has gone free as a paid undercover drug informant despite his indictment for the gangland murder of a Broward County man. The Herald publicized the fact that Holt was connected to the murder yet free under a deal with federal narcotic agents. Holt criticized the Herald for blowing his cover, saying they had spoiled the government's chances to arrest "a major drug dealer." He said he had been going to arrange a 10,000-pound marijuana deal and a 100-kilo coke deal. Holt is accused in connection with the shooting of a New Jersey man abducted from a Miami cocktail lounge.

• Boyd McQuearry, the informant who blew the whistle on the 9-ton, shrimp boat bust off the Louisiana coast, is dead of two shotgun blasts in Cincinnati. Since the huge bust last May of a pot-laden shrimp trawler in the Mississippi harbor, McQuearry had been suspected of being an informant. Ten people, three of whom were also from Cincinnati, were arrested, but McQuearry somehow escaped and resurfaced in Cincinnati.

McQuearry, described by acquaintances as "sharp, strong, a muscle man and a cunning dude" reportedly boasted several times to a confidant that he escaped the Mississippi arrest only because of his ingenuity, despite his involvement with the DEA. He was killed shortly after 4 A.M. in the living room of his third floor apartment. According to the coroner, he was shot once through the heart and once through the jaw. Police report that a week before the shooting one of the arrested men was seen in the area, but "whether he was there to point McQuearry out to a killer is unknown."

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"There are some people who will try to smuggle anything into the United States," remarked G. R. Dickerson, Deputy Customs Commissioner in Washington. "The amazing thing is that they keep trying to use the same old gimmicks to outsmart our Customs agents."

The same old gimmicks include suitcases with false bottoms or thick side panels, money belts, padded bras and converted aerosol cans containing contraband. For an alert agent it's nothing new to detect nervous, too helpful or talkative travelers.

At present Miami International Airport is one of the most popular and convenient airports used by coke importers.

Last November an agent who was checking Orlando Valera through Customs at MIA noticed that the stylish elevator shoes he was wearing looked uncomfortable and too heavy. Orlando, age 23, of New York had just arrived on an afternoon flight from Bogotá, Colombia.

Valera's suitcase also contained two more pairs of modish shoes that just didn't look and feel right to the inspector. Closer examination disclosed a pound of crystalline flake tightly packed in the soles and heels of each pair.

After Valera was arrested, another pound was found concealed in the elevator shoes he was wearing.

When Mike Burgess of West Virginia, another incoming traveler from Latin America, landed at the same airport he walked with an awkward limp. The limp, inspectors quickly discovered, stemmed from the fact that Mike's shoes and socks were stuffed with sealed packets containing about four ounces of cocaine.

While being questioned by Customs officials, Burgess complained of feeling sick and having a "bad bellyache." The stomach pains, he finally confessed, came from having swallowed six more packets of cocaine encased in condoms. Holding six grams each,

they had not passed through his digestive system.

When Mike consented to surgery at a local hospital, five of the packets were still intact and removed. The sixth packet, unfortunately, had burst in the smuggler's stomach. He remained in critical condition for a long time at Miami Jackson Hospital before facing justice.

Last spring at the busy Miami airport another new trick was attempted by Susan, a college freshman from Virginia. The teenager was just returning from a vacation in Jamaica and had no trouble passing through Customs until officials took a second look at her new bicycle.

A more thorough search revealed ten small sealed packets containing 240 grams, or about eight-and-one-half ounces, of cocaine crammed into the tires and handlebars of the bike. "I have no idea how I got there," remarked Susan.

When a female agent found another plastic bag of cocaine strapped to the young collegian's waist, her defense collapsed. Susan was placed under federal arrest.

A few days later at MIA, Customs officials were looking for the owner of a forgotten suitcase that was left going round and round on a revolving baggage ramp. The bag had been checked through on a Lan-Chile flight and was unmarked. It bore no name tag or any other identification.

Before turning it over to lost and found, a Customs inspector with an airline representative opened the suitcase. They were presented with a burlap bag stuffed with 46 pounds of crystalline cocaine, well wrapped in 50 one-pound packages.

When Madeline Partlow, a grandmother in her mid-seventies, was being ushered through Miami Customs last summer, she could hardly wait to get home and show her friends in East Stroudsburg a beautiful, hand-woven woolen rug that a friend in Bogotá had bought for her.



WideWorld

As Inspector Charles Harvey poked a metal probe through its plain brown wrapper, Madeline impatiently watched and waited. Just as the inspector was about to give up, a stream of crystallized white powder spurted from inside of the rug.

Madeline was still protesting that she had been duped when U.S. drug enforcement agents charged her with attempting to smuggle almost two pounds of cocaine into the country. One hundred plastic tubes of the drug had been cleverly interwoven into the fabric of the brightly colored rug.

If convicted in federal court of smuggling narcotics, the elderly woman could be fined up to \$200,000 and be sentenced to life imprisonment.

Because of the rush on holiday weekends, airport Customs officials have less time to check the baggage of incoming travelers. Knowing this, Valerie Rivet figured that last Memorial Day was a good time to pass through Miami.

Despite the holiday crush and rush, Miss Rivet's baggage was quickly and efficiently inspected—so efficiently, in fact, that an agent spotted three plastic mouthwash bottles containing 3.25 pounds of liquid cocaine in her luggage.

Valerie also had the dubious distinction of becoming the first coke carrier to be caught with the liquid form at Miami airport.

Customs Official James Dinkfelder said clear liquid cocaine has a strong odor similar to acetone or nail polish remover. A few drops sprinkled on your hand will quickly dry into the crystalline form.

Until just recently foreign wine and liquor bottles were likewise

considered good containers for importing liquid cocaine. Cocaine has also been concealed in the corks of modified champagne bottles, and, in its paste form, in toothpaste tubes.

During the past year the imagination of Customs has really been challenged by the ingenuity of some smugglers. For example, a supply of cocaine was discovered in a copper engraving of "The Last Supper."

Finding a skin driver returning from a safari in Cozamel, Mexico, with hashish in his scuba tank was no more surprising than discovering diamonds concealed in hollowed-out ball point pens or golf balls.

Last year when the life-sized carving of a human head was carried in by a high-school teacher, Customs at Miami wanted to see a certificate of authorization issued by the Mexican government. Reason: authentic artifacts cannot be taken from that country without official documentation.

The teacher stated that he had purchased the head carving, an ancient Mayan artifact which dated back to about 650 A.D. at a flea market in Mexico City and showed a bill of sale to prove it. Inasmuch as the artifact was impounded, the teacher was not detained.

There seems to be almost no end to the ingenuity of dedicated contraband importers. Despite Customs' ability to ferret out well-hidden stashes, officials estimate they stop less than one-fourth of the illicit drugs entering the country through air terminals. Obviously, the odds are still in favor of the smuggler.

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Smuggling

The National Weed Guide to Easy Passage in '77

By Debbi Smith

Consultation with the stars has long been a trick in the smuggler's bag. Call it superstition, ego-reinforcement or too much brown rice, but the fact remains that many dope movers—particularly in cultures less secular than American—consider their occupation dependent on Lady Luck. Many a prayer has been whispered to Manco Capac, coca-queen of the Incas, as contraband confronted customs.

Sometimes these celestial totems are of concrete value: consider the "smuggler's moon," the razor crescent on the first night of the new moon. The smuggler's moon had its origin in the late sixteenth century, when Spanish galleons loaded with stolen Incan gold had to sneak through the Caribbean's narrow Windward Passage past heavily armed British privateers and independent pirates. The skimpy illumination of the crescent moon afforded enough light to navigate the ship but not enough for their predators to spot them. Later, Caribbean rumrunners picked up the trick.

Radar has changed all that, of course, but still the superstition persists. Whether or not faith in the machinations of the cosmos is justified, it can't really hurt, can it? Don't be a star-crossed smuggler. Before your next trip, check your National Weed guide to easy passage.

First you need a cheap globe you don't mind marking up, or a big world map, plus a magic marker. Once you get the hang of it you can trace your own easy routes for hassle-free border crossings using the basic principles of astrology. Some places link beautifully with each other while others are a headache all the way. If you're too stoned to play zodiacal geography games, use the easy tables below.

1 To plot your smuggling guide find the place you wish to investigate and note its longitude and latitude. Say, London, at 52 degrees North, and zero degrees West.

2 Take the latitude (52 North) and trace a line across your map or globe along this 52-degree North line. Every place within 100 miles on either side of this line is in a

dynamic relationship with London, but some parts of this line are better and some worse, which is why you must define these areas in Step Three.

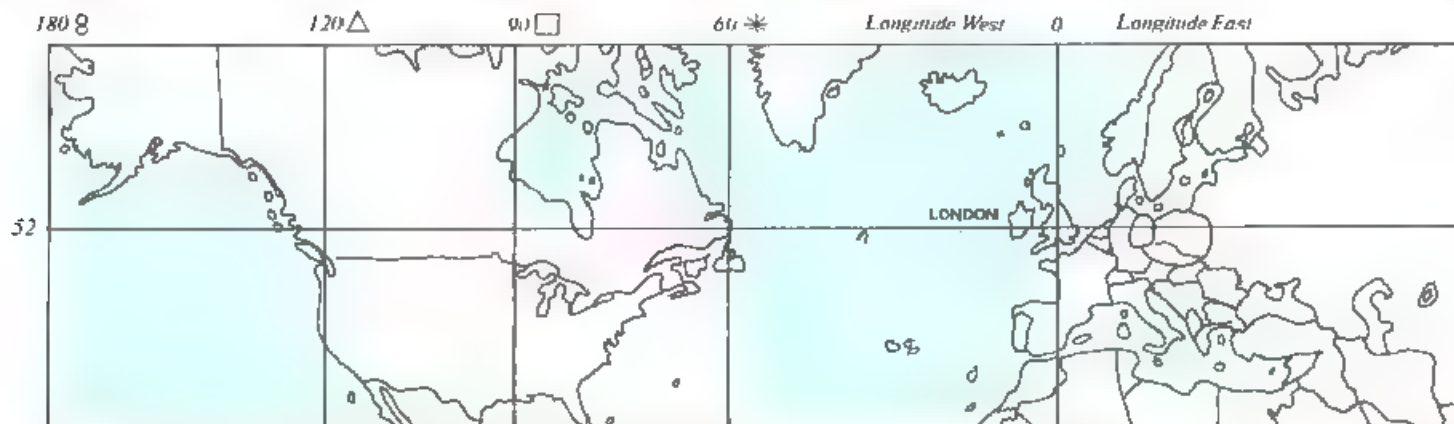
3 For "easy passage" use the true aspect, 120 degrees. Count 120 degrees West of London and 120 degrees East of London, going along the 52-degree North line. Going east is an area in mainland China on the Mongolian border and to the west is a point in British Columbia near Vancouver. These two points have the strongest dynamic relationship with London, thus a shipment of hash from London to Vancouver would have cosmic blessings.

4 You can use the sextile (60 degrees—slight effort required for easy passage), the opposition (180 degrees—watch out!), the square (90 degrees—danger zone, nerves of steel required) and any other astrological aspects you want. Most astrology books have a list of the aspects and what they mean.

The sextile readings from London (60 degrees East and West) on latitude 52 North give a reading East at a point on the Volga River in Russia, and West works out to a point on the Newfoundland coastline in the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Intrigues to and from this area would require slight effort, but the stars would be with you. The sour portents of the 90-degree square would fall East in the middle of southern China and West at a point in Ontario on the shores of Lake Nipigon. The extreme malice of the 180-degree opposition would linger over the International Date Line, halfway round the globe in the Bering Sea near the Aleutian Islands.

5 Now draw another line (on a globe this will turn out to be a circle) on the vertical 0-degree line. This longitude line will dip over the poles and continue as a 180-degree line on the other side of the globe or map. Places along this line will also have strong dynamic links with London—Brittany, Ghana (the old British Gold Coast), New Zealand, Fiji, the Ellice and the Gilbert Islands, all of which are harmoniously linked with Britain.

by the Stars



To determine if your venture is astrologically conducive to success, first establish the area to be investigated. For example, London at zero-degree longitude and 52-degree north latitude. Readings west are sextile 60 degrees, Newfoundland Coast on St. Lawrence River, good possibility, square 90 degrees, on the shore of Lake Nipigon, extreme difficulty, trine, 120 degrees, in British Columbia near enough to Vancouver to make it a good shot, opposition, 180 degrees, near the Aleutians, no way.

- * **Sextile, 60 degrees**—Invest work on project to insure easy passage.
- △ **Trine, 120 degrees**—Easy sailing, but don't get lazy or sloppy.
- **Square, 90 degrees**—No way. If forced to pass through this link, very hard work involved, danger zone.
- ⊗ **Opposition, 180 degrees**—At the mercy of the officials; best avoided, danger zone.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA 151-10E 33-55S

- * Bhutan; Sikkim, Lhasa; central Pakistan; Fairbanks, Alaska; French Polynesia
- △ Leningrad; Kiev; central Turkey; Cairo; western Tanzania; Rhodesia; Durban; Chicago; New Orleans; St. Louis; San Salvador; town of Guatemala
- Eastern Greenland
- ⊗ Russian Urals; west Afghanistan; Canada east of Vancouver, Los Angeles, San Diego

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND 4-53E 52-23N

- * West Afghanistan, southwest tip of Pakistan; Godhavn, Greenland; Newfoundland; Guyana, Surinam; central Brazil; Asunción, Paraguay; Montevideo, Uruguay; Buenos Aires
- △ Shanghai, Taipei, Manila, Sulawesi, western Australia; Flagstaff, Arizona; Blythe, California; Easter Islands
- Dacca, Burma; Mongolia; Chicago; Pensacola, Florida; Honduras, Nicaragua
- ⊗ Fiji; Samoa

DELHI, INDIA 77-14E 28-39N

- * Adelaide, Australia; Tokyo; Vienna and Graz, Austria; Zaire; Fort Lamy, Chad
- △ Midway, Howland and Baker Islands; Canton and Phoenix Islands; Samoa; Rio de Janeiro
- Wake Island; Kwajalein Island, Noumea, New Caledonia; Reykjavik, Iceland; Azores
- ⊗ Minot, North Dakota; Amarillo, Texas; Chihuahua and Morelia, Mexico; Cape Verde

TANGIERS, MOROCCO 5-48W 35-47N

- * Gaspé, New Brunswick; Halifax; Cumaná, Venezuela; Trinidad; Córdoba, Argentina; Dubai, Persian Gulf; Mauritius
- △ Prince George, British Columbia; Cape Mendocino, California; Auckland and Wellington, New Zealand
- Tomsk, Siberia; Katmandu; Cuttack, India
- ⊗ Kaitia and Plymouth, New Zealand, Attu Island

LAGOS, NIGERIA 3-23E 6-27N

See Amsterdam

ACAPULCO, MEXICO 99-56W 16-51N

- * Guadalcanal; Mozambique; Lamu, Kenya; Trabzon, Turkey; Jidda and Mecca, Saudi Arabia; Vologda, Russia; Donetsk and Krasnodar, Crimea
- △ Tokyo, Yokohama; Adelaide and Gambier, Australia; Lodz and Krakow, Poland; Budapest, Yugoslavia; Benghazi, Libya
- Cape Clear, Ireland (tip of land only); Sidi Ifni, Morocco; Semara, Spanish Sahara; Kayes, Mali; Monrovia, Liberia; Dunedin, New Zealand; New Hebrides Islands; Kwajalein Island (atoll)
- ⊗ Lucknow and Madras, India; Colombo, Sri Lanka

BANGKOK, THAILAND 100-31E 13-45N

- * Al Qunfudhah, Saudi Arabia, Siberia; Ponape, Santa Isabel and Solomon Islands; Maikop, Crimea, Erzurum, Turkey
- △ Filin Flon, Canada; Niigata and Hiroshima, Japan; Samri, New Guinea, Adelaide, Australia, Bismarck, North Dakota; San Angelo, Texas; Leon and Saltillo, Mexico
- Trondheim and Oslo, Norway; St. Lawrence, Pribilof and Fox Islands, Alaska; Niue Island; western tip of Jamaica
- ⊗ Quito, Ecuador; Trujillo, Peru; Sudbury, Ontario; Wilmington, North Carolina; Camaguey, Cuba

LIMA, PERU 77-03W 12-03S

- * Minto, Yukon Territory; Marquesas Islands; Puka Puka; Daneborg, Greenland; Akureyri, Iceland
- △ East Siberia; Bikini atolls; Kamchatka, USSR; Teresina and Campos, Brazil
- Gottenborg, Sweden; Copenhagen; Munich; Bologna; west suburbs of Rome; Yaounde Cameroon; Pointe Noire, French Congo; Baja dos Tigres, Angola

- ⊗ Kunming, China, Vientiane, Laos; Molacca, Malaysia; Singapore

KATMANDU, NEPAL 27-42N 85-20E

- * Guam; Burau, Tasmania, Maonio, Finland; Lithuania; Sofia, Bulgaria; Bangassou, Africa; Bunia, Zaire
- △ Paramushir Island; Kapinga, Marangi, and Bouganville Islands
- Auckland and Wellington, New Zealand, Belfast, Ireland; Gison and Seville, Spain, Tangier and Rabat, Morocco
- ⊗ Guatemala, Galapagos Islands.

FEMME FATALE

By Dawn Rosenfinger



Angela Davis, Louisville, says give back keys to the kingdom

A very straight laced member of the Midwest Professional Needlepoint Association opened up a notions shop called "The Happy Hooker" long before there was any other kind. She was mortified when **Xavier Hollander's** book came out, but her embarrassment has worn off now that she gets so many customers who come to her shop out of curiosity as to what's behind the door.

During the Spanish Inquisition, cookbooks warned that the mistress of a house with an unswept floor, a misplaced saucepan or a neglected cooking oven would be duly punished by hellfire.

Regina Kelly is a free woman because a Camden, New Jersey, judge ruled that her fetus is a person. Kelly, it seems, was in jail on an armed robbery charge, and her lawyer, **Michael Friedman**, successfully argued that since she was eight months pregnant, her fetus was also in jail. Friedman further argued that since a fetus of that age is a person, it cannot be jailed without having committed a crime. County Court Judge **I.V. DiMartino** took it all in, scratched his head and released the woman on a \$15,000 bond.

Unless the French Parliament waters down a government proposal, that nation's second revolution will be a feminist one. State Secretary for Women's Affairs **Françoise Giroud** has submitted a five-year plan designed to overhaul the status of women. Among the more than 100 proposals included in the package is a female counterpart to military service, involving four to six months of compulsory community service. There was no explanation for not drafting women into the military, but with 100 kinds of sex discrimination going on in their country, the French are probably afraid to let women have guns.

A 28-year old Dallas call girl says

she's been on the payroll of four separate corporations as "recreation consultant" or "public relations adviser." The woman, who wants to remain anonymous, says men pay her \$200 to \$500 a day to sleep with someone else. What they're really paying for, she says, are the weaknesses and secrets of their business or political enemies. A former low B student at the University of Texas, she makes \$40,000 in taxable income and another \$60,000 "under the bed."

Mary Kay Ash, head of the Mary Kay Cosmetics Company, rewarded 57 saleswomen, each responsible for the sale of at least \$240,000 worth of cosmetics, with 57 pink cadillacs on lease for one year. "I try to give women things they want but normally wouldn't buy for themselves," she explains. Ash, who has no such inhibition, drives a pink cadillac, but hers has heart-shaped windows.

According to a study done by the World Health Organization, urban living lowers the life expectancy of men and raises it for women. Just in case you'd like him to get out of town.

Women are probably better suited for contact sports than men, according to lab studies at Penn State's Institute for Sports Research. Among the findings women's joints are better protected because of an extra layer of fat, sex organs are also better protected and there is no difference between the sexes in potential leg strength. The researchers also noted that men cannot increase in strength without increasing in bulk but women can.

The governor of Kansas on Women's Equality Day 1976: "There you are, women are equal for a day. Other than this, men are subservient most days."

General of the Army **Omar Bradley** when asked about admis-

sion of women to West Point this year for the first time: "The Congress passed it, the president signed it, and I guess they know more about women than I do."

Cary Grant on plans for his daughter: "I want Jennifer to marry young, have lots of kids and develop the family unit. I don't want her to be an actress. A woman's place is in the home. That's the way it is in the animal world, isn't it?"

Mario Andretti on women in racing: "Somehow a woman in racing just robs her of her femininity. And when it comes right down to it, I wouldn't trust their emotions wheel to wheel. I can't see them being the ones to beat."

Women in South Australia will be able to press charges of rape against their husbands under legislation proposed by the state's labor government.

The Board of Aldermen in Louisville, Kentucky, wants **Angela Davis** to give back the key to the city she was given when she spoke there recently on civil rights in a local church. The mayor says he was unaware of the presentation that was authorized by one of his aides.

A Japanese women's organization, **Chupiren**, is planning to launch a new religion "geared to the creation of a female-dominated society." The group, although small, has been given widespread publicity in the mass media but little support by women's liberation organizations. The Tokyo metropolitan government is screening an application for authorization of the religion.

The queen of the Citizen's Band radio hams, **Ruth Elaine Dills** (alias "Sugar Britches"), says that

truckers used to laugh her off the channels because she didn't know the jargon. So she started writing down CB lingo such as "motion lotion" (gasoline) and "Peter Rabbits" (police) and ended up authoring *The Official CB Slang Language Dictionary* now in its third printing.

Thai villagers often ask local monks to bless newly arrived shipments of contraceptives, and the monks usually comply. Buddhism, Thailand's state religion, smiles on birth control.

A Chicago judge has ordered gay-marriage advocates **Toby Schneller** and **Nancy Davis** to spend a year in jail after a jury convicted them of criminal trespass. The women had remained in the county clerk's office past closing time, claiming that the clerk's business was not finished because they had not yet been issued a marriage license.

About a thousand women willing to relocate within the galaxy have asked about becoming astronaut candidates in the space shuttle program. The figure is about one-fourth of all those who inquired to date. The application deadline is June 30, 1977, and selection is expected by July 1978.

Anthropologist **Margaret Mead** told the Washington Press Club that she thinks "extreme heterosexuality" is a perversion.

A group of orthodox Jews in Tel Aviv, Israel, has threatened to blockade some suburbs and run its own bus services if Israel's largest bus company agrees to hire women drivers. The "Committee for the Sanctity of Israel" argues that "under Jewish tradition, women are not permitted to be in charge of vehicles carrying men."

MUCHO MACHO

Bob Dylan, having tasted the film industry's sugar enough times to like it, is considering the possibility of writing the sound track to the upcoming movie *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. The movie, based on Hunter Thompson's madcap dope epic about a convention of narcotics officers in Las Vegas, will be in the works next year. Dylan is checking out the idea now and according to reports will soon make a decision.

The latest head poking from the closet belongs to **Fifties'** spoon-rave **Tab Hunter**. He reportedly is living with his male lover on a farm at an undisclosed location. A popular gay magazine will soon pull him from the closet in an interview.

Jimmy Carter, asked who his favorite movie star is, said "Hands down **John Wayne**."

The **Rolling Stones** may be missing a lead guitar player for a stretch if **Keith Richards** loses his court fight on charges of possession of pot and cocaine. Coke possession is a felony rap in England, and two-time losers almost always spend some time in the pokey. Richards took his first fall in the late Sixties on a coke and pot rap, but the coke rap was dropped after plea bargaining. This time, reports indicate, the bobbies are out for blood and would like to see Richards playing jailhouse rock.

Tuli Kupferberg pontificated on the evils of drugs recently. "I never touch the stuff unless I'm sick," said the former *Fug and Beal* poet. After a moment's musing he added, "Of course I'm sick a lot."

Esquire, the men's magazine, is in big trouble on the books. Word from insiders has it that the company may scuttle the forty-four-year-old magazine. **Gulf & Western**, *Esquire's* owner, is looking for solid material that's sure to sell, so they have initiated a new

policy, effective in January 1977, of no firm commitments to artists or writers. A new art director is charged with completely revamping the magazine and making it more saleable. If after three months of the new look profits are still sinking, the mag may fold.

Septuagenarian founding editor **Arnold Gingrich**, commenting recently on reports that *Esquire's* current chairman, **John Smart**, may not be the smart money for success, recalled a "time when Smart, eager to succeed on his own, decided to gamble on the Chicago commodities exchange. His brother, **David Smart**, was at the time *Esquire's* chairman. Said Gingrich, "We each had to give him [John] \$1,000. He bought cats in mine, and they weren't having any cats, and the money was gone in four days."

Prisoners at Manhattan's Metropolitan Correctional Center have been putting the bite on **Ma Bell** for upwards of \$100,000 a year, according to court papers filed by the New York Telephone Company. The telephone company wants to pull its 23 pay phones from the 13-story jailhouse, contending that fraudulent third party and credit card calls made there are costing **Ma Bell** more than \$360 a day and that the majority of phony credit card calls in the city originate in the jail.

According to one source, the inmates have devised an ingenious method to get credit card numbers. A high frequency radio that can be used to monitor ship-to-shore calls has become a source of entertainment. Credit cards are often used in ship-to-shore calls and the inmates allegedly write down the number when it is transmitted over the radio, then use it to make calls.

Sometimes man's best friend can be too friendly, according to a story circulating in the wilds of northern Wisconsin, near **Lady-smith**. One **Sidney Larson** ago-



Keith Richards after first fall in 1973; this time he may not come up for air.

nizing over the tortured breathing and blinded senses of his slowly dying canine companion of 15 years, decided to put the creature out of his misery. After rejecting poison as too cruel and bullets as too personal, Larson settled on dynamite.

He carried the comatose animal to a woods some distance from his house, strapped several sticks of dynamite to the body with baling wire, lit the fuse and hurried back home. The dog suddenly revived, struggled to his feet and began jumping after Larson. Larson spotted the panting dog and began to run. He barely reached safety when the dog exploded on the front porch, demolishing most of the house.

William White, author of the essential study of white-collar male culture *The Organization Man*, will soon release the first major study of "street culture." The sociologist has been at work on the project, funded in part by a federal grant, for two years.

The Bicentennial fervor has raised a question among historians as to where **Nathan Hale**, the first spy to be executed in the Revolutionary War, was hung.

Best estimation goes to a New York scholar who pinpoints the spot at a former artillery arsenal on Manhattan's Third Avenue between 66th and 68th streets.

Bernard Cornfeld, investments ace who reaped a fortune from Overseas Investment Corporation before selling it to sticky-fingered **Robert Vesco**, has been sentenced to 90 days in jail for blue-boxing **Ma Bell**, out of \$6,000 in revenues. The prosecution claimed Cornfeld made free calls for 18 months from his Beverly Hills mansion. Fists bristling with writs and charts, phone dicks testified that the "blue box" intercepted information lines by use of a 2,600-cycle tone enabling free phone calls anywhere in the world. The bogus calls were traced back to Cornfeld's phone by a computer.

Cornfeld joins a growing rogue's gallery of luminaries popped for prating **Ma Bell's** services. Ike Turner and **Robert Cummings** have run afoul of the AT&T Security Department for alleged similar transgressions. One reason the rich and famous use the blue boxes is that they are able to route calls through any area code, thereby preventing someone from tapping a line to determine the origin of the call.

Wide World

SIDESHOW

Hell's Angels Tread Water

Hoisting the Jolly Roger to a chorus of cheers and oaths, the burly Hell's Angels abandoned their wheels for a night and took to the decks for an eight-hour "Pirate's Ball." The Angels chartered the SS *Duchess*, stocked it with beer, booze, sundry head and stomach food and heaved to from Battery Park for the cruise up and down the East and Hudson rivers. Nearly two thousand people were aboard the ship.

Main attraction for the nervous guests was a line-up of the Angels' musical favorites: Jerry Garcia and his band, Bo Diddley and the Big Apple's own Elephant's Memory. The turnout would have been better had it not been for the Angels' ominous aura and the much-dis-

cussed possibility that tourists who fell from the Angels' grace would walk the plank.

Fortunately no one had to swim ashore, and the only altercations were between Angels themselves. Many of the bikers, in fact, were too enamored of the nitrous oxide tanks which mysteriously appeared on the top deck to live up to their ferocious image. Nonetheless some long-standing traditions were stoically observed. In the event the ship should sink, announced one Angel, lifeboats would be occupied by "children and bikes first."

Angels came from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio and other Eastern states and gathered for private bushes before and after



John Farrell

Reveler flying high on giggle gas fights his way from nitrous oxide tank to quieter quarters

the voyage at the New York Angels' Third Street digs. From there they drove to the Battery in the now classical double-file formation, roaring their Harleys and Chiefs through the somber financial section to the consternation of business executives and stylish secretaries.

At the docks hundreds of people were already waiting. High fashion for the night was the current "punk" look, a trend the Angels were on top of long ago, with a smattering of western-garbed "Dead Heads."

By the time Bo Diddley came on about halfway through the cruise the crowd's edginess had disappeared. A large group of women corralled in the area of the

women's bathrooms began mingling, and all decks were given over to dancers. Fears of violence quickly dissipated and by the time the boat docked at 3 A.M. people were shouting at Garcia and his band to play longer. Only one sour note was sounded: the contributor of three tanks of nitrous oxide complained that the tanks, worth \$100 each, had been thrown overboard by playful Angels.

The Pirate's Ball added to the Angel's post-Sixties image of a mellow, more community-oriented group. Indeed, their neighborhood—Third Street between First and Second avenues, in one of the most crime-ridden sections of the Lower East Side, is among the safest areas in the city.

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Many believed clown pictured with Dead Head was Jerry Garcia trying not to be recognized. Garcia said, "Not me"



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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Peru Plants 50,000 Acres for '77

The National Coca Enterprise of Peru, the legal front for Peru's booming cocaine industry, has been given official sanction to grow 10,450 tons of coca leaves on 40,860 licensed acres of land. However, sources in Peru believe that the coca leaf production for 1977 will double the official level—perhaps 22,000 tons, or nearly 70 percent of the world's coca crop. The nonsanctioned leaf production of roughly 12,000 tons alone could yield over 60 tons of pure cocaine.

- Two Colombians were arrested by Customs agents on the Ecuador-Colombia border while attempting to run 16 kilos of 80-percent pure cocaine through from Rumichaca to Ipiales in a Ford sedan.

- Heavy sentences are being handed down by Costa Rican courts for dope running. Colombian José Fidel Bermúdez was given 12 years after being picked up in the capital making the run from San Andrés Island through to the United States with cocaine. Two girls with him, María Amparo Veléz Correa and Sonia del Socorro Rojas, gained six- and two-year sentences respectively.

- Narcs of Colombia's security police (DAS) searched a Dutch cargo boat in the raunchy port city of Buenaventura and found 35 kilos of cocaine slashed in cans of lard. One Colombian was arrested, and the boat, the *Ganimedes*, was released.

- Colombian authorities are busting their own colleagues in increasing numbers for running dope out of the country. Latest official-busting-official case is that of the Colombian navy destroyer *Santander*. Three kilos of high-grade coke were found on board the ship and an NCO has been arrested to face a military disciplinary tribunal, before being handed over to the civilian justice system.

- A niece of Colombian President Alfonso López Michelsen was hospitalized in Bogotá's Toxicology Clinic for a cocaine overdose. Twenty-two-year-old María Cristina López, daughter of the president's brother Fernando López Michelsen, was driven to the clinic by Juan Manuel López Caballero, one of the president's

sons, in serious condition after taking an overdose of stimulants. Colombian newspapers published nothing on the O.D.

- Two people died when their two-engine Piper crashed and burst into flames shortly after taking off from Flandes airport in Colombia with an estimated 10 kilos of cocaine. Pilot Elmer Solo and co-pilot José Mario Arias, both Colombians, were burned alive, and the plane was gutted. Fuel tanks were full, and local Narcotics Chief Captain Hernando Contreras assumed the shipment was to be flown straight out of the country to the U.S.

- A U.S. citizen Frederick Wilson, has been arrested with Venezuelan Edgar Piso Volberacht at Colombia's Olaya Herrera Airport in the city of Medellín for trying to run six pounds of high grade cocaine to the States in a false-bottomed suitcase. The two were transferring the cocaine to Barranquilla, from which they intended to fly to the States via Central America.

- Half a kilo of morphine has been captured by Colombian security police (DAS) at Bogotá's El Dorado Airport. DAS experts said it was the first morphine bust in Colombia and guessed that the morphine might have been produced from home-grown opium poppies. According to DAS spokespeople, the tip-off evidently came from U.S. authorities, who had identified a North American



Ivory snow flakes, 99.9 percent pure? Not quite. This bar of soap floated through authorities into the Middlesex County Workhouse near Plainfield, New Jersey, filled with cocaine flakes. Two Perth Amboy residents, Edmond Underwood, 31, and Nellie May Thomas, 34, were charged with possession after they allegedly tried to smuggle it to an inmate they were visiting.

as the organizer of the morphine-running ring.

- An American woman, 29-year-old Deborah Hardy, tried to kill herself after arrest on the Colombian island of San Andrés for possession of two pounds of cocaine. San Andrés narcs searched Ms. Hardy's hotel room and found the cocaine in a false-bottomed suitcase. She cut her wrists in a suicide attempt to avoid serving time in a Colombian jail. By the time the cocaine was transferred to police headquarters one pound had disappeared. An investigation has been opened.

- Narcs seized four pounds of cocaine and arrested five suspected dealers in what law enforcement authorities are calling "the biggest buyer-initiated bust in West Coast history." The four pounds were purchased by Foster City, California, police after months of undercover work. Arrested in a parking lot and charged with negotiating a sale of "nearly pure cocaine" were Deborah Sears, Santa Cruz; Jeffrey Wardley, Daly City; Bruce Baker, Menlo Park; John Bryan, San Luis Obispo; and Ronald O'Donnel, Santa Cruz.

- Customs inspectors at Miami International Airport found 6.2 pounds of cocaine allegedly in the possession of a San Francisco man and a Peruvian woman. DEA agents arrested Robert Moreci of San Francisco and Vivian Defiedler, a Peruvian mother of three, as they passed through customs.

- Federal D-Men arrested James Beasley, a Miami newsman, and Lee Pecora, a bartender, and charged them with conspiring to

distribute more than a pound of cocaine. A grand jury delivered indictments against the two. Beasley's girl friend was allegedly caught making a run with the coke to Jackson, Mississippi.

- Superstud porno star Johnnie Martin Keyes was arrested in San Rafael, California, moments after allegedly selling an ounce of fly to undercover narcs from the Sonoma County sheriff's office. Keyes has costarred with Marilyn Chambers in *Behind the Green Door* and *Resurrection of Eve* and starred in *Sodom and Gomorrah*.

Immediately after arresting Keyes a dozen officers swarmed the Just Percussion drum store in San Rafael and arrested three other suspects and confiscated another pound of coke. Narcs claim Keyes previously made several sales to them, and they were trying to set up his supplier.

- Guillermo Sierra-Perez, a Colombian student, was booked for smuggling cocaine and conspiracy to import when he failed to pass Customs at the Los Angeles International Airport. The 32-year-old Perez was nabbed by Customs agents with 4.4 pounds of pure, compressed rocks inside seven wooden hangers in his luggage.

- An Oceanside, California, man lost his courtroom argument that he thought DEA agents were meeting with him and another man to buy Coca-Cola, the soft drink, and not the two pounds of cocaine and 872 pounds of pot that the agents grabbed. Elias Ruben Garcia, 41, claimed he went to Rodriguez Garcia's residence to inquire about the purchase of a car, not to engage in a dope deal. He and Rodriguez Garcia, no relative

were both charged with negotiating a deal in a Mission Valley hotel. Elias Garcia claimed that when he heard the term "coke," he thought it was Coca-Cola.

● Robert Andrew Ralston of Fairbanks, Alaska, was arrested and charged with possession of 12 ounces of what Fairbanks police thought was one of the biggest cocaine hauls in the state's history. It turned out to be a bag of soap.

When patrolmen approached Ralston's stalled car after observing his flashing emergency lights, they spotted "a plastic bag containing white powder." The police noticed that Ralston smelled of alcohol, but "the man acted upnier than he smelled, which gave them probable cause, combined with the powder, to suspect he might be using drugs," said District Attorney Jim Douglas.

After a police-station field test of the suspected drug identified it as cocaine, Ralston was charged with possession and thrown in the cooler. By the time Ralston was brought to court he was "furious and mortified" according to his lawyer, Rita Allee. In court, Ralston's wife identified the alleged cocaine as soap powder she had bought at a laundromat.

"In the eyes of a foot patrolman not trained in drug identification, it honestly achieved the color it was supposed to be [for cocaine]," explained DA Douglas.

It was an innocent mistake. We were glad to let the man go."

● Two men were nailed by narcs when they allegedly picked up a letter filled with 12 grams of coke mailed from Bogotá to Boulder, Colorado. Postal authorities inspected the letter when it came through New York, and discovered the coke. Kenneth Yeager Goldsmith, 21, of Gold Hill, and James Carpenter, 28, of Phoenix, Arizona, were charged with possession of cocaine when they picked up the letter at a Boulder Post Office box.

● A 19-year-old Altamonte Springs, Florida, woman beat the heat on a possession of coke and heroin rap when Seminole-Brevard County prosecutors could not prove a purse containing the controlled substances belonged to the defendant.

● A lady Mountrie set up a Montreal lawyer and two business men after a two-and-a-half-year undercover operation. The RCMP working in conjunction with the United States DEA arrested Denis Pontbriand, 30, Joe Zuenshine 38, and Dima Messina, 37, on charges of conspiracy to sell cocaine.

● A dope concession van allegedly peddling its wares at the Kutztown Good Times Arts & Music Festival in Pennsylvania

was busted after selling to a narc. Robert H. Smith, 27, Nancy Smith, 21, both of Ringwood, New Jersey, and Paul Turner, 21, of Garfield, New Jersey, were arrested at their van parked near the Kutztown Fair grounds. A narc strike force assembled of police from five cities arrested two others on the grounds of allegedly dealing.

● With the arrest of six persons in Marin County on charges of possession, transportation and sales of cocaine, California narcs claim to have "made a little dent" in what is reportedly "a large-scale cocaine operation fanning out of Marin into the rest of the Bay Area."

The investigation was initiated by the Alcoholic Beverage Control bureau after receiving complaints about sales of coke in Fairfax bars. The ABC teamed up with state narcotics agents who "led an army of officers from various departments in the arrests," according to a state agent. "Marin County seems to be the central supply" of cocaine for much of the rest of the Bay Area, the state agent said. Arrested were Marshall Martin, 29, Black Point, Richard Tonis, 28, and Ann Barath, 30, both of Novato, Howard Enquist, 31, Inverness, Jade Mjoslavich, 29, Black Point and Niel Freeman, 24, San Francisco.

● Fremont, California, police allegedly purchased a small amount of 66-percent pure cocaine and arrested two men suspected to be major dealers in South County. Rebynd Leeftang, 25, Union City and Dwayne Foreman, 26, Fremont, were arrested after narcs bought a pound of coke in a Fremont parking lot.

● Thirteen attorneys jumped to their feet and clamored for a mistrial after a confessed smuggler claimed she had delivered cocaine to the office of one of them. Mary Jo Hulsey, 22, Oklahoma City, testifying in the Oklahoma City trial of 15 accused smugglers, told the court she delivered a package of cocaine to the office of Defense Attorney Carroll Gregg. Gregg denounced her testimony as "a pack of lies" and accused the government prosecutor, Duane Miller, assistant U.S. attorney, of coaching the witness on her testimony and then signaling her to repeat it.

The testimony followed a question by Gregg about Hulsey's drug dealings. She had been granted prosecutorial immunity.

"One time I delivered a package of cocaine to your office," she told the attorney. Following her allegations, U.S. District Judge Luther Bohanon immediately denied the attorneys' motions for a mistrial.

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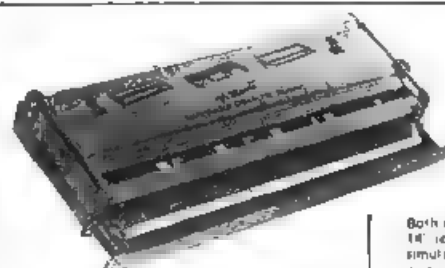


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OTHER SCENES

FIGARO DIARY

Saturday, July 10, 1976

Since the Figaro closed, almost a decade ago, there hadn't been anything like it. The Figaro was a legend. Started by Tommy Ziegler in the early Sixties, it was probably Greenwich Village's single most important meeting place for the literati of its day. But the hippie revolution, an influx of fast-food operators and the general decline of Bleecker Street finally closed it down in 1969 and Ziegler headed out to Hollywood where he opened a new Figaro.

When I arrived at the new Village version I found it better than my fondest memories: the same yellowing, lacquered copies of *Le Figaro* covering the walls, dark brown ceiling, stained-glass window panels here and there, open-air windows with tables both beside them and sprawling across the sidewalk.

Sunday, July 11, 1976

Most of the old customers are in seventh heaven and spend all their time walking over and congratulating each other on their good taste in coming back. The old Figaro's legendary policy of allowing customers to sit as long as they want over a coffee is still in force, although today the waitresses suffer much more from long-stayers who monopolize a table for an hour and leave a quarter tip.

Sunday, July 18, 1976

"Stomp the fags" had been scrawled on the men's room wall since my last visit and already somebody had appended to it "If you're such a badass, shout that out loud in The Spike (a notorious leather bar) on a Thursday night." The graffiti isn't up to Sixties' standards when an early scrawl—who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?—ended up as the title of an Edward Albee play after being in my Village Voice column.

Tuesday, July 20, 1976

I asked Zoe, the beautiful waitress who's studying art at Pratt, if she'd copy the graffiti from the walls of the ladies' room for me and she went in and reported the following: A hard man is good to find. A hard find is good to man. 200 years of inequality is nothing to celebrate.

Thursday, July 22, 1976

Somebody asked what the old Village was like and I recalled that in the Fifties it had been a lot quieter but that everybody had talked about how much better it had been in the good old days. "These are the good old days," interjected Wavy Gravy who had stopped by to chat after making some New York appearances promoting his Nobody for President routine. ("Nobody will get all the votes," he predicted.) In the good old days, Wavy Gravy was Hugh Romney, who played the MacDougal Street coffee shops for a share of what customers dropped into the basket. Since then he's turned into a clown, with more wisdom about that role than most people give him credit for. "A clown can be as provocative as the jukes," Hugh says. "Try dressing up as a clown and see what you can do. Nobody hits a clown, man. Nobody."

There was a general discussion of what had made Greenwich Village bohemian—what had brought all the artists and the people with their beards and berets. It seemed to me that all the publicity about Paris in the Thirties had finally come back home and that the Village, which had always been a literary and artistic mecca, had benefited from America's need to have a bona fide bohemia of its own. Look at the sidewalk cafe phenomenon, I said. 20 years ago there weren't any, but now so many Americans had spent time sitting around in them in Europe the demand for sidewalk cafes here was almost insatiable. Just then everybody looked agape at a seven-foot man walking past and the conversation turned to basketball players.

Saturday, July 24, 1976

"Well, art certainly isn't theatre," said Ralston, quite categorically. I tried to argue with him, pointing out that our notions of theatre itself had certainly changed since the advent of the "Happenings" in the early Sixties and that the only theatre I like these days was the sort of thing that was happening on the corner (of MacDougal & Bleecker streets) right in front of us. Gloria, who hadn't said much, asked Ralston what sort of art he did. "My medium," Ralston replied, "is time. All my discipline, my meditation, goes into painting the dragon—all but the eye, which comes

last. When I paint in that final eye, the dragon flies away. That's what I try to explore. Only artists see the whirr of the wings, the blurred lines of the dragon in flight. The public sees the nest it makes for itself." I didn't quite understand that but I liked the way he said it. And it did remind me of the only artwork of his I'd ever seen—a moment down at the Fine Arts Gallery when he'd told everybody to gather in one room at exactly 6 PM to watch his creation. On the stroke of six, Ralston came in with one of those plastic sprays (with which home gardeners "mist" their plants) and shot a fine film of water over a blank canvas already attached to the wall. As the moisture hit the blank surface a Japanese hieroglyphic, obviously preprinted with "invisible ink," appeared, disappearing again when the painting dried. It was impressive and I told several people about it later.

Sunday Afternoon, July 25, 1976

One of the passers-by was Maurice, the white-bearded veteran who's prowled Village streets for 20 years or more selling old papers and magazines. I persuaded Gene to tease him a little and the conversation went like this:

Gene: Maurice, is it true you have \$200,000 secretly hidden away in a parcel locker somewhere?

Maurice: I don't want to discuss that.

Yesterday somebody here said there used to be a lot of dealing going on in the garden. Gambling, too. There was sawdust on the floor and screenings of W.C. Fields movies in the basement.

Sunday Night, July 25, 1976

I couldn't believe—here we all were arguing about What is Art? again, just like we did all through the Sixties. I said "I think it would be beneficial if all the world's masterpieces were destroyed," a statement that I've used on occasions before and which has the advantage of being both provocative and logical, the logic being that art's main value is educational and therefore that first-rate copies or reproductions serve the same purpose. All the arguments about how you can immediately discern a copy or reproduction from the original are so much bullshit because even experts often can't make that distinction, as is proved by all the phoney masterpieces on display in the world's museums.

Predictably, my statement was met with outraged denials. Ralston and Lenny could not wait to interrupt each other to talk about how a true work of art has "presence" and "essence" etc. etc., and Ralston followed up with a blow-by-blow summary of how adding storage, insurance, commissions, resales, etc. to the painting's original price inevitably pushed the value up. All of this, I said, merely confirmed my original point: any masterpiece is valued more for the monetary figure it represents rather than for its intrinsic self as a work of creativity.

I mentioned how I'd once met this curator of some tiny museum in the Midwest and he'd explained to me how the only way a small museum could use its budget "intelligently" was to specialize, building up a unique collection in some obscure field. In his case he'd chosen to concentrate upon Dutch painters of the last quarter of the eighteenth century or some similar category. The result was that he had a valuable collection that covered about .00001 percent of art history, and the community people who patronized his museum learned almost nothing about art in general.

Monday, July 26, 1976

Could Ford really make it back to the White House with—of all people—John Connally? The papers I brought in with me to read are full of the two of them feeling each other up on the White House lawn.

After I stopped reading the paper a friendly face, name unknown, came by my table to talk about "the old days." Once fellow-customers, we find ourselves again exchanging amiable banalities—nothing deeper—a decade later. One of the only advantages about getting older is the opportunity that pops up occasionally to get deeper into a relationship that never previously got off the ground.

One evening I stopped to talk to a woman I had known casually for years. One thing led to another and we found ourselves in the middle of a hot and heavy relationship that was pressure-cooked by the knowledge that it was going to last only three weeks, after which time she would be sailing off to Morocco. Might it not be advisable for all new relationships to begin with the same sort of deadline pressure?

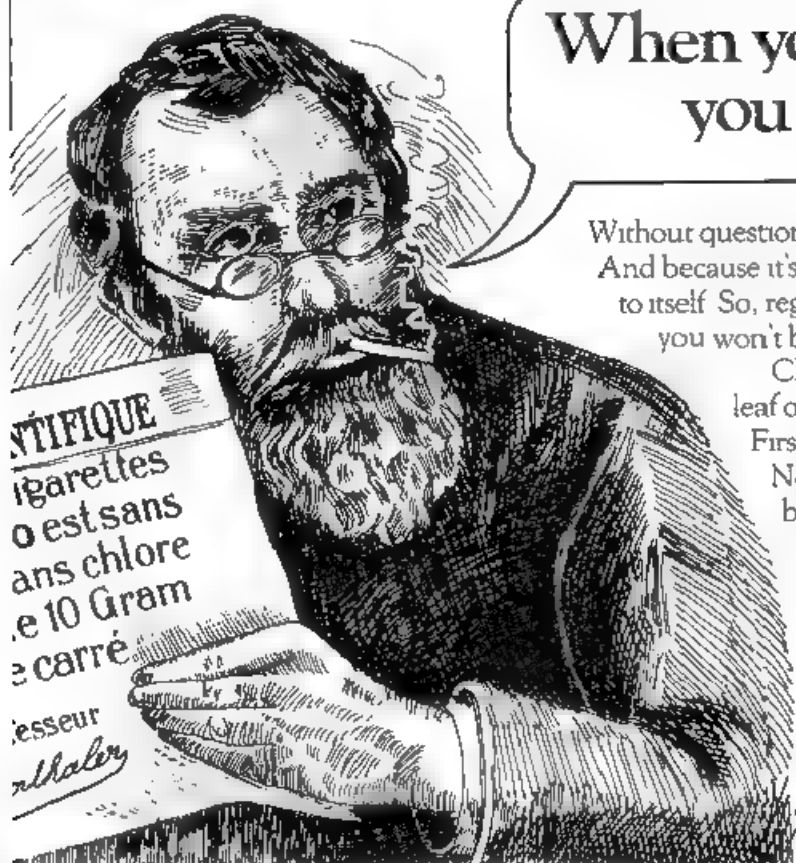
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RYE BREAD ACID TEST

(continued from page 105)

The hospitals of St. Anthony functioned for over a century, but then the incidence of mass ergot outbreaks began dramatically to decline, rendering the hospitals unnecessary. Improved nutritional habits may have accounted for the decline, or subtle climate changes may have altered the quality of the ergot; in any case, the disease virtually disappeared until around 1600, when it returned with a vengeance. In the French district of Sologne, there were plagues of St. Anthony's Fire in 1630, 1678, 1709, 1747, 1755, 1770 and 1777. Germany was rife with it too, and also Russia and Scandinavia. Wherever rye grew, there the Fire dwelt.

This also happens to be the period of the most widespread witchcraft prosecutions, you'll notice. It would be presumptuous to attribute the witch mania solely to the resurgence of ergotism—there were political and economic reasons for these holy pogroms, and certainly they were satisfying enough for everyone concerned (except the victims) to perpetrate themselves for a hundred years—but as a contributing factor to the overall insanity of the times, I think ergotism must have exerted a considerable influence.

In order to burn witches, for one thing, it is necessary to find someone who has been bewitched. Certainly the abundance of people suffering from convulsive and gangrenous plague at this time must have come in very handy for the prosecutors. As in Salem, victims of alleged witchcraft exhibited ergot symptoms—convulsions, blisters, animal hallucinations. Indictments of witches typically charged them with blighting others with gangrenous plague. The trouble is, relatively little attention was ever paid to the victims of witchcraft, the authorities being much more interested in meting out God's vengeance on Satan's agents.

A perfect illustration of this theory, and its pitfalls, is provided by the notorious case of the nuns of Loudon, France, who were afflicted with demonic fits and visions in 1630. This is the basis for Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*, which became a movie starring Vanessa Redgrave in 1971. Briefly, Huxley suggests that the nuns involved were prey to some sort of aggravated sexual hysteria, provoked by their handsome philandering prior Fr Urbain Grandier. If so, it is truly marvelous how horny he must've gotten them—the women in their fits, wrote an observer, "struck their chests and backs with their heads, as if they had their necks broken, and with inconceivable rapidity. Lying on their stomachs they joined the palms of their hands to

the soles of their feet. Their tongues issued from their mouths, horribly swollen, black, hard, and covered with pimples, and yet while in this state they spoke distinctly. They threw themselves back until their heads touched their feet. . . . Some gnashed their jaws so violently that their molars crumbled. All the nuns complained of intestinal cramps and an unbearably pervasive "pricking" in their skins. What does this sound like?

The nuns were also tormented by bestial demons who subjected them to horrible agonies. Unfortunately, their own accounts of these visions aren't particularly reliable, since they were taken down by a professional "exorcist," one Fr Barre. This Barre, it seems, was in collusion with the Loudon town prosecutor, who was out to burn Fr Grandier for knocking up his daughter Angelica. After Barre was through "exorcising" them with whippings and holy water enemas, the nuns were convinced that Grandier was coming to them nightly in their dreams and fucking them to a fare-thee-well with a penis as black and icy as Satan's.

The nuns may have been stoned on ergot to begin with. Other people dwelling in the area, men and women alike, were visited with peculiar fits at the same time, and even the local animals were "bewitched." This certainly indicates some kind of mass poisoning, and the recurring seizures and weird animal visions of the nuns persuasively suggest ergotism. However, by the time Fr Grandier's trial came up, months later, all of them were not only still regularly convulsing—at Fr Barre's command—but their hallucinations had acquired an obsessively obscene and erotic quality, which is not at all typical of ergotism. One might hypothesize that Fr Barre took advantage of the extreme suggestibility of the tripped-out girls to control their minds, à la Charles Manson, and fill them with the sort of infantile Krafft Ebing patho-pornography that informs most ecclesiastically inspired witch-trial transcripts—but this would be going pretty far afield.

Fr Grandier was burned, after some particularly revolting tortures, in the due course of law, for witchcraft. In similar cases all over Europe at this time, thousands of people every year were going to the stake. It was the era of continual holocaust perpetrated by communities everywhere. Certain quasi-mystical interpretations of history suggest that around A.D. 1500-1700, in Europe at least, what with the Reformation and all, people were thrust *en masse* into a new perception of existential self-awareness, precipitating a whole new conviction of personal and social guilt that demanded widespread bloodshed.

As Norman Cohn puts it in *Europe's Inner Demons*, the whole continent at this time was possessed of "the urge to



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punify the world through an annihilation of some category of human beings imagined as agents of corruption and incarnations of evil. The human beings who conveyed this evil were cunningly normal in appearance and conventional in behavior and they abounded everywhere they could be anyone's friend or relation—as the neighbors of the Pont-St-Esprit suicides were so thoroughly convinced—and the best thing for the world was to burn them.

All this contributes to a peculiar state of mind that seems to inform and pervade Western society to this very day. Consider how it must have been to live through an era during which convulsive ergot epidemics were common: one was witness to a horrible insanity that struck at random for no perceptible reason, possessing whole families and townships at a time with utterly bizarre supernatural transports of lunacy that persisted for weeks, months and years.

One could never know for absolutely sure in fact if any other person were sane, or merely pretending to be so between seizures of demonic possession. What's worse, people in this unbalanced state undoubtedly uttered obscene and blasphemous oaths and described visions improbably far beyond the ordinary experience of a God-fearing hard-working peasant, so that one never knew which of these tormented persons might be the innocent victim of bewitchment and which might be the obscene and blasphemous wizard responsible for the wholesale epidemic. The safest thing, it inevitably occurs to the authoritarian imagination, is to burn them all.

Of course, ergotism would only be one of the factors that shaped the broad outlines of collective Western personality—a personality given to the profoundest mistrust and contempt for the experience of its own senses—but it was endemic to Europe for a thousand years, and so it must have had an effect.

In 1676 Dr Denis Dordart read before the French Royal Academy of Sciences a paper in which he fingered rye smut as the agent of St. Anthony's Fire. Twenty years later, right about the time of the Salem witch trials, a Herr Brunner of Germany published the same epochal discovery. The learned physicians of Europe found it all very interesting, but he damned if they knew what to do about it. This is not one of your more inspiring chapters in the upward march of modern science and medicine.

By the next major ergot visitation in 1777 the German government was ready for it. There was a cold spring, a windy summer, and in August the peasants began baking the kummelkorn straight from the thresher. When the madness began to spread, the government impounded the bad grain and dealt out lesser quantities of wheat to the affected areas. *Nervenkrankheit* victims were

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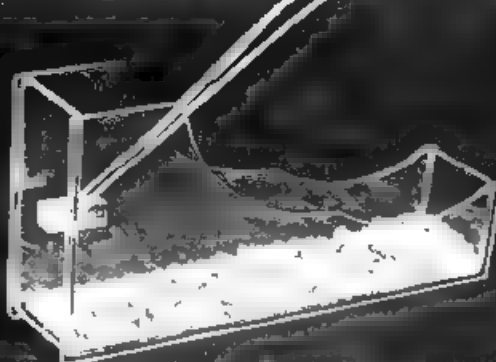


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herded into asylums and hospitals where the fascinated doctors treated them with enemas, emetics and even shocks from a frictional electrical machine. None of this did any perceptible good, though the nutritious institutional diet undoubtedly saved hundreds. With the onset of winter, though, the peasants were discovered to be out of wheat. The bad grain was perforce distributed back to them, and the Fire reappeared.

In the 1790s, the German government sent public criers around to every farming community in the land, they painstakingly described ergot, and its effects, to the peasants. Before harvest season, scientific threshing machines were distributed everywhere. The results were so conspicuous—ergotism virtually disappeared—that the French followed suit, after a respectable interval. The result was the elimination of ergotism as a significant disease, a century before science had developed to the point where it could study the disease's causes and effects systematically. The final blow against ergot was struck by the lowly potato, which supplanted rye as the European poor folks' food before 1850.

So the book was closed on ergotism. To be sure it stayed as rife as ever in Russia, where as late as 1927 the Fire smote over 11,000 peasants in the Ukraine. A couple of years later when a colony of Jewish immigrants in England went up on a consignment of spoiled Yorkshire rye, the disease was regarded as a minor medical curiosity. Indeed the symptoms were comparatively mild in this case, being mostly limited to itching, muscular twitches, vertigo and emotional depression without hallucinations.

Then in 1943, Dr. Hofmann accidentally went up on a dose of ergot extract and the stuff crept back into history. "I was seized," he wrote later, "by a peculiar restlessness associated with a sensation of mild dizziness. I lay down and sank into a kind of drunkenness, which was not unpleasant and which was characterized by extreme activity of imagination. As I lay in a dazed condition with my eyes closed (I experienced daylight as disagreeably bright) there surged upon me an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness and accompanied by an intense kaleidoscope-like play of colors. This condition gradually passed off with in two hours."

A week later, scientific curiosity prompted Hofmann to try LSD-25 intentionally, in the virtually non-existent quantity of .25 mg. A quarter-milligram of acid, though, happens to be 250 times your basic retail eight-hour trip. As far as I remember, Hofmann reported the following were the most outstanding symptoms: vertigo, unusual disturbances, the faces of those around me appeared as grotesque, colored masks.

marked motoric unrest, alternating with paralysis, an intermittent heavy feeling in the head, limbs and the entire body as if they were filled with lead, dry, constricted sensation in the throat, feeling of choking, clear recognition of my condition, in which state I sometimes observed, in the manner of an independent neutral observer that I shouted half in sanity or babbled incoherent words. Occasionally I felt "out of my body."

This is hardly what happened to the nuns of Loudon or "our poor possessed people" in Salem or M. Delaquis of Pont-Si-Esprit though there are obvious similarities. The differences obtain in the absence of any really grotesque physical effects, thanks to the extraction from the acid of all other ergot alkaloids. More appropriately speaking, LSD is itself extracted from a whole constellation of alkaloids that exist in ergot fungus. In isolation, LSD promotes a purely psychic intoxication in humans by inhibiting the production in the brain of an enzyme called serotonin; serotonin has some mysterious "dampening" effect on activity in the central nervous system, and when its elimination by LSD (or by a psychotic metabolism) all the neural circuits overload and the individual goes bananas until the serotonin balance is restored.

In its natural state, lysergic acid diethylamide occurs in ergot fungus alongside a multitude of similar alkaloids, most of which exert their own effects on humans. Long before the unique effect of LSD was discovered, these alkaloids had been themselves isolated and put to several pharmacological uses.

Early in this century it was found that ergotamine, ergokryptine, ergonovine, hydroergotamine, ergotoxine and erginine all directly affected the autonomic nervous system, particularly the vasomotor center; they had a tendency to depress the entire cardiovascular apparatus in humans, and to antagonize the effect of adrenaline. Early researchers, however, were "confounded" by wild "fluctuations" in the activity of these highly unstable substances, with utterly disparate effects recorded from subject to subject, and even dose from succeeding dose.

Eventually it was determined that ergotamine was the most consistent of the compound ergot alkaloids. Used in medicine mainly to promote childbirth and treat migraine headaches, ergotamine stimulates the involuntary muscular fibers such as the myocardium and intestinal muscular coat; in women it tends to provoke menstruation, and encourages uterine contractions in pregnant women. It severely restricts the smaller blood capillaries, particularly in the hands and lower legs, and massive overdoses can promote dry gangrene—*le mal des ardens*.

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necessity of eliminating from it rigorously all those lung-stopping muscle-gripping substances. The method developed by Hofmann himself at Sandoz is the best: the amide of lysergic acid is isolated and then hydrolyzed (split with water) to produce straight lysergic acid. This feat requires a lot of expensive hardware and rare chemicals: it's doubtful if even Stanley Augustus Owsley had access to all this paraphernalia and I wouldn't be surprised if his celebrated Purple might've had traces of St. Anthony's old-fashioned vasoconstrictor lurking in it.

However bathtub chemists reasonably contest the importance of ridding their stuff of all the incidental molecules. What's a little ergoloxine among friends? The trouble is that when one is stoned on acid one is utterly sensitive to every physical aberration "significant" or not.

In any case as it turns out most domestic U.S. brand acid isn't made out of ergot at all. Even in the Hashberry during the Summer of Love it would've been difficult to raise a crop of rye and get the *Gleiwex* to stick to it. At Sandoz I hear they keep bushels of it growing in vats—enough to freak out the whole world!—but they've got the patent. An unauthorized distributor in the U.S. might occasionally consign a quantity of pharmaceutical ergolamine to an underground chemist, but then there's still the headache of getting the acid out of it.

Penicillin and Rhizopus black bread mold yield "related compounds" to ergot alkaloids, but it's hard to foster a healthy culture medium of the stuff. What chemists of my acquaintance recommend is the use of convolvulus flower seeds, specifically Hawaiian baby wood-rose. The seeds are finely ground, and NaHCO_3 is added; this compound is soaked "one day" in ethyl acetate, whereupon it is filtered and the ethyl acetate is extracted with tartaric acid; the resulting extract is basified with NaHCO_3 again and retreated with ethyl acetate and dried; the ethyl acetate is extracted in a vacuum, and what you're left with is lysergic acid plus sundry impurities. The whole process may be repeated until the chemist decides that the acid is pure enough for domestic consumption.

It was never pure enough for me by CXL! After the Sandoz ran out back in '67 (and evidently it was Sandoz, after all), I just never had any patience with bathtub acid. Since it's unlikely that anything of sufficient psychic gravity occurred in the interval between the last of the Sandoz and the first of the Brown Dots—a couple weeks at most—to render me less of a dope fiend I have to conclude that there was a qualitative difference in the acid. The question is largely immaterial, nowadays anyway, since Sandoz hasn't let go of any of its acid since before Tim Leary discovered Kohoutek. And me, I run strictly on Scotch these days, thank you. ☐

Bay Area Bombers

(continued from page 89)

people in proportion to their revolutionary consciousness.") In any case codes and secret drops for two-way communication were set up as a result of the meeting. "The security of drops is the only security practiced by the information relay," Rogiers has written. In an interview last January, he told me: "Coded telephone instructions to pick up communiqués are our only contact now with the NWLF. Even if the police discovered who received the pickup messages and broke the code, they'd still have nothing useful, except perhaps advance receipt of a communiqué by racing us to it at some phone booth. There's no way we could lead anyone to the NWLF. They're a whole lot slicker than that. Their communiqués are 100 percent secure. We just retype them to set them up for printing and to give the police a hard time."

By the winter of 1976 the NWLF was angry with the Berkeley Barb for its refusal to continue printing NWLF communiqués in full and for its dismissal of staffer Gabrielle Schang after she turned over to the press a NWLF communiqué sent to the Barb denying responsibility for the murder of Popeye Jackson. Rejecting the Bay Area Research Collective and the New Dawn Collective as outlets for its communiqués, the NWLF chose People's Court Comrades, which soon evolved into PIR-1. Rogiers was chosen as the "courier" for the NWLF, his job was to authenticate communiqués and distribute them to the media. This role made Rogiers an inviting target for the FBI which had been unable to crack the NWLF.

Early in January 1976, Rogiers received a subpoena ordering him to testify before a federal grand jury investigating the NWLF, the Zapata Unit and other groups in the amorphous Bay Area underground. Rogiers immediately became silent, communicating only by gesture or written communiqués for the next several months. His silence was modeled after Meher Baba's religious principles, but it also reflected his analysis of correct tactics to fight the grand jury. Frank Costello would have been proud. On January 21, the day of his scheduled grand jury appearance, Rogiers and a dozen PIR-1 supporters crowded into the grand jury room, creating instant chaos. A security guard ordered Rogiers to leave, not realizing that he was a witness. Rogiers complied after tossing a statement of noncooperation on the grand jury table.

On Friday, February 13, Rogiers was working on TUC at Poor People's Press when there was a loud banging on the door. "We're from the FBI, open up!" a voice shouted. "We have a warrant for Jacques Rogiers, but we don't have it with us. We don't need a warrant we have probable cause." The agents proceeded to break down the door, rush in and arrest Rogiers. Held over the weekend in the city

jail and denied insulin for his diabetes, Rogiers claims he almost died.

Rogiers successfully wore down the grand jury over the next several months without giving away NWLF secrets or going to jail. The NWLF put pressure on the grand jury by making phone threats to the foreman and breaking several windows of his home with steel ball-bearings fired from a slingshot.

Rogiers' estranged wife, Ande Lougher, 25, became the next NWLF courier early in the summer. On July 10, while she was singing at a benefit concert for Gary Tyler, an 18-year-old black man who is on death row in the Louisiana state prison, she was served with a subpoena by two FBI agents. (The benefit was at Sacred Grounds coffeehouse in the Haight-Ashbury, and the male-female FBI duo looked out of place even though both were dressed in Army fatigue jackets.) Lougher appeared before the grand jury and handed the grand jurors a leaflet that said: "The New World Liberation Front is an organization with a large and independent underground of armed guerrillas who will not passively tolerate an attack on their organization with one of their members subjected to forced interrogation under threat of imprisonment." The FBI arrested Lougher 24 hours later on charges of attempting to intimidate the grand jury.

The actions of Jacques Rogiers, Ande Lougher and the other members of PIR-1 and the NWLF are guided by what Rogiers refers to as "principled theory." On the back cover of the first issue of TUC was the logo "Armed with Principled Theory," and that might well be the motto of the NWLF. The structure of the NWLF can be understood in terms of Rogiers' theory of security. He believes there are three categories of identity, with corresponding degrees of security: one can be totally aboveground, totally underground (a 100 percent secure identity) or part aboveground and part underground.

One development in NWLF ideology threatened to bring about a split within PIR-1 in the spring of 1976. The NWLF Central Command issued a statement critical of the feminist movement. Part of the statement declared: "We feel homosexuality is also a reactionary state that appears mostly in the privileged class." One member of the TUC staff resigned because of his disagreement with the statement, and the NWLF's position was also criticized by other revolutionaries, including SLA member Emily Harris.

Now ensconced in prison on kidnapping and robbery convictions stemming from the affaire Patty Hearst, Emily Harris will have every opportunity to practice her convictions. Meanwhile, free of privileged elitist and reactionary homosexualist cadres, the NWLF continues to prod its revolutionary nose into the soft white underbelly of imperialism. By its own criteria the NWLF is a success: cohesive, secure, violent. Now it has to win. ☐

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Stalking Bigfoot

(continued from page 93)

why even a feisty boojum would howl when he lost this nail. Perhaps the MJB's are in cahoots with the Reds who sent some of their boys over to extract information from the Bigfoots through an ancient Chinese method of *aw forget it*.

Stan Ingram leaves and I tell Stanley Moore I'm going to head back to Peaceful Hollow to spend the rest of the day in the woods. I ask him to join me. We pull into Peaceful Hollow as Huston is pulling out, and he stops his car and is very excited and yells, "Kenneth Sons, Melvin's brother-in-law, saw the thing this morning just after you left. And he saw the thing close enough to touch."

We bomb ahead and see a ruggedly built sandy-blond six-footer talking with Melvin. I meet Kenneth Sons. Kenneth and Melvin are both very somber, so neither of us wishing to be the life of the funeral. Stanley and I get somber too.

We somberly march down to the forest where Kenneth says he will tell us something incredible. As we walk, Kenneth says over and over how there aren't many people he'd tell this to, but he considers Stanley Moore his friend. I am beginning to realize just how terrified Kenneth Sons, ex-Marine, actually is.

In a clearing just inside the woods, Kenneth speaks in a shaky voice, "It was 11:30 this morning when I was down in the back woods. I was on my knees digging ginseng. Suddenly I felt something like someone was behind me, looking at me, even though I didn't hear a thing. I looked around and slowly stood up. And there the thing was. Seven-plus foot tall—well over a foot taller than me, and I'm six foot. It had black hair all over four to six inches long anyway. It looked like it was half-human and half-ape. It had a flat face—almost like a human's, but more like a gorilla's—and a flat nose. Ears—the ears were kind of higher than on a person, and they were round. Hand—its hands were just like a human's. I couldn't see its feet because they were in the brush. Its eyes, they were just one solid color—red. The thing just stared at me through hair hanging over its eyes like it was trying to hypnotize me. I couldn't tell if it was male or female because its hair was so long around those."

"It was just standing there. And it had a rabbit in its mouth. Then it dropped the rabbit and made smacking sounds with its lips. And then it eased its hands down. It stuck its right hand out and made some different sounds like it was trying to show or tell me something."

"Now I'm not afraid to admit it—I was scared. I ran and tripped and fell and just prayed to God that thing wouldn't harm me. I looked over my shoulder and saw the thing lope off. And I swear to you that's exactly the way it happened."

It is about to rain and I am in Stanley Moore's shop talking with Stanley and Cecil, who works in the shop. Stanley and Cecil agree that most locals don't believe in the creature, although many have surprisingly open minds. "Yeah," says Cecil offhandedly, "and there are people like my wife's folks who never would have believed in Bigfoot if they hadn't come across those giant footprints the other day."

Cecil tells us that his wife's folks were at the Davisville cemetery where they saw footprints in the fresh dirt. They said the prints were far larger than those that could be made by any person.

Thick woods border the cemetery on three sides. We soon find several huge foot-shaped impressions that are too indistinct to identify as footprints. And then we find two impressions that are clearly footprints—one left foot, one right. They are shaped like human prints, and each measures 14 inches. One print has five well-defined toe impressions. I know enough about footprints to tell these were not made by any animal, other than human, that we know about, including those of bear when their fore and hind tracks are superimposed. I can duplicate the depth of the impressions in the now damp soil only by jumping from a height of two feet. I would make a plaster cast but the rain comes down and I don't even care.

It is 10:30 at night and very dark. Kenneth and I are standing in a field by the side of the forest and listening for odd sounds. We hear an odd sound something is stepping on branches and stirring up a ruckus 20 feet into the woods. It could be a person, but when we call, no one answers. More and louder noises like bushes and branches being crushed underfoot. This is getting very eerie. We cannot see into the dark woods, so we step back a few feet and hunker down and hope that whatever is in there will come out and has already eaten. Adrenaline jets through my body. Something is out there. And it's big.

The noise continues, although there are long periods when we don't hear anything. At one point, Kenneth stands, so I stand. He says he feels as though the creature wants him to go into the woods, as though he is being drawn in. I say if he goes in, I'll go in with him. Then we decide that it's so dark the beast could peck us on the cheek and we wouldn't even see it, so who wants to go into the woods anyway? Especially if that's the beast's idea of a good time. We sit down and chuck bananas into the forest instead. A half hour later, we hear whatever it is that's making the commotion galumph off into the deep woods.

It is the following morning and I am looking through the area where we heard the noises the night before. I find the bananas we tossed and they're untouched. I locate other bananas I've peppered through the woods and they're all untouched too. Later in the afternoon I meet

Kenneth at Melvin's where he is spending a few nights, and we hike together.

As Kenneth gets to know me better, he feels he can open up more. He tells me something today that he was afraid to tell me before because it is so unbelievable that I might think his entire sighting is hokum. When he first turned to see the Bigfoot, the largest bobcat he had ever seen was sitting on his haunches next to the Bigfoot. It was the size of a German shepherd. And it just sat there. The cat didn't go for the rabbit when the Bigfoot dropped it. When Kenneth looked back and saw the Bigfoot lumber off he saw the cat trail a few feet behind. It was Kenneth's impression that the bobcat was the Bigfoot's pet.

A few days later, Kenneth seems on the verge of telling me something throughout the afternoon and evening. That night, as I am about to lock myself in my car and settle in, Kenneth says goodnight and pauses awkwardly for a moment. I ask if there's anything he wants to tell me.

"If there's anything I can think of," Kenneth says as he strides into Melvin's house, "I'll come back and let you know."

In five minutes he is out and says, "You're going to have a visitor tonight. All day I've had this strong and clear feeling that thing is going to come up to your car and try to rip it open. I can feel it the way I've felt other things that have happened."

Question of precognition aside, my heart begins pounding fast and hard inside my chest and head. There is only one way to find out if Kenneth's prediction will come true. Instead, I make the long drive to Stanley Moore's home to take him up on his open invitation to spend the night. I'm all keyed up and I drive like I'm at the wheel of a getaway car—my foot heavy on the accelerator. I'm constantly checking the rearview mirror for pursuing Bigfoots.

Stanley Moore tells me several dozen people in the neighboring county saw a squadron of ten UFOs. He says the Civil Defense was alerted. The local TV evening news dedicates the last-three-minutes-human-interest-story to these sightings. The newscaster interviews a deputy sheriff who got a good look at the saucers. Later I shall find out there is more to the story: the deputy saw two Bigfoots while the spacecrafts hovered above.

"Gort—Klaatu Baraba Nikto! Klaatu Baraba Nikto!"

Allan Thomson and Jim Mattick were among those with Stanley Moore when he nearly got clobbered with that rock. Allan and Jim had seen the creature before.

We were sitting by the creek keeping real quiet," Jim says. "Then, around 10:00 at night, we saw something—about 50 yards away. We got a pretty good look at it since there was a full moon. It looked like some kind of horrible ape but it walked like a man. Hairy and between seven and eight feet tall and weighed 500 or 600 pounds. We kept still and watched for 10 minutes

while it just hung around. Then one of us made a sound and it saw us and left."

Jim, who is one of the best grizzly bear hunters in the country and Allan got the blood and flesh and hair and also a chewed branch, found by Huston and Melvin, that might contain saliva. Why Jim and Allan got this stuff is because they have a friend who is a scientist and works in a lab at a medical school. Allan and Jim took the specimens to their friend and returned a week later to see if he got any results.

Allan says, "We were met by a team of scientists, which included our friend, and they said they were sorry because they misplaced our samples before they had a chance to examine them. Jim, here, got so mad he almost decked one of the scientists. Then later, when no one was around, our friend came over and said, 'I can't tell you any more than what I'm about to tell you, and I shouldn't even be telling you this. You've got something there. You're on to something hot.'"

"It's sure a good thing we didn't give them all our samples," Allan says as he stands and goes into another room.

Now Jim leans forward and says, "A lot of people are mighty interested in that animal out there. A bit too interested, if you ask me. People know me through my reputation as a bear hunter, and I've been getting anonymous phone calls all hours of the day and night offering me \$500,000 for the animal, dead or alive. And one of the biggest Las Vegas casinos called to say they'd pay me \$1 million if I could deliver the animal alive."

Allan enters the room carrying a large cardboard box. Inside are large hunks of coagulated blood, rocks with scraps of flesh clinging to them and a lot of strands of long thin hair—some black, some white, some curly, some straight. Allan holds up a thick branch that's been gnawed on. Allan and Jim give me the Bigfoot *materia* to have analyzed back in New

I talk with Allan and Jim until two in the morning, and then I head back to Peaceful Hollow. As I pull in I see Melvin and Kenneth standing behind Melvin's house and watching the woods. It's the first night of the full moon, so it's pretty light out. Melvin is toting his rifle. I walk over and ask what's going on.

The house is under attack by Bigfoot," Melvin says. "That thing has been shrieking and hollering all day and it quieted down early tonight. A friend of my wife's came over and we were telling her about the thing and she wanted to hear it, too. So we brought my son outside because we figured that might stir it up. Well, let me tell you. That thing began wailing loud enough to wake the dead. It came charging through those woods as fast as lightning. Kenneth yelled, 'Get the kid inside quick' and we did and I grabbed my rifle. We've been holding that thing at bay ever since."

I hear hefty branches crack 25 feet into the woods. Something is out there. I step to

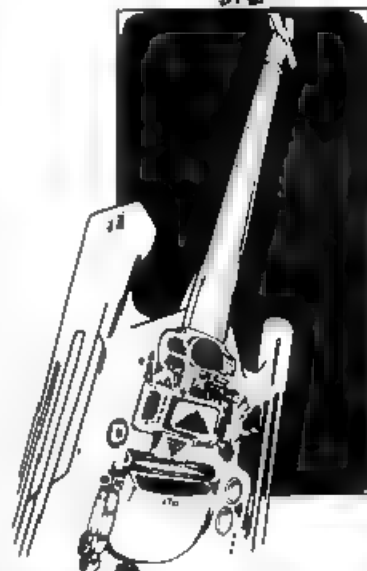
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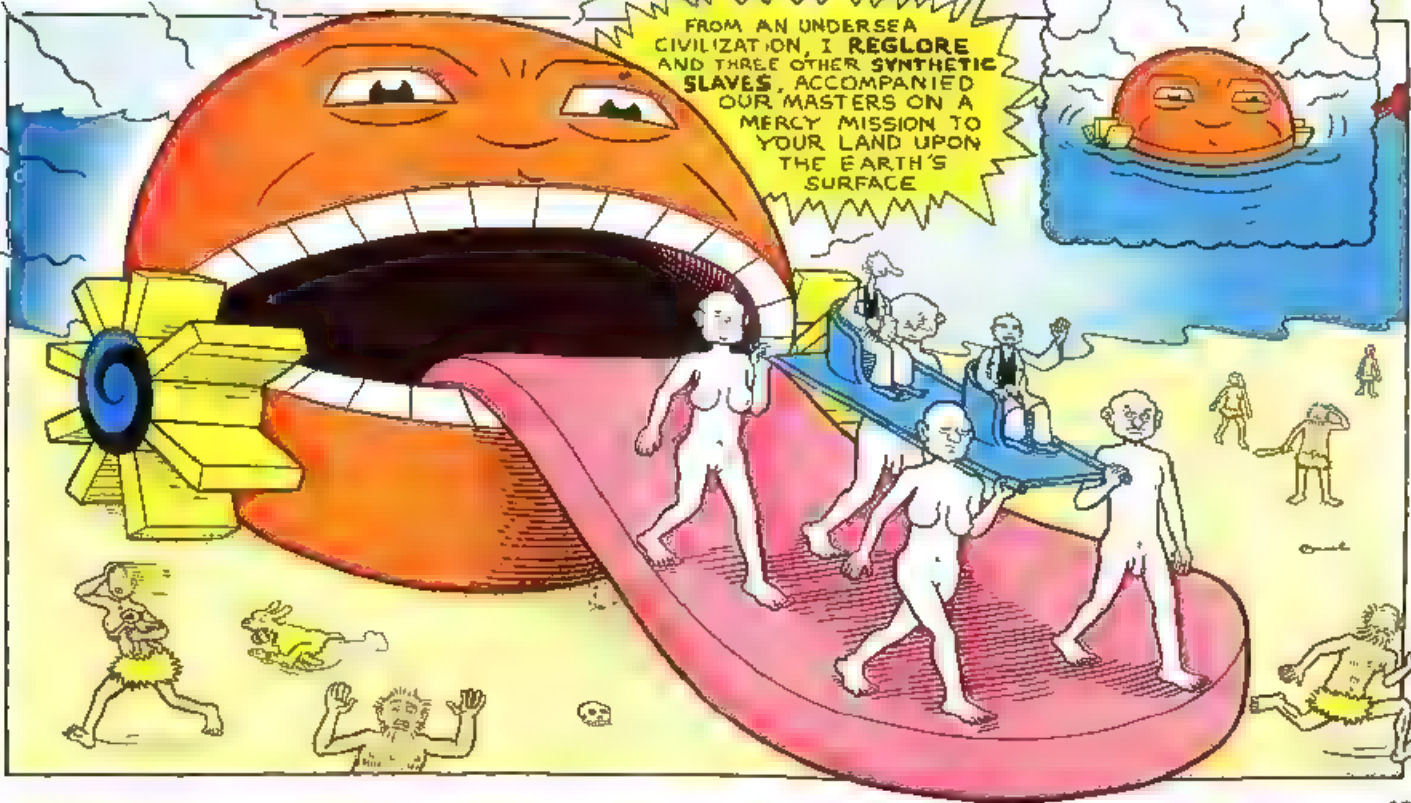
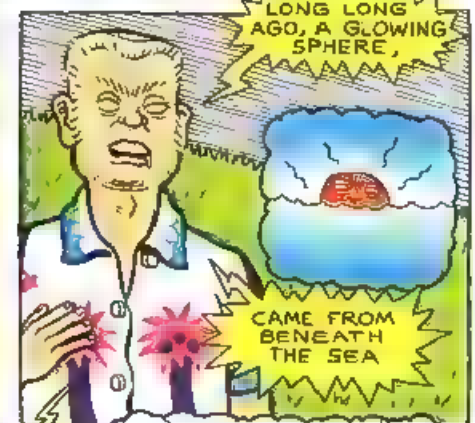
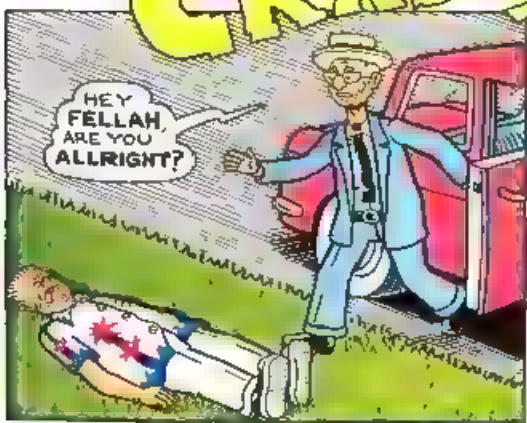
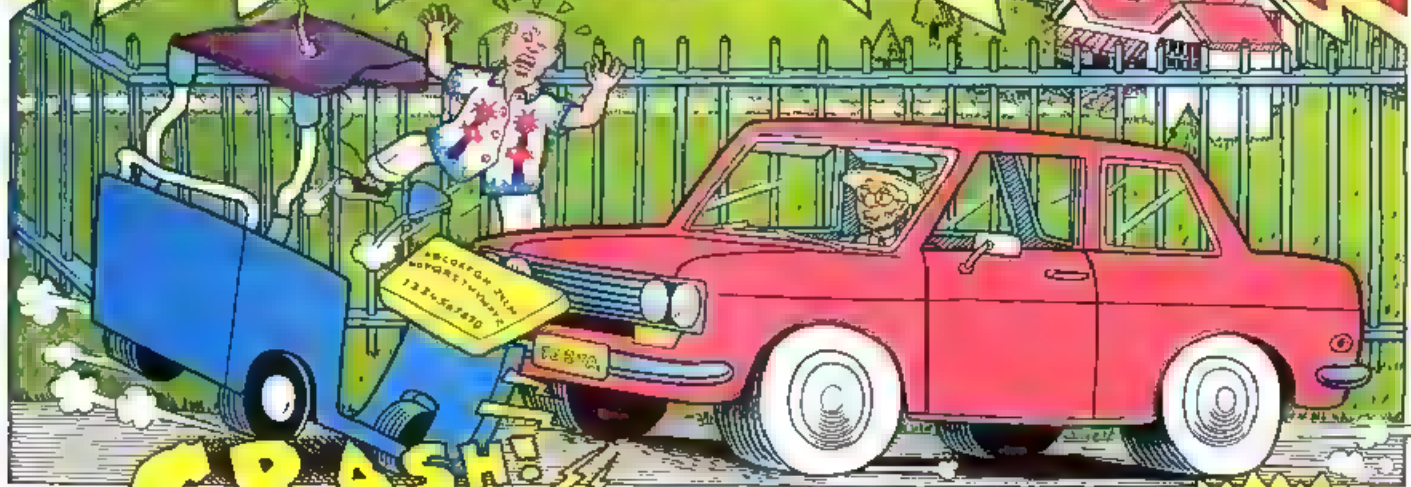
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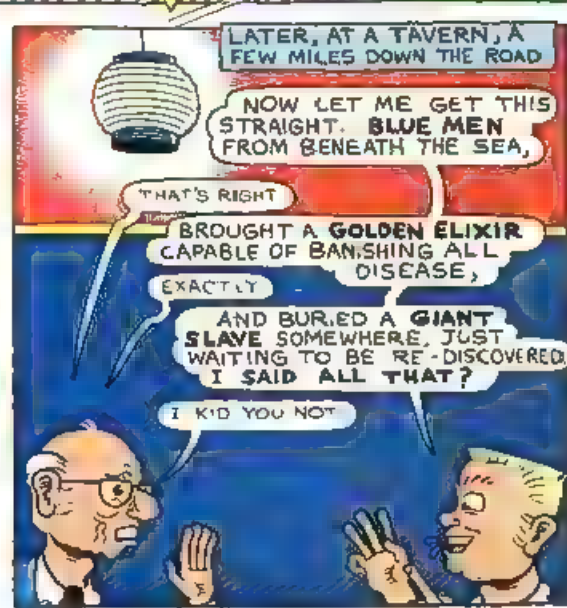
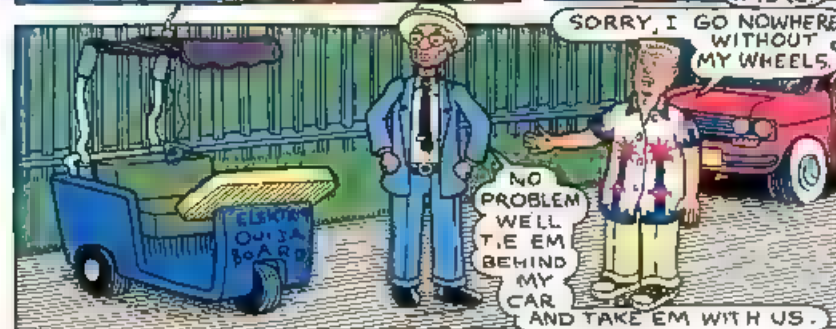
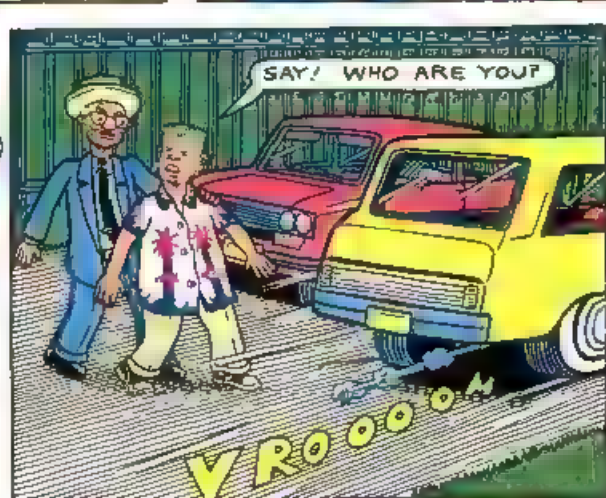
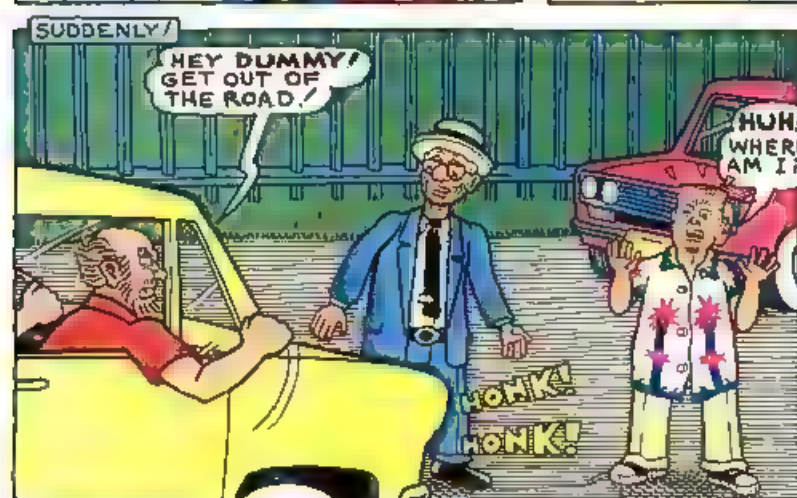
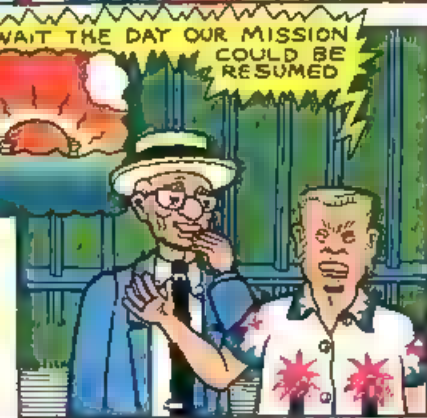
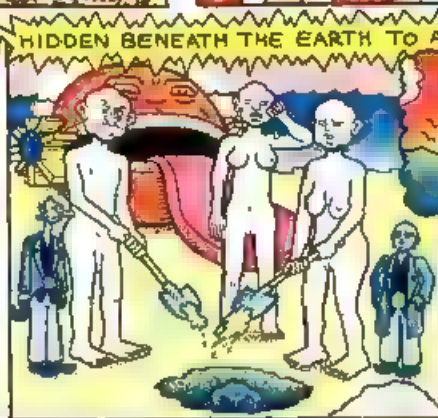
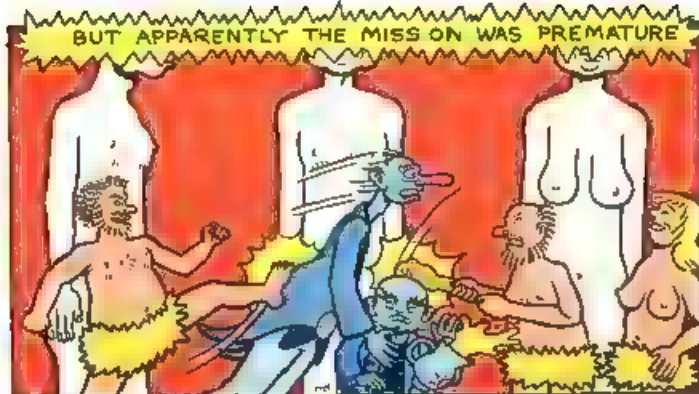
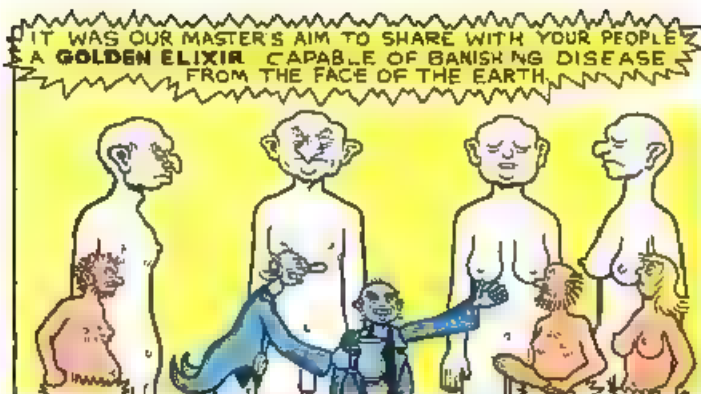
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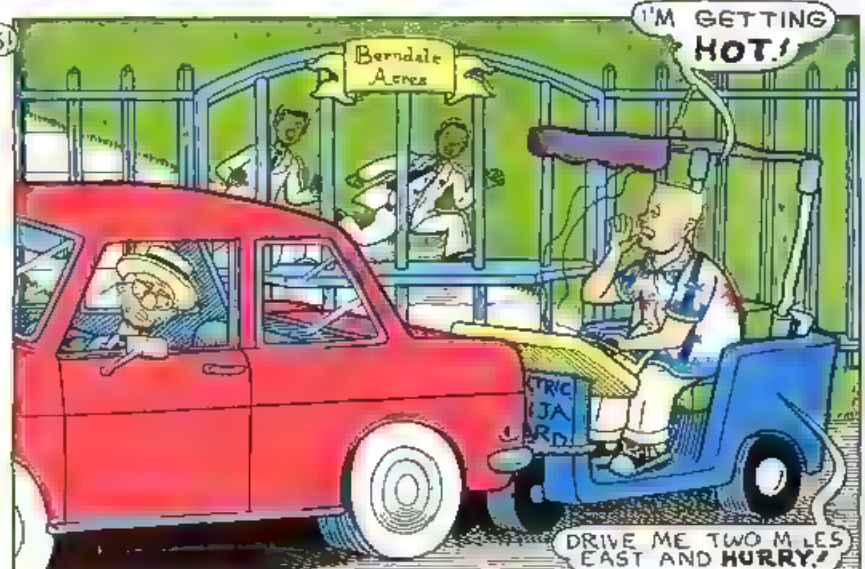
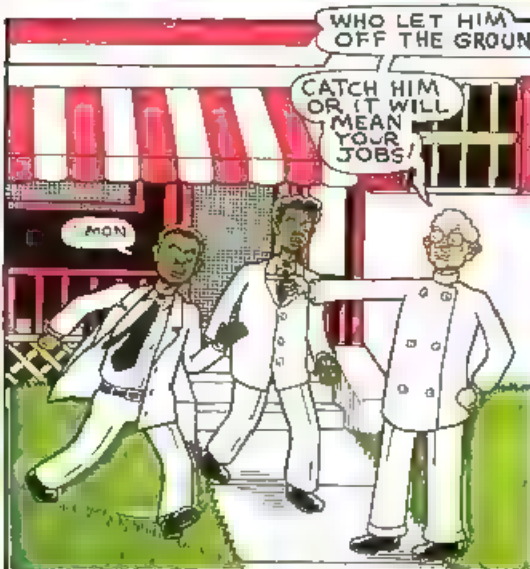
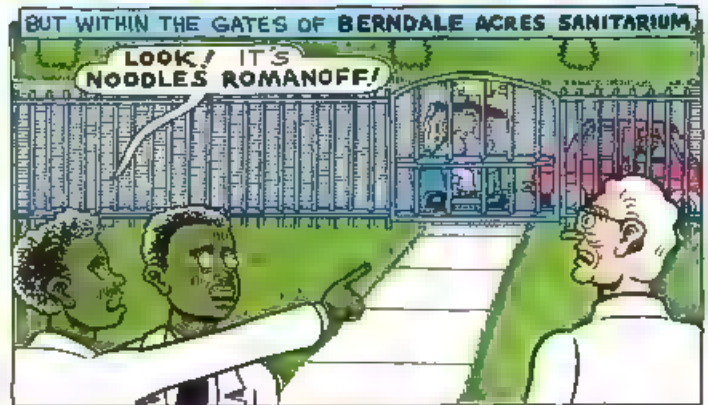
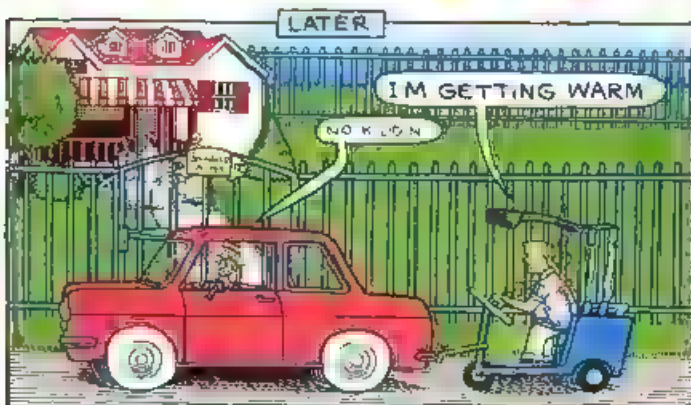
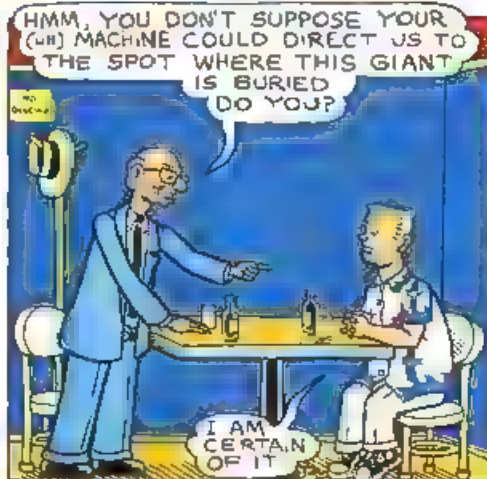
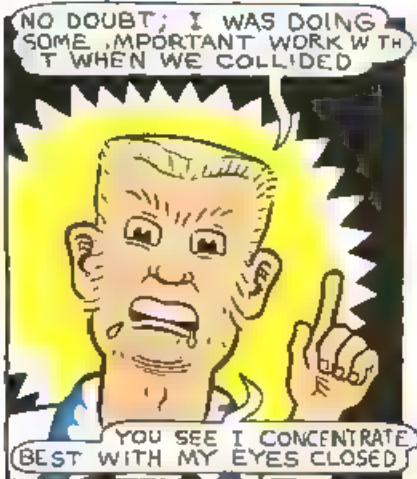
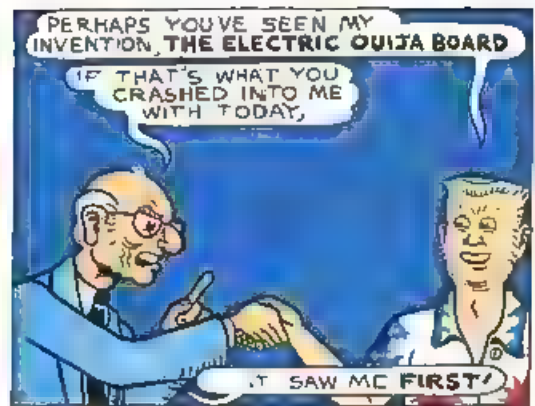
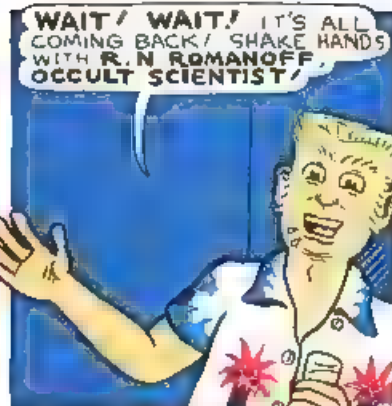
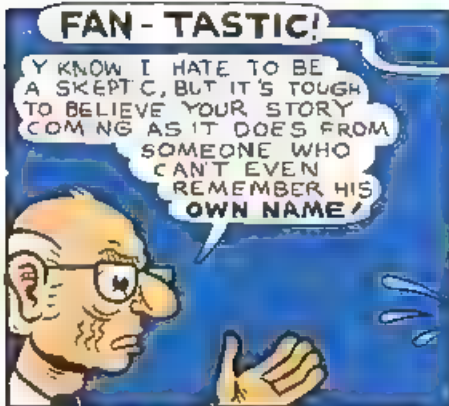
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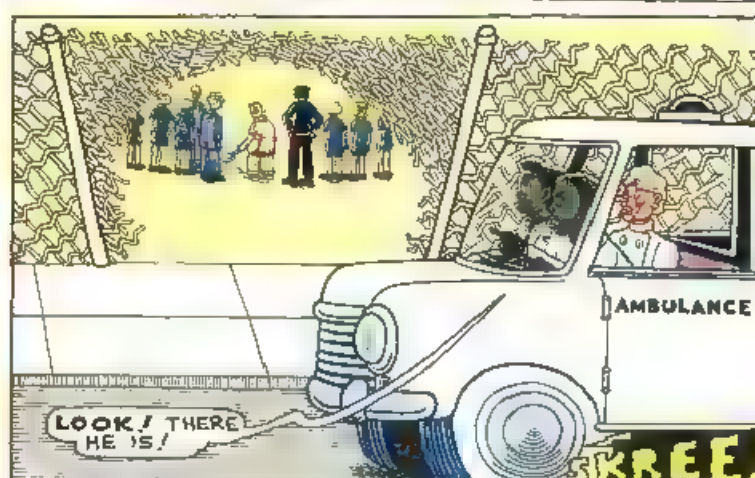
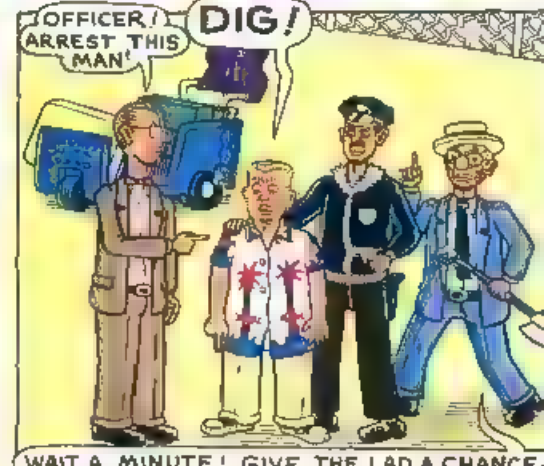
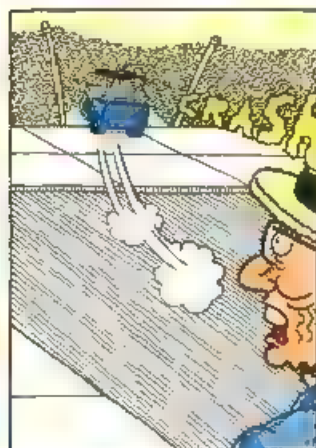
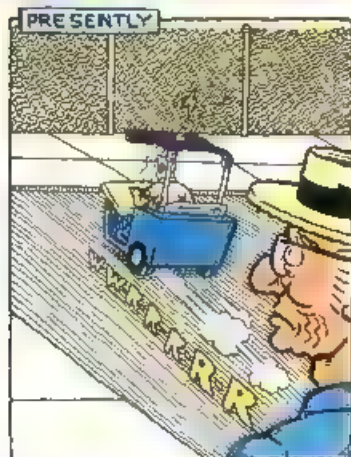
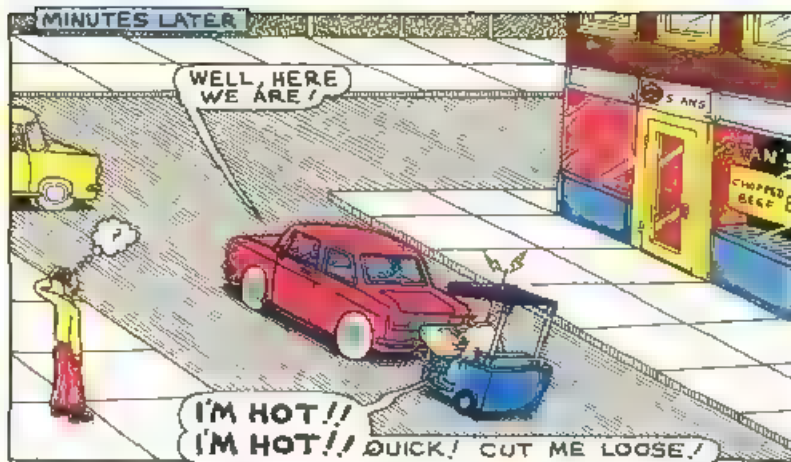
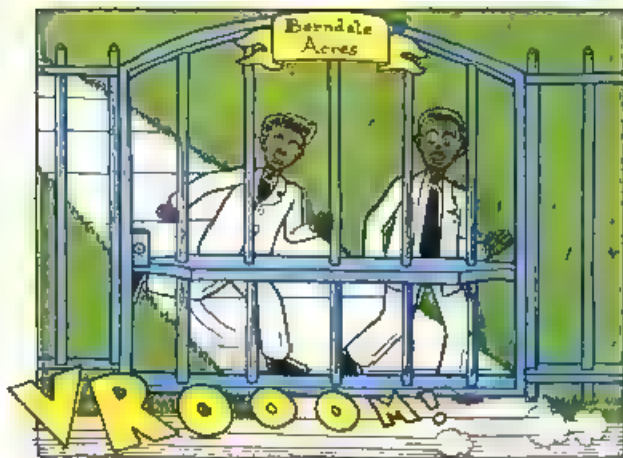
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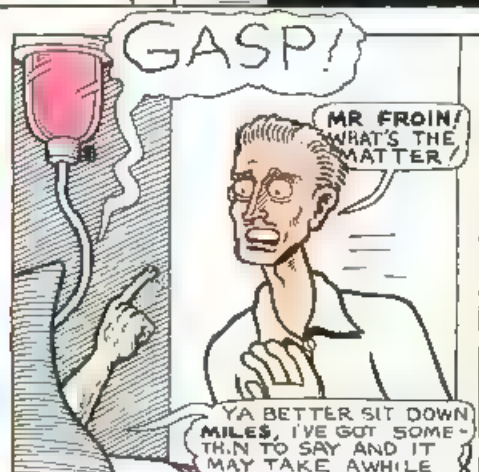
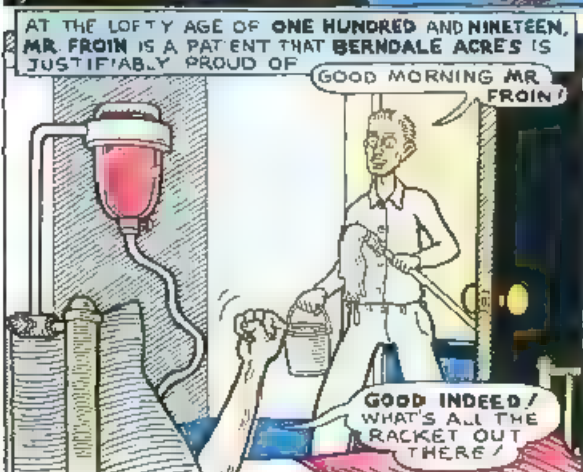
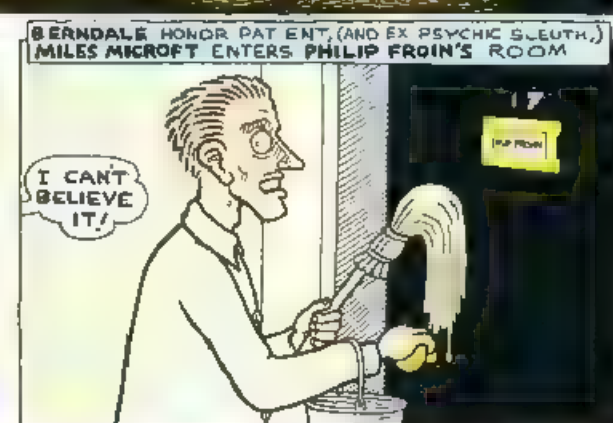
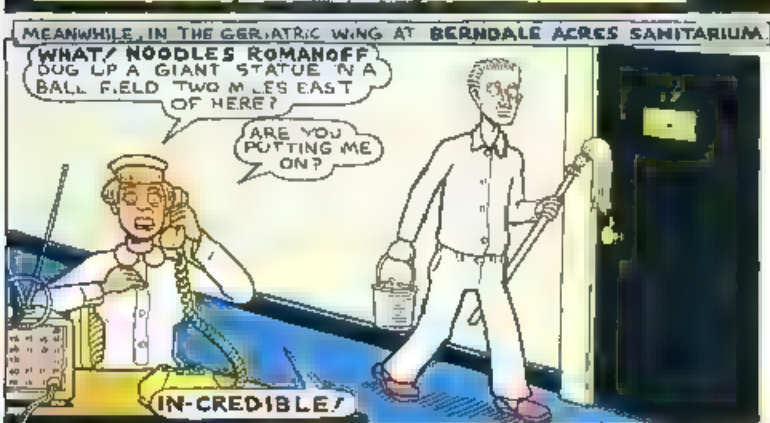
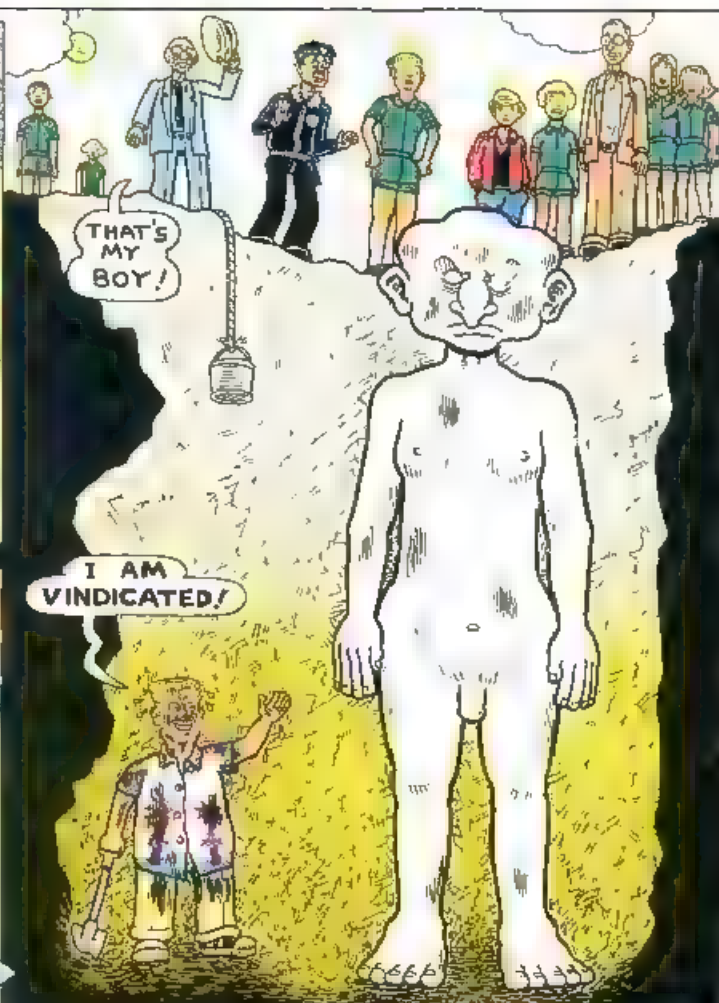
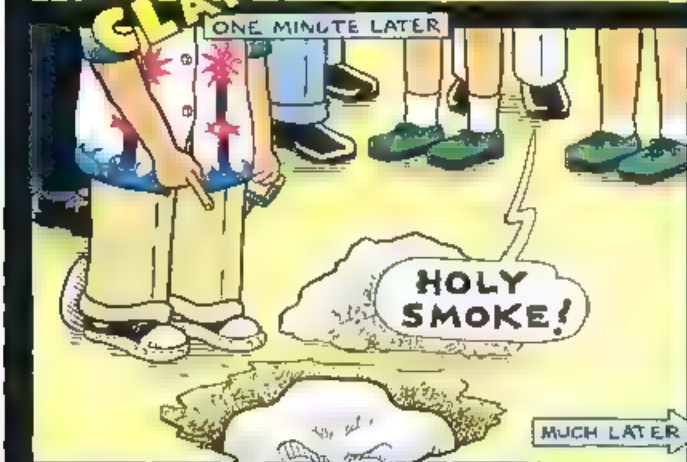
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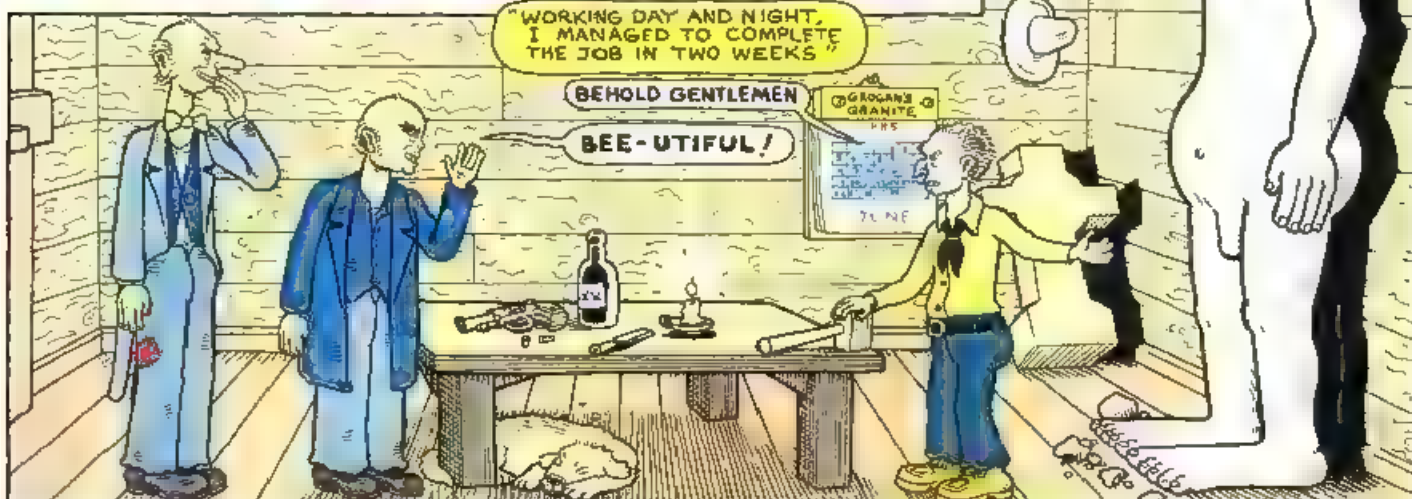
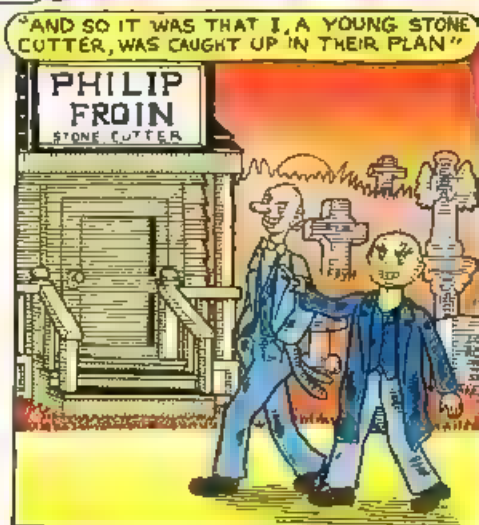
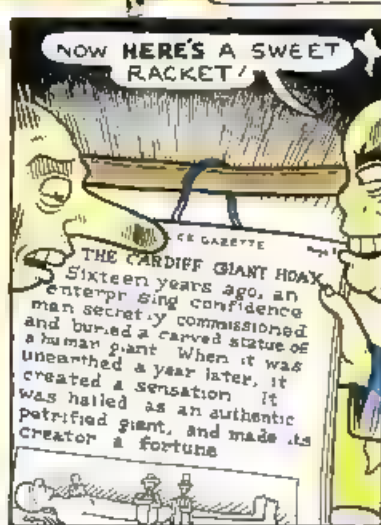
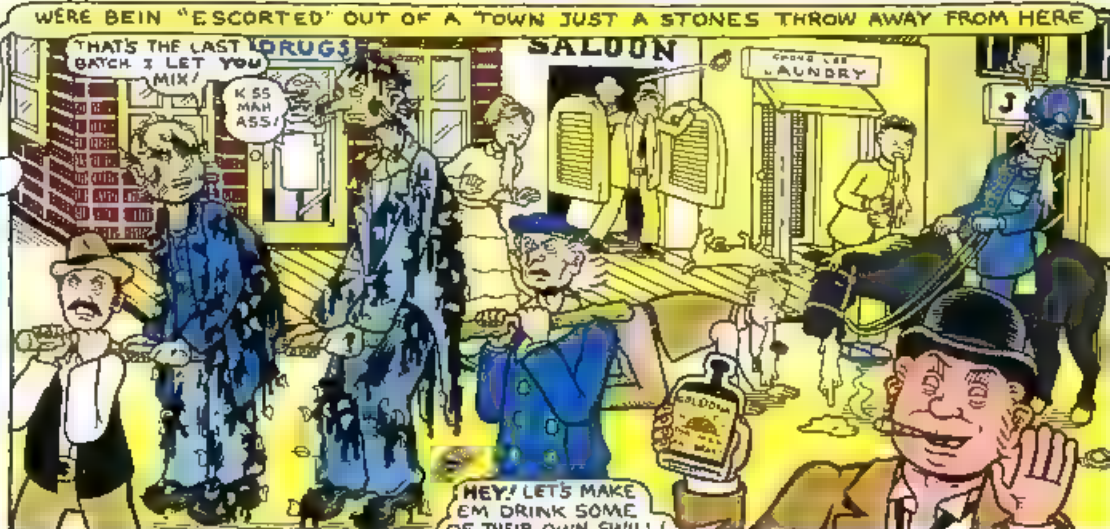


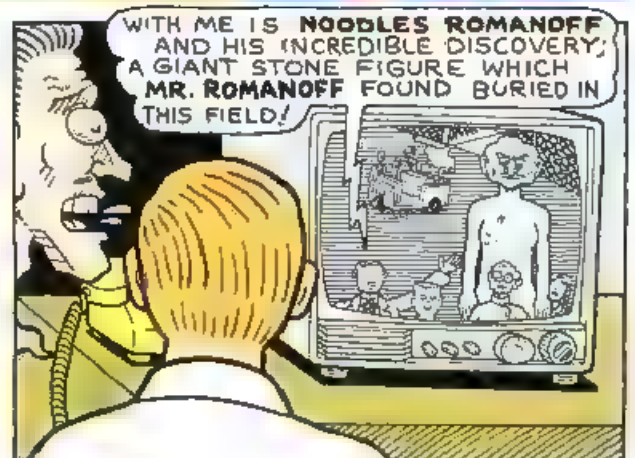
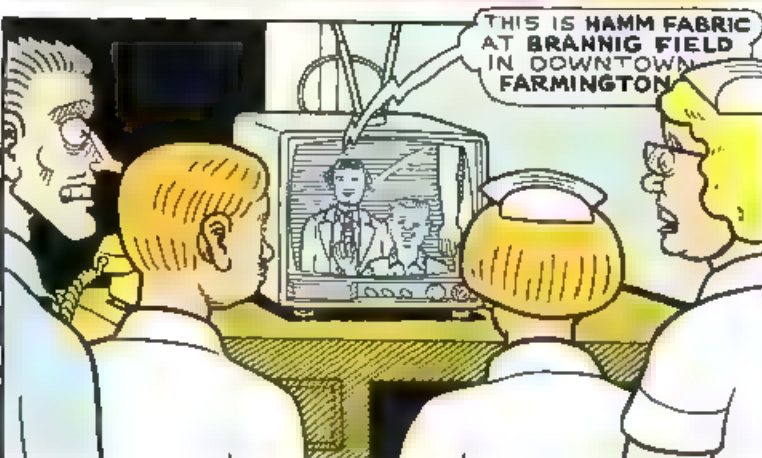
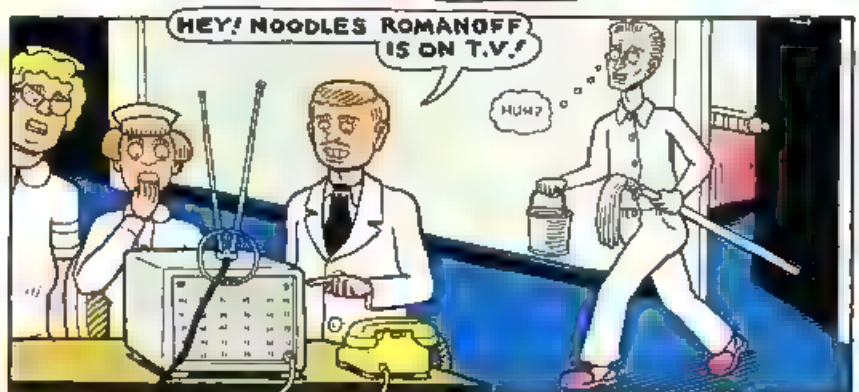
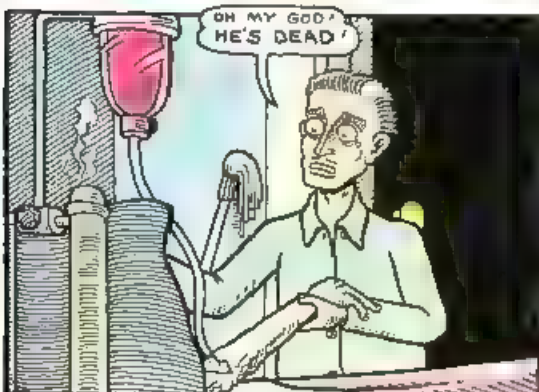
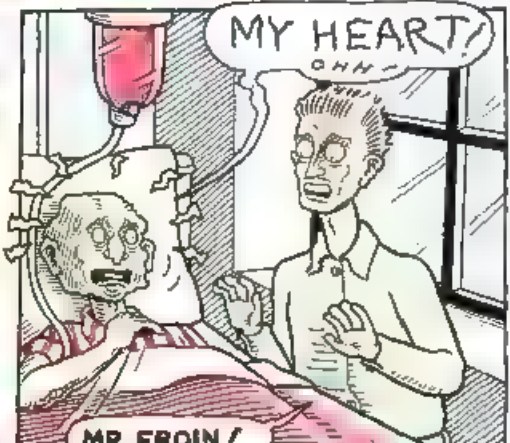
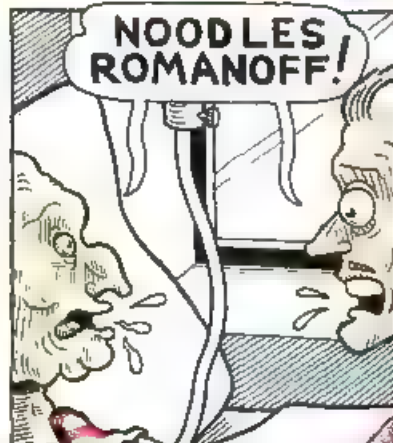
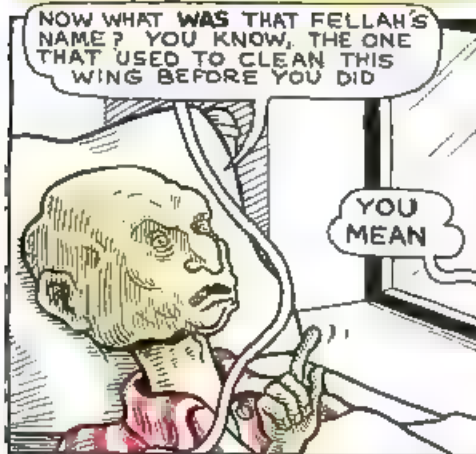


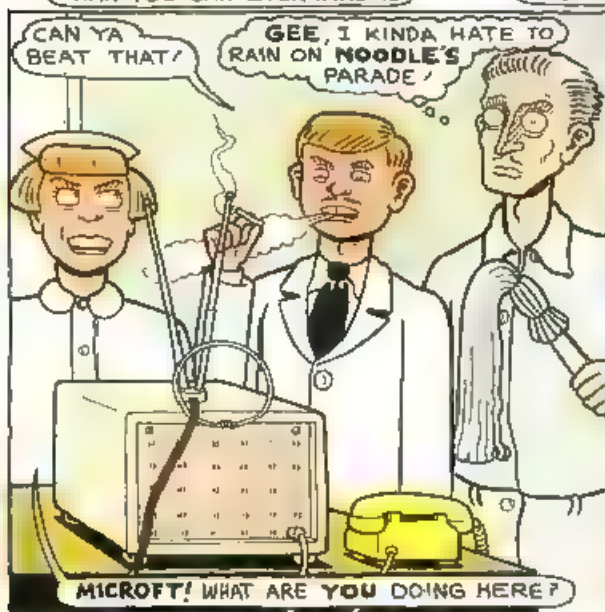
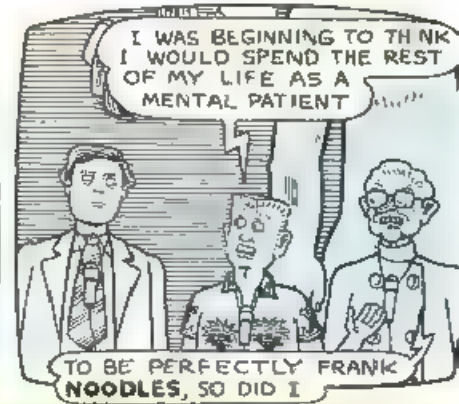
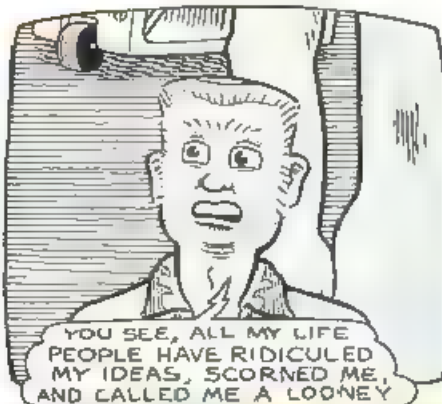
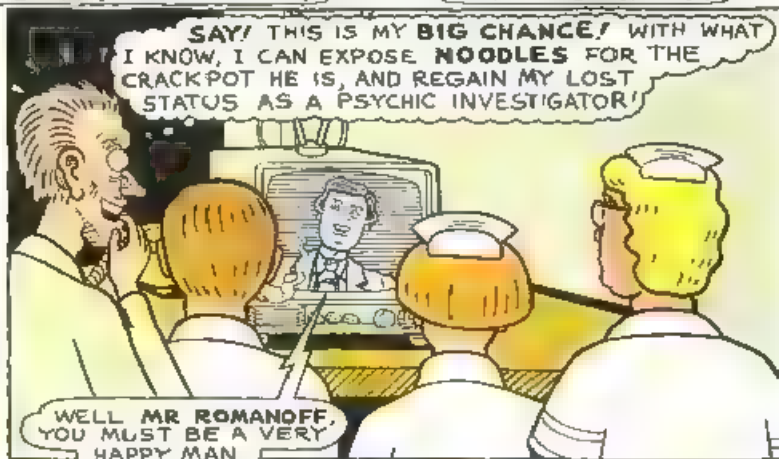
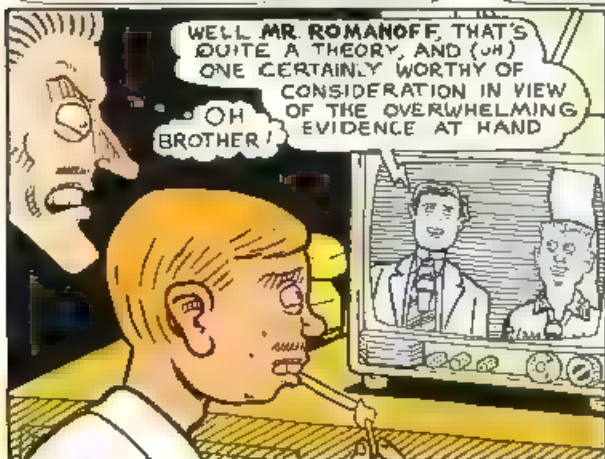
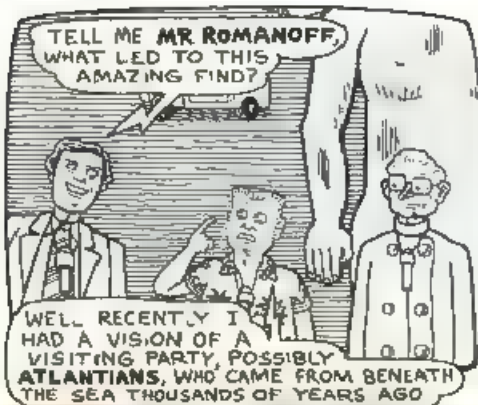












Journal of American Medical Association cites Six Psychoactive Herbs Used in the Three Woodley Herber Smokes!

Six legal psychoactive herbs used in formulating the 3 Woodley Herber smoking mixtures were cited in an article in a recent issue of the **Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA)** as having hallucinogenic, narcotic or stimulant properties.

The article **HERBAL INTOXICATION**, was authored by Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D. of the UCLA School of Medicine in the departments of pharmacology and psychiatry, and cited Yohimbe, Damiana, Kava Kava, Nepeta Cataria (Cat's Wort Field Balm), Lobelia and Wild Lettuce (*Lactuca Sativa*) and Wormwood as having "known psychoactive effects."

HERBS in the NEWS

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This admission by a member of the modern medical establishment, that blends are legal that contain "substantial amounts of psychoactive substances", and that their use "has resulted in a number of intoxications" is seen as a promising sign that present science may yet catch up with the past, especially coming, as it does, on the heels of the acceptance of ginseng, acupuncture and meditation as legitimate subjects for western research.

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Melinda Spooner, Woodley Herber office manager takes a "Bobbo's break" to read about mind-altering natural substances in the **Journal of the American Medical Association**.

In a story on the JAMA article, **TIME** magazine emphasized the legality of the herbs, and further reported that "...not one of the plethora of regulatory agencies in

TIME Magazine Underlines Legality

Washington appears to have responsibility for the teas and smokes that are freely peddled in health food stores and 'head shops'.

The FDA says that the smoking mixtures are "not sold as foods, and are therefore beyond its jurisdiction", according to **TIME**. Unaware of any false advertising, the Federal Trade Commission is contemplating no action, nor is the Drug Enforcement Administration, says **TIME**.

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Stalking Bigfoot

(continued from page 131)

the edge of the woods. Melvin, who has been the staunchest UFO disbeliever of anyone around, says he and Kenneth saw great glowing spheres just above the trees several times tonight. "You don't think there's anything to that UFO business, do you?" Melvin says, believing his most frightening suspicions.

I move closer to the woods. Melvin and Kenneth darkly warn me not to go any further. I want to see whatever is in there and I want to see it bad. Another loud crash I get the shakes. My mouth fills with the taste of coins. But I want to go into those woods and I tell Melvin and Kenneth so. Melvin aims his gun above my head and says he'll keep me covered. I determinedly walk forward, as if pushing against an elastic wall. More branches cracking, exploding. It is pitch black inside these woods. I can't see a thing. I hear something moving a few feet in front of me and I suddenly think this isn't such a hot idea and I tear out of there rabbit-quick.

Melvin and Kenneth and I stand between Melvin's house and the woods for an hour and a half while we hear noises of something colossal close by. Twice, Melvin says he sees some form through the trees, but I see nothing. Then we hear the creature plod away, fading deeper into the dark woods.

Melvin is relieved because his home and family are safe and I am miffed because I have seen nothing. Melvin says he wishes I saw something, and Kenneth says that can be arranged and yowls those creepy noises that he thinks attract the beast. It is a very bizarre growl he makes as he cups his hands in front of his mouth and inhales.

From the woods we hear heavy footsteps barreling toward us. Closer. Closer. I've got the heebie-jeebies bad, but I step forward and stand in front of the path so I can see. And as incredible as this sounds, it's the absolute truth. The thuds approach the wide part of the path 25 feet away, still behind trees; they swerve to the left and change to what sounds like a loud mechanical clicking. Like baseball cards snapping against wheel spokes, only slow—about two clicks per second—and much louder and very mechanical. The clicks come from a height of nine feet. In four seconds, the noise abruptly ends and there is nothing but dead silence. Word of honor.

Melvin and Kenneth and I are trembling. We wait and watch and listen for hours and there is nothing. Then the sun begins to come up and we investigate where we heard the noises. We find a very fresh print where the animal apparently skidded and tried to dig in with its toes. We find a long white hair in the print.

For the hell of it, I try bellowing Kenneth's Bigfoot call. I listen for a couple of seconds and I try again. Then from a few

feet into the woods comes the same grisly call, so loud it sounds like it's amplified over a PA system. It reverberates all around me and I get groggy with awe. It gets louder and louder and then dies out after 20 seconds. I wonder what I said. I run to the other side of the field and get Kenneth and we go into the woods and find nothing.

An hour later I am hiking through the woods, blaring my new Bigfoot call every few minutes. This is not easy to keep up. For one thing, I've been doing it so loud and so often that my throat is getting scratchy. For another thing, I jitter every time I hear it. The creature approaches but stays behind cover 40 yards away, then moves off.

I spend the rest of the morning trekking through Peaceful Hollow, and I get to thinking that whatever is out there remains a very important discovery. We have a lot to learn from these animals. I also get to thinking I don't have any of the proper tools to make that discovery. I've learned a lot about the animal's behavior. I've also learned that its genius lies in its ability to elude people. Since the animal is nocturnal, I need night-vision instruments and camera stations that will be triggered automatically by infrared electric eyes and other equipment. I need to enlist accomplished scientists who will be part of an organized and sophisticated expedition. And I need to know that no harm will come to this creature that has managed just fine without human interference. If I thought this beast would end up in a zoo or circus—or getting picked off by Phantom jets from atop some Vegas casino—I would do everything I could to assure people that Bigfoot is really just a myth, just a legend.

I tell Huston and Melvin and Stanley and Kenneth and Allan and Jim of my plans for a more effective expedition and they agree that it's needed. I say goodbye, that I'll see them soon. Staring into Peaceful Hollow, I telepath the same message into the thick green woods.

Since I left the police have been keeping people away from Peaceful Hollow. This resulted from the decision of those in the search that the less the creatures were disturbed, the better. I have changed the names of the localities for the same reason.

Progress. Eight more people, including a priest, have seen the Peaceful Hollow creature. My plans for a return expedition are coming together. A mammalogist is examining the nail Stan Ingram gave me. He has said it looks like it came from a primate, although he hasn't yet been able to identify which particular primate it belonged to. World-known forensic pathologists are analyzing the other specimens. Preliminary tests on the hair reveal it bears many human characteristics, although not enough to make it human in origin. What kind of animal the specimens came from has still not been determined.

This much is certain: nothing, my friends, not a thing. ■

Devil in Dice Cup

(continued from page 98)

dimensions were all whole number cubic roots. To these early mystic mathematicians, the impossible problems involving the cube form were proof of its transcendental nature.

After the fall of Rome and the disappearance of most traces of the Hellenistic world, the game of backgammon was kept alive in the Arab world, where Europe's Dark Ages didn't interrupt either the advance of mathematics or the playing of backgammon. The mathematician-poet-astronomer, Omar Khayyám (c. 1,000 A.D.) figured out the solution to some cubic equations using algebra, but his discovery remained isolated from European thinkers.

The first European to understand cubic equations was a bizarre character of the Italian Renaissance named Girolamo Cardano, a medical doctor-mathematician-astrologer-professor-gambler and author of many books, including *The Book on Games of Chance*. Although he always liked to refer to himself as a doctor, Cardano's medical practice never went beyond the treatment of influential friends, political patrons and, when necessary, his gambling creditors. Evidently Cardano saw no conflict, ethical or scientific, in reconciling his gambling with his scholarly reputation. His mathematical masterpiece, *Ars Magna*, was printed in Nürnberg, Germany, in 1545. The book contained "Cardano's Solution of the Cubic." *Ars Magna* was published at almost the same time as *De Revolutionibus Orbium* (On the Revolution of the Planets), and its effects on mathematical science were as profound as those of the latter on astronomy. Yet with all his success in scientific and literary pursuits, Cardano found himself in the poorhouse on a number of occasions, due to his fondness for gambling. "Even if gambling were altogether an evil, still on account of the very large number of people who play, it would seem to be a natural evil. For that very reason it ought to be discussed by a medical doctor as an incurable disease."

In the unholy trinity of dice, "tables" (backgammon) and chess, Cardano classifies backgammon as the best example of games involving both skill and chance. His chapter "On Games of Chance Among the Ancients" is devoted largely to backgammon, which he knew to be among the oldest games in the world. He too saw a metaphor in the backgammon board; he quoted the Roman playwright Terence: "The life of man is like when you play with tesserae [backgammon] if the best throw does not turn up, then whatever does turn up by chance, you must use to the best advantage."

In his *Book of My Life*, Cardano's

description of himself epitomizes the kind of person who might easily become addicted to the game of backgammon

Nature has made me capable in all manual work, it has given me the spirit of a philosopher and ability in the sciences, taste and good manner, voluptuousness, gaiety, it has made me pious, faithful, fond of wisdom, meditative, inventive, courageous, fond of learning and teaching, eager to equal the best, to discover new things and make independent progress, of modest character, a student of medicine, interested in curiosities and discoveries, cunning, crafty, sarcastic, an initiate in the mysterious lore, industrious, diligent, ingenious, living only from day to day, impertinent, contemptuous of religion, grudging, envious, sad, treacherous, magician and sorcerer, miserable, hateful, lascivious, solitary, disagreeable, rude, divinator, envious, lascivious, obscene, lying, obsequious, fond of the prattle of old men, changeable, irresolute, indecent, fond of women, quarrelsome, and because of the conflicts between my nature and my soul I am not understood even by those with whom I associate most frequently

The unlikely mix of science and gambling in Cardano has since proved itself to be the norm rather than the exception among the famous men who have contributed to the modern refinement of "probability." Galileo took time off his other researches to get involved with the gamblers who approached him for advice. He wrote a small treatise on the game of dice. Blaise Pascal (1623-62), French mathematician, philosopher, physicist and inventor of the first calculating machine at age nineteen, became seriously involved with a colorful character by the name of the Chevalier de Méré, an intellectual gambler. De Méré translated his gambling questions into neat mathematical problems that fascinated Pascal and became the basic concepts of a new branch of mathematics—probability.

Early in the eighteenth century a mathematician named Abraham De Moivre, who gambled in the coffeehouses of London, published a study of probability entitled *Doctrines of Chance*. He formulated the concept of the normal curve (trends), a basic tool of today's economic and political world. Like Pascal, he maintained that the theory of probabilities contained moral implications. In his preface to *Doctrines of Chance* (1718), he says he hopes the book may "be a help to cure a kind of superstition, which has been of long standing in the world, viz., that there is in play such a thing as Luck, good or bad. I owe there are

a great many judicious people, who without any other assistance than their own reason, are satisfied, that the notion of Luck is merely chimerical."

In 1812, the mathematician Pierre-Simon Laplace published *The Analytical Theory of Probability*, launching probability theory into practical application. His ideas were developed during the 1800s by the Belgian mathematician Quetelet, who first used figures as a source of sociological theory. Florence Nightingale, the "Passionate Statistician," was an admirer of Quetelet, and regarded the study of statistics as a religious duty.

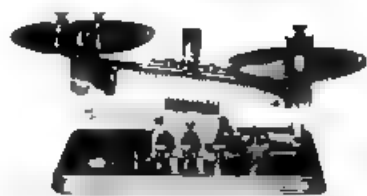
At this same time, Darwin was constructing his theory of evolution based on what he called "natural selection," the interplay between choice and chance in the development of species. A half century later, Einstein was telling us, "We have to abandon the description of atomic events as happenings in space and time, we have to retreat still further from the old mechanical view. Quantum physics formulates laws governing crowds, not individuals. Not properties, but probabilities are described, not laws disclosing the future of systems are formulated, but laws governing the changes in time of probabilities and relating to great congregations of individuals."

In 1928 John von Neuman wrote a mathematical treatise on the strategy of poker that was used by Project Rand to solve problems of military strategy. In his masterwork on probability, *Theory of Games*, he states: "A theory of rational behavior—i.e., of the foundations of economics and of the main mechanisms of social organization—requires a thorough study of 'games of strategy'."

At this very moment, giant computers in the bunkers of the Strategic Air Command may be waging a theoretical Armageddon on backgammon programs. Indeed the mega-states of the universe may now be fighting wars with gammon not guns. But the game will probably continue to be played more for amusement than for statistical modeling or Pythagorean pondering. And in an age ruled by probability computer programs, opinion polls, random samplings and market projection, combining pleasure with meditation on ever-changing odds may be an ideal way to practice for the game of life. Backgammon may be the game of lounge lizards and serious tokers everywhere, but it still has socially redeeming features built in.

Remember, Apollo's prophesy could be taken two ways—mathematical meditation and stoned gas euphoria. Perhaps it's no coincidence that backgammon is so popular with today's hedonistic gamblers. Serious backgammon may be an ancient way to play with Fate and win. And if that doesn't work, you can always flip the board over and play checkers. ■

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HY 14

MOVIES

Patti Smith on Jeanne Moreau



Jeanne Moreau in *Mademoiselle*, directed by Toni Richardson, 1966

Jeanne Moreau is really something. There's this scene where she's like a chaste schoolteacher superficially, but inside she's like a barbed wire fence on fire. There's like this burly Italian Burt Lancaster who walks through the fields with a big gold St. Christopher medal on his chest and his shirt open, and he's reeking of the wine fields, and he's got a chain saw because he's a lumberjack—and there's all this tension because you know they're gonna do it and when they do, they don't let you down.

When they fuck it's so heavy. It's out in the field. He rips off her dress and she's like an instant animal. He makes her crawl through the field barking like a dog and she's got this chiffon dress on, which he rips to shreds.

She's so great. To me, the way she conquers a guy... I'm really studying Jeanne Moreau. If I turn out like Jeanne Moreau when I grow up I couldn't ask for anything more. She's so self-contained. She could start a forest fire. She came to my concert in France. I was so honored I didn't even talk to her.

I'd like Jeanne Moreau to cut me down to size, 'cuz in the process of being cut down to size by her I'd really start to grow. She's great. Anne Magnani was great. Piaf was great. They were so much emotion. Like Janis Joplin, she had so much too—but Jeanne Moreau, she's got brains. It's like she's got an intellect in her movement.

Then she sold this guy down the river. Like they fucked for two days in thunder

and lightning and the sky was just totally opening up, the fields were on fire, the whole world was going berserk—and they were just fucking right through it all. There was racial strife and poverty and people killing each other and everything was in flames, and they were still fucking.

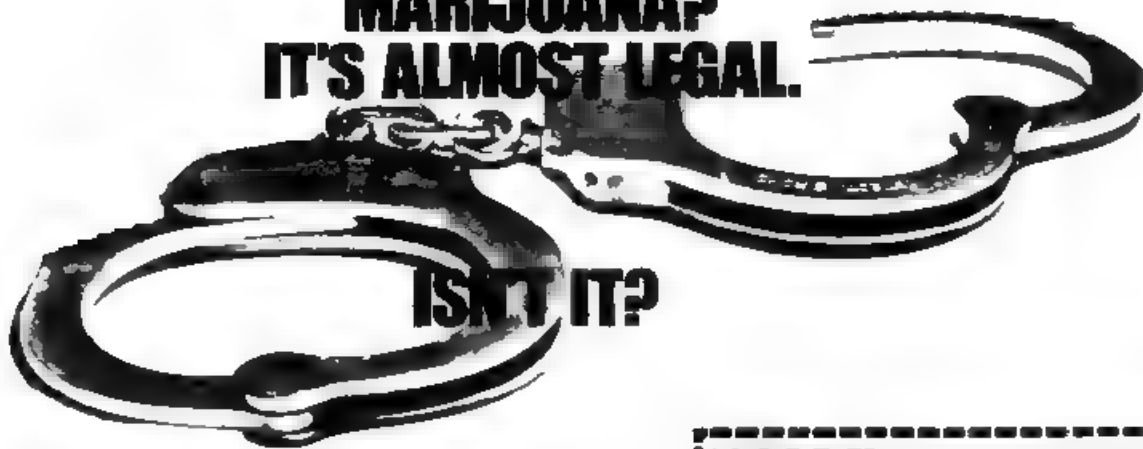
And then he says at the end of it—he's so stupid—he's in love with her so he's trying to be nice, but he fucks up and says, "I'll be leavin' tomorrow." He's an Italian and he's not accepted in this French village. He's so stupid. You don't tell a woman you're leaving her after you fuck her for two days. If you are, you split fast 'cuz else you're gonna die.

So she runs off and walks into town all fucked up, like she's a chaste schoolteacher with a bun and everything. She's like Jeanne Moreau, she's like a lioness and she comes in with her chiffon dress all blood and filth and she's like real satisfied and they see her and the women all get hysterical. She's like the symbol of purity, their Madonna, Marianne Faithful, and they can't believe she's been so defiled. "Was it the Italians? Was it, was it?" She looks at them and she goes "Oui." She says oui so great it's like "yeah"—in fact I coulda sworn she said "yeah."

They killed the guy with sledge hammers, pitchforks and stuff, but that's another story. Thing was, after she sold him up the river, she was just exhausted from being fucked so great in the rain and lightning.



—reacted by Scott Cohen

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BICENTENNIAL NIGGER, by Richard Pryor (Warner Bros. BS7960). Richard



Pryor is America's greatest comedian. This is tantamount to being the greatest comedian in the world since very few other countries have comedians in

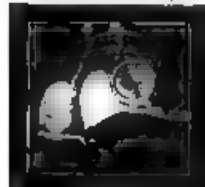
France, for example, Jerry Lewis is considered the greatest comedian. Richard Pryor is America's greatest comedian for several reasons, but mainly because he is the funniest, and he is the funniest for several reasons, but mainly because he is the most right on. Wherever he strikes, his intelligence illuminates the moral landscape and causes recognition of absurdity: ergo laughter which Huizinga in *Homo Ludens* speculated is an atavistic echo of baring the teeth. Yes, just as there is a thin line between genius and insanity, it is often difficult to distinguish between brilliant sociopolitical analysis and a good joke.

In this album, every bit as good as his last, *Is It Something I Said?*, Pryor takes on such topics as hillbillies, black and white women, "Our Gang," black Hollywood, Chinese restaurants, LSD and the Bicentennial Acid? "White dude gave me some shit—talking 'bout how I'm gonna be tripping. I ain't going no place without my luggage." Recorded live, *Bicentennial Nigger* catches Pryor in front of some good audiences who scream at his perfect use of socially unacceptable terminology and who keep him on his toes and jabbing back like he's rope-a-doping Don Rickles.

Thrill to Pryor making fun of white people, gasp at his use of underground Negro phraseology, titter at his impersonation of a Chinese waiter and laugh out loud at one of his storefront-style sermons: this one written especially for the Bicentennial. Most comedy albums are listened to once or twice, but *Bicentennial Nigger* is funny, even after you know all the lines, because Pryor's attitude is funny. He's got a bad rap—willing to take on anything.

—Neal Barlowe

TRICK BAG, by The Meters (Warner Bros. MS 2252). There's no secret as to the



Meters' potency. They are (along with Dr. John and Wild Tchoupitoulas) the present-day heirs of that astoundingly fertile musical tradition of New Orleans, the city that gave birth to the blues, jazz and rock and roll. Like homeboys Fats

Domino, Huey Piano Smith, Lee Dorsey, Chris Kenner and the good Dr. John himself, the Meters believe "Feel-good music/I been told/Good for the body and good for the soul" (from that Mardi Gras anthem "Hey Pocky A-Wey").

After some six years as a performing unit including a recent stint opening the show for the Rolling Stones summer tour, the Meters have yet to achieve the eminence they deserve. It's hard to blame modest Josie Records, for whom the Meters recorded three albums. But the group has recorded an equal number for the mighty Warner Bros. machine and still hasn't broken through. *Rejuvenation*, which the Meters released on WB in 1974, contains a minimum of six hit singles yet the LP was allowed to die. Two years later, frustration set in and *Trick Bag* is the result. A band that's never made anything but irresistible dancing music is reduced to recording a tune entitled "Disco Is the Thing Today," an utterly predictable and faceless disco shit creation. The whole of Side One, save "Disco," is ballads, never the Meters' forte, and they've even employed strings in the search for commercial sound.

Now don't get the wrong idea. There's some fine music here. Side Two is much better, near vintage Meters, especially "The World Is a Little Bit under the Weather" and "Chug A-Lug," the only two tunes here the Meters cared to perform live when I saw them recently.

Indeed, the word is that the guys weren't very happy with this album. Warner Bros. in their ignorance has put this most positive, capable band into a sure-enough trick bag and everybody's losing. And to answer Fats Domino's musical question: "Yeah, it really is a shame."

—Bibi Adler

CALIENTE, by Gato Barbieri (A&M SP-4597). Gato Barbieri is an Argentina-



bred tenor saxophonist who has quietly been making inspirational but largely unheralded records since arriving in this country in the mid-Sixties. Gato's unique tenor sound is rich, lustrous, and oftentimes overpowering.

Barbieri's latest album is entitled *Caliente*, Spanish for "hot," which it most certainly is. The record is his first on A&M until recently an almost exclusively pop label headed by Herb Alpert of Tijuana Brass fame. Apparently Alpert sees jazz

acts like Gato headed for popularity in times ahead. Alpert produced the album himself, and has even released a single from it, Marvin Gaye's "I Want You," which is receiving a lot of airplay at this writing.

As one might expect, Alpert's participation in the project has not been entirely positive from a musical standpoint, although commercially it will give Gato the most recognition he's had since writing the soundtrack to *"Last Tango in Paris."* But *Caliente* suffers from overproduction—too many gushing strings and the like—still, Gato's wailing tenor explodes through the format, breaking out of it. His Latin roots and rhythms, while somewhat muted, are still very much in evidence. You can still hear the jungle sounds.

Gato is interested in promoting Third World consciousness and attempts to focus attention on the predicament of the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America through his music. His previous albums, especially those released on the Flying Dutchman label, are still very much available [*Bolivia* (an opus for Che Guevara and the land where he was murdered by the CIA), *Under Fire* and *The Third World*]. With ABC/Impulse, Gato released *Viva Emiliano Zapata* and *Latin America Chapter 1 & 2*.

On his latest LP, Gato employs the talents of Lenny White on drums, Eric Gale, Joe Beck and David Spinoza on guitar, and Randy Brecker on horns. The record is satisfying and good, but if you want to go deeper into this man's music to find the real thing, check out his earlier work.

—David Fenton

BLACKHEART MAN, by Bunny Wailer (Island ILPS-9415). Bunny Wailer's real



name is Neville O'Reilly Livingston. His nickname is Bunny. He calls himself Wailer because for 12 years he was a member of the Wailers, and now that Bob Marley has taken over the group and the name, Bunny would like his fans and potential fans to know who he is. Bunny is a Wailer.

All of the other former Wailers make appearances on Bunny's solo debut—including Bob Marley and Peter Tosh singing backup on the same cut—just like the old days. And the level of musicianship here is as subtle and soulful as anywhere in music.

Blackheart Man is an excellent melodic

reggae album—more complex than Tosh's *Legalize It*, but far less rocking than the heavy dub style of the new Marley and *Burning Spear*. Some cuts—like "Dreamland" and "Armageddon"—could be old Wailers' tracks. Others are more jazzy and R & B oriented. But all of Bunny's songs share a Rasta religious content that is more boldly and consistently prophetic than those of other Rasta brethren. This would seem to make Bunny Wailer less commercial than other reggae artists, other Wailers, but in fact any fan of reggae has to be at least sympathetic to the Rasta world view and appreciate the feelings—from peace and love to anger and righteous indignation—reflected in the words and music of believers like Bunny.

Blackheart Man is a well-mixed package, with moments of get up, stand-up dance music, some perky, thought-provoking chicka chicka and plenty of very mellow, relaxed music for de herbal meditate. On the whole, Bunny puts out a very peaceful, positive vibration.

—Glenn O'Brien

ENIGMA VARIATIONS, COCKAIGNE OVERTURE, SERENADE FOR STRINGS, by Edward Elgar, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (CBS 61660)



Nothing ever gets fair treatment in history. Even faceless molecules have endured the prejudicial pen, branded "drugs," many have gone down as "controlled substances." These have not been free since the Victorian era, but we didn't read that in our history books. Victorian survives as a colloquial synonym for repressed even though Queen Victoria openly drank and endorsed cocaine wine and coca preparations were popular with practically everyone.

Knowing this, it was with new ears that I recently heard some of Elgar's turn-of-the-century compositions. With the coca fad as yet unsnuffed by the legalities of the world-war era, may not Elgar have intended a double entendre in the title of his 1901 *Overture*? Must we not wonder anew at the Enigma behind his *Variations*?

The composer described his *Cockaigne Overture* as "honest, healthy, humorous and strong but not vulgar." Is it not forgivable to cast him as a veteran coke connoisseur, especially when the homonym of the title means "a country of idleness and luxury"?

And take the *Enigma Variations*. Ostensibly, the 1899 work consists of an opening musical theme; thirteen variations on it named for thirteen of the composer's friends, and a finale, representing the composer himself. That's on the surface. But, as Elgar wrote in the program notes for this piece's debut concert "The Enigma I will not explain... and I warn you that the apparent connection between the variations and the theme is often of the slightest texture, further, through the whole set another and larger theme 'goes' but is not played... so the principal theme never appears, even as in some late dramas... the chief character is never on stage." The italics are mine, can I be blamed for making another type of connection?

Straddling the romantic and modern eras stylistically, Elgar's music is bipolar—at times manic—as it looks first back, then forward. Serenity abuts agitation, which falls again into reverse and sometimes nearly into the atonal void. Strings digress romantically only to be joined by crescendoing brass. The energy peaks, and subtlety is restored. Elgar peppers the up segments of this cycle with Spanish musical phrases. He must have heard Emmanuel Chabrier's popular *Espana*, 1883, but mightn't these references double as a tribute to the explorers who brought the coca leaf to Europe from Peru?

Elgar's music is as enigmatic as the man himself. According to his biographer and friend, he would make outrageous remarks just to see their effects upon the listener or, what was more to his liking, the person who was not supposed to be listening. History notwithstanding, I think I overheard you, Elgar.

—PLS

F & W, by Deadly Nightshade (Phantom BPL 1-1370). Any witches in the audience



with the magical Nightshade vine, but possibly not with the band bearing its name. Deadly Nightshade is three survivors of Ariel, the five-woman symphonic rock band from the late Sixties. Their album "Funky and Western" draws its funk from two New York/New Jersey women, with a Texan providing the Western flavor.

The Nightshades are experimenting with new lyrical topics for pop music while testing various musical vehicles.

Their lyrics range from the moving speech of a freed slave named Sojourner Truth to the bitter condemnation of rock stardom in

"Johnny the Rock and Roll Star." Musically, you'll hear a blend of rock and country with snatches of folk, gospel, choral, bluegrass, farmhouse boogie and even disco. Not to mention the best version of Martha and the Vandellas' "Dancing in the Streets" heard in years.

The experimentation in the Nightshade's work is largely a product of their feminist outlook, testing new vistas socially as well as musically. "Johnny the Rock and Roll Star" is as politically pointed sexually as is "Under My Thumb" by the Stones. The song is a dagger aimed at the heart of a pampered, pompous bearer of the double standard and seems to be a feminist campaign pledge.

The Deadly Nightshade is proof that there can be humor in feminism, which was once accused of hopeless solemnity. Witness "Murphy's Bar," a pick-up spot they vow never to visit again until treated with more respect or until tonight, since that's when drinks are free for ladies. "No Chicken Tonight" is also humorous, although more biting, a musical cartoon describing the unsuccessful efforts of the stereotypical horny trucker with four waitresses in a greasy spoon.

As their music speaks of transition and flux, the very same seems to be true of their direction as a group. They're competent, but they've yet to use all the tools at their disposal. Regardless of the Deadly Nightshade's lack of musical maturity, they should be encouraged. Too many good female bands have fallen by the wayside.

Bob Anderson

LONG TALL DEXTER, by Dexter Gordon (Savoy Records, SIL-2211). Thirty-five years ago, when



these rare classic modern-jazz jams were initially recorded and issued as albums (this is a two-fer, a specially priced two-record set).

Dexter Gordon was a leading black jazz musician, who along with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young, Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis, was forging a totally new, truly revolutionary, mutant American music strain known ever thereafter as bebop. Gordon was, in fact, at the very forefront of those innovators having been the first one to really successfully adapt an authentic bebop style to

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the tenor saxophone. His unusually plain
live and swinging changes attached to a
very personal use of harmonics brought
forth a new dimension to the sax that
would profoundly influence players like
John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins.

Despite his innovations, Dexter has not
received the same kind of attention that
has been lavished upon Charlie Parker or
John Coltrane, perhaps because he fell
afoul of cruel narcotic laws and was im-
prisoned for being a junkie. His tremen-
dous gifts are virtually unknown outside
of his dedicated cult following in musi-
cians' circles.

In recent years (since the mid-Sixties)
Gordon has been living and playing ex-
clusively in Europe where he enjoys an
almost fanatic following. The reissue of
these sides will give the young rock-and-
roll audience a chance to hear some really
historic American music. And those dis-
cerning heads who are more accustomed
to Gordon's later well-circulated Blue Note
quartet recordings will now get an earful
of his thrilling roots work. A lot of credit
must go to Anista Records for repackaging
and distributing these dynamic sessions.
The tunes (all twenty-six of them) are
short, high-energy blowing sessions with
such living immortals as Bud Powell and
Art Blakey, except for the brilliant all-star
jam "After Hours Blues" which runs well
over sixteen minutes. The tune moods and
tempos run from the Bunny Hop to tough
mean molten near R and B.

Gordon paid his dues as a very young
man playing with Lionel Hampton's or-
chestra and with groups that made the bar
scene on New York's legendary 52nd Street
("Bop Street") in the early Forties. His
specialty is a screaming, rhythmic all-out
harmonic wail, a definite forerunner of
early rock and roll instrumental stars like
Big Al Sears, Freddie Mitchell and Sam
The Man Taylor who fronted bands for
all of Alan Freed's first rock and roll shows.

Long Ball Dexter screams, soothes,
stomps with those special rhythmic inno-
vations that Dexter Gordon bestowed on
jazz with cool indispensable greatness. Yet
it's not so esoteric that any cool person
could not immediately get off.

Jim Brodey

**HOW LATE'LL YA PLAY 'TIL?, by the
David Bromberg Band (Fantasy F-79007)**



David Bromberg looks a
little like A. J. Weber-
man impersonating
Bob Dylan—but that's
alright. David Brom-
berg plays a little like
Earl Scruggs imper-
sonating Bruce Springsteen—but that's al-
right. Because once he gets going, once you
get into it, it's all David Bromberg.

Bromberg is a virtuoso guitar, mando-
lin and dobro picker, so much of his music has
a countrified folksy flavor but he can also
pick his way through a mean rock tune.
Once Bromberg stuck close to the country
stuff but a few years ago he picked up an
electric guitar and he's been rocking out
ever since. Even his rockers are coun-
trified—with fiddles and mandolins
sneaking in here and there—but the effect
is natural and charming.

Anyone who has seen Bromberg and
band live knows that they put on quite a
show, anyone who hasn't can get the idea
from record two of this two-record set
which is a live performance. Record one
consists of studio tracks in which Brom-
berg shows the full range of his versatility
from country ballads and fiddle rags to
Thirties bebop to Fifties rock. Despite all
this shifting of gears, Bromberg's band
hangs tightly in there with some inspiring
assistance from such guests as Dr. John and
Phoebe Snow.

So far stardom has eluded David Brom-
berg. Maybe it's his mixed bag that puts
people off. He mixes wit and country
music, always a dangerous combo. He
shifts styles. He changes record com-
panies. He wears wire-rimmed glasses and
a funny rabbinical beard. And Bromberg is
a funny name for a country picker. But
listening to his albums, you realize that
somehow it all comes together. David
Bromberg's ideas may be hard to follow,
requiring a certain amount of wit and
intelligence, but his act is hard to follow
too often requiring chorus girls, jugglers
and a trained seal.

—Lyle Empson

**HARD RAIN, by Bob Dylan (Columbia
PC 34349)** An artist as talented and ver-



satile as Bob Dylan is
never going to please
everyone. Each of his
songs has a different
flavor, some bitter,
some sweet, some salty.
It is therefore no sur-
prise that *Hard Rain*, a retrospective of
Dylan's best, recorded live over a short
period, has stirred such mixed reaction
from his audience. Ranging in mood from
feisty to torpid, in execution from inspira-
tional to moribund, Dylan is at work on
enough levels to keep his listeners fasci-
nated and to escape the fate of definition
that has incarcerated so many of his
contemporaries.

Not that the master's flaws go unsung.
The first track, "Maggie's Farm," cap-
italized in its day on a theme of alienation
and romantic detachment that seems curi-
ously unsophisticated in the hard nosed
Seventies. Dylan compensates by deferring
the lyrical strength of the song to some
heavy metal in a vain attempt to hide his

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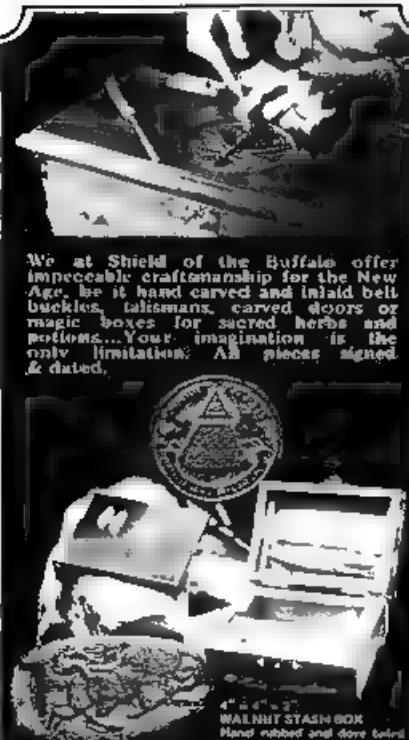
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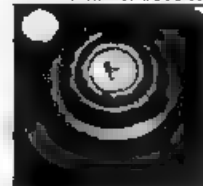
adrenalized innocence during that cultural time-war. Likewise "One Too Many Mornings" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile" have instrumental flourishes missing from their earlier versions. It makes for an inauspicious beginning for the first side of the album. The last cut, "Lay, Lady Lay," despite its uncompromising beauty, lacks the tender elegance that distinguished its appearance on *Nashville Skyline*, though perhaps it is only the subdued sexuality of middle age creeping out of Dylan and into his music.

Side Two of the album picks up considerably. Back on his own time turf, Dylan demonstrates his awesome vocal range in "Shelter from the Storm" and "You're a Big Girl Now." After a brief and banal setup with "I Threw It All Away," he finishes the album with his recent masterpiece "Idiot Wind." As enigmatic as the composer himself, "Idiot Wind" lends itself to the transparencies of live recording in such a way that one is tempted to look through the music into insoluble questions about the artist himself. Does the man who threw T.S. Eliot out of the captain's tower in "Desolation Row" mean it when he now says "you'll find when you've reached the top you're on the bottom"? Is this album Bob Dylan's guide to the loss of innocence? Is that the "hard rain"? Will Bob Dylan buy Gulf and Western? See where it leads?

It's not for everybody, but then it's not just for aficionados. Dylan's music is skillful, his lyrics good food for the head and heart. Live or recorded, Dylan always excels in his art and this album is no exception.

—Michael Chance

SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, by Stevie Wonder (Motown T13-34062).



Big Stevie's latest double-player ranks easily with Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde*, the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* and Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*. In case you don't already know, its 21 tunes overflow with the danceable magic that has always made Stevie Wonder's music stand out.

The modes are varied but the concepts fluid. There are love songs, a history lesson, a bombastic tribute to Duke Ellington and several six-minute-plus epics whose huge all-star personnel stokes up a groove so thick these jazz jams just don't seem to quit. "As" features keyboard star Herbie Hancock in a pure jazz piano solo, while "Another Star" presents guitarist George Benson, flutist Bobbi Humphrey and R&B tenor sax prince Trevor Lawrence. And there's plenty of his regular group Wonderlove.

Stevie makes a bold approach to new territory also. "If It's Magic" puts his solo

voice alongside jazz harpist Dorothy Ashby's accompaniment with the merest dash of his own harmonica. The knock-out instrumental "Contusion" is in the Mahavishnu vein: a spacey guitar riff coordinated with soaring synthesizers. The whole set seems like a long radio show, with varied pop-soul and jazz-rock tunes. But what makes it a classic is the amazing quality of the enormous quantity Wonder delivers. I played this album for weeks without reaching for the tone arm.

—Jim Brodey

CHICKEN SKIN MUSIC, by Ryland Cooder (Warner Bros. MS-2254).



Ryland Cooder has consistently linked his career with the black acoustic milestones of the blues. He's unearthed and revived breathless renditions of Leadbelly, Joseph Spence, Blind Lemon Jefferson and a whole truckload of 1920-50 forgotten classics of real American Musical Art. Two albums ago, on his *Boomer's Story* LP, he even brought one of the few living legends of Mississippi right into the studio with him: Sleepy John Estes. But don't let this drive for authenticity put you off. Cooder is as forceful and explosive a guitarist (either on bottleneck or Fender electric) as either Duane Allman (was) or Robbie Robertson (is).

The key word here is mutuality. Basically it's a blending of "Tex-Mex" music featuring accordionist Flaco Jimenez and his band, two of Hawaii's greatest traditional musicians, pedal-steel genius Gabby Pahinui and "slack-key" guitarist Atta Isaac (whose fans back in the islands bestowed the nickname "Buddha" upon him) and a backup group that features rock stalwarts Jim Keltner and Chris Ethridge, plus highly respected West Coast jazzmen Milt Hornum and George Bohanon.

Cooder wastes no time in delighting his audience with newly created renditions of such old genius untouchables as Ben E. King's classic "Stand By Me" (done here in a distinctly gospel mood), Leadbelly's hilarious "Bourgeois Blues" and his equally beautiful lament "Goodnight Irene" (with the full Louisiana Dance Hall treatment). But probably the most surprising rendition here is the old Jim Reeves country-music standard "He'll Have to Go," featuring the accordion and alto-sax duet style that was so popular all across Mexico in the 1950s.

Incidentally, they call this one *Chicken Skin Music* because in Hawaii when the songs are really tight and swinging and getting to you, it makes you shiver all over and gives you gooseflesh. That's chicken skin you've got, boy. This is classic music of the Seventies, optimistic and beautiful.

—Jim Brodey

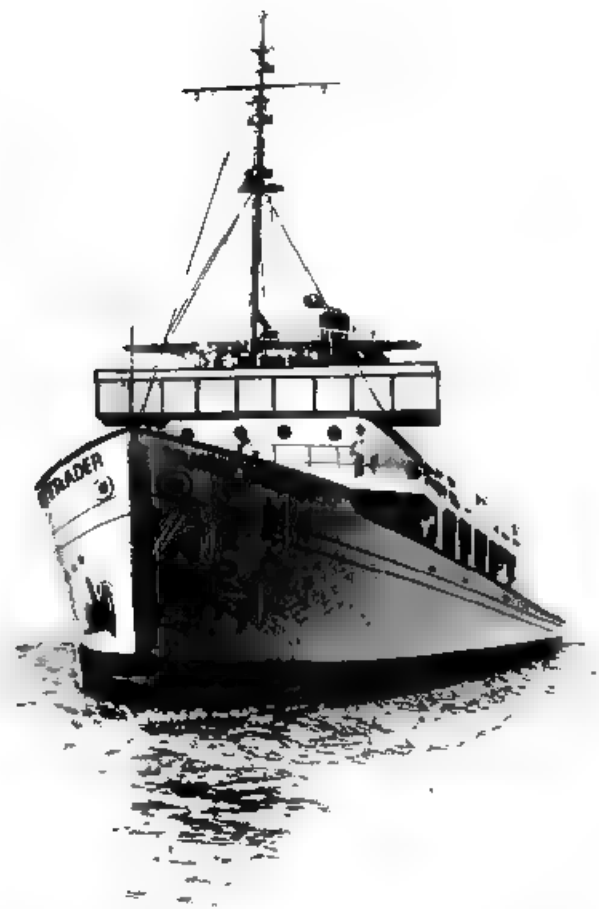
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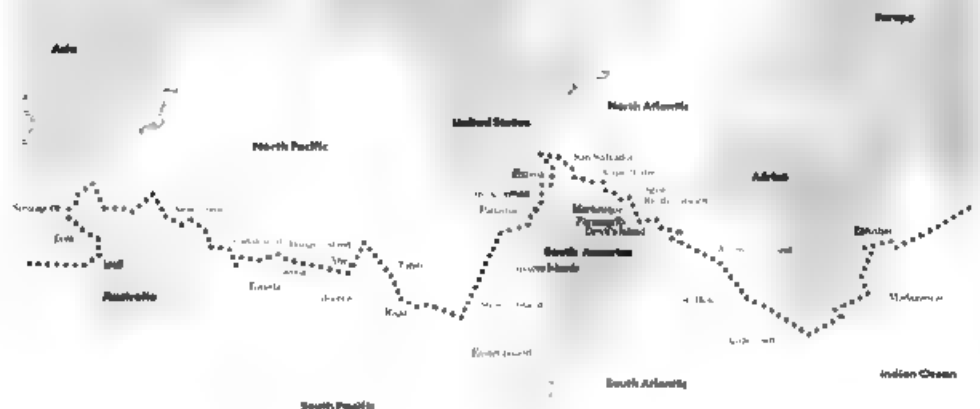
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SEEDS OF MAN (An Experience Lived and Dreamed), by Woody Guthrie (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$11.95) This story is



based on a trip that Woody made with a few members of his family to seek out Jerry P. Guthrie's lost mine in the Big Bend country. With him were his father Charlie, his uncle Jeff and his older brother Roy. That's the basis

for this rough and ever-ready tale, spun out in pure Guthrie family dialect in the blunt language of people who live off the land. And it ranks easily as one of the finest dialect stories of our time.

At first the continuous hack translation is hard for a city feller to follow, almost downright annoying. But a short way into it the book grabs you and sucks you right up in its brilliant telling. In places, the language just takes off, and that good old Guthrie spirit leaks right on out.

The boys sang more than 200 songs as they rattle down the trail, in their old truck. Some are familiar, others made up on the spot. It's like having a radio while you read. The prose rocks along too, especially when Woody is enjoying that great romantic Big Bend country whose jargon he conveys in generous helpings.

At the end of their journey's road is a narrative about the town of Study Butte. Then the search for the lost mine really begins, with plenty of authentic adventures and thrills. There are also wild lusty scenes of really funny, touching and exciting sex! Yup, the man who gave us "Dear Mrs. Roosevelt," "This Land Is Your Land," the Dust Bowl Ballads and hundreds of other deep-down American classics comes all the way up to explicit oral love and untamed in the back-of-his-truck Oakie red-hot pleasures. Not too deep into Chapter Three, oddly called "The Last Supper," "Mmmmmmm Bite me Honey. Bite me on my neck. Bite me on my shoulder. Make a big black-and-blue mark on my skin so I can walk around and feel so proud because you loved me enough to chew me and to bite me. Hard. Harder."

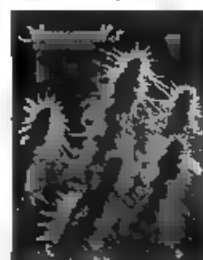
In part, then, the book is the story of the search for a mine as Woody imagined it might have happened rather than as it actually did happen. One must remember that this novel was written in pre-Kerouac America, when the enjoyment of love on the page and in the creation of the novel had to be strongly delineated from the actual physical fact of it.

The final effect of the book imparts a sense that you've just experienced a long movie that exists totally in your brain, cast out of the visions created by these men and

their adventuresome travels. I felt like I'd been bounced around in their screwed-up, well-rode, busted-up truck over all those country roads.

This is a beautifully real book, about an especially high time in the life of one of our greatest storytellers. Almost ironically entitled *Seeds of Man*, this book comes highly recommended. Read it slow, enjoy its rough honesty, then pass it on. It's a gem, a real humdinger! —Jim Brodey

SINSEMILLA: MARIJUANA FLOWERS, by Jim Richardson, photography by Arik Woods (Berkeley, California: And/Or Press, \$9.95). It's a phenomenon of



modern culture, things get "discovered" just as they're about to become extinct. Take Bengal tigers and polar bears, for example. The same might be said for sinsemilla, the legendary dope whose enforced monastic existence has allowed it to acquire that potent *je ne sais quoi* that makes it so very rare and oh so cher.

Sinsemilla (or even plain marijuana, for that matter) hasn't made it to the fashion pages yet, but with all the publicity it's getting, rest assured, it's just a matter of time. But first with some style! Sinsemilla from And/Or Press is a very beautiful collection of well-performed photographs of the seedless wonder in a natural, living environment. Such colors, such blossoms—and close up, too. No mistaking it, this is the real McCoy. Those guys with their backs turned and faces covered with nose diapers must be the farmers. But isn't it a kick in your French jeans that this book, loaded with photos so scrumptious they'd rival National Geographic, comes to us at the very time we ordinary Joes have enough trouble trying to preserve our constitutional right to cop some regular commercial? This is truly unfair for it is very doubtful that very many purchasers of Sinsemilla are going to run out and hoe a patch of their own "marijuana flowers"; domestic is great but the price of land is very high these days.

Unfortunately, the prose in this beautiful book is sadly lackluster, boasting a self-conscious description of sinsemilla and its short, chaste life. Doesn't a plant whose Latinate name means "without seed" deserve more of an explanation of its lifestyle and sexual habits than the limpid "this power plant has come down to us from antiquity." "Power plant"—shades of Don Juan—this is dope! The foreword by noted herbalist and musician David Crosby is

more in keeping with the pleasant photos than is author Richardson's text.

Nonetheless, if you enjoy gazing upon dream dope in all its flowering glory, this book is full of pinups any centerfold would be proud to display. It's just a shame that seeing isn't smoking. —Ed Dwyer

THE CONCISE HERBAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, by Donald Law (New York: St. Martin's Press, \$4.95). "Ergot of rye"



sounds like something Shakespeare's witches would toss in the cauldron with the eye of newt. Actually, it was an important ingredient in witchcraft, especially in recipes for flying. Which is no surprise when Law ex-

plains that ergot of rye is a substance from which lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) naturally derives. Witches rubbed this plant on their bodies to enable them to fly without wings—smart hags.

Other ancient recipes for magic, herbal cures and love potions often have just such a prosaic recurrence in 1976 usage. Carrots, beans and lentils, for instance, have all been used in love potions in the past. Their history is much more intriguing than their nutritional breakdown.

This book is not your common garden compendium of information on herbal foods and medicines. Law includes guides to exotic jungle herbs, how to make herbal dyes and fixatives, herbs for animal illnesses, and how to make herbs, cosmetics and remedies. These are both soothing and economical: a massage of lemon juice and witch hazel for crow's-feet, rose petals over tired eyes, birch leaves or pine needles in the bath water. For "women's problems," Law's advice is whimsically medieval. Those with difficult periods are advised to sit over a bowl of steaming tansy tea. Pregnant women are assured easy delivery by drinking a cup of raspberry leaf tea daily.

Concise as it is, the book is full of myth, history, paternal caveats, memories, quotes and personal reminiscences of the author, who by the end comes off like the Wise Old Man of the Mountain. He knows everything about herbs—and so much more—that he couldn't resist putting it all in. But who can resist a distinctly English eccentric quoting Addison, remembering kings and giving recipes for Elderflower wine?

As a lifelong insomniac, I was especially attracted to one of the recipes for sleeplessness. The mere description of it makes me drowsy: brew a tea of lime flowers and basil, one teaspoon of the flowers and one-

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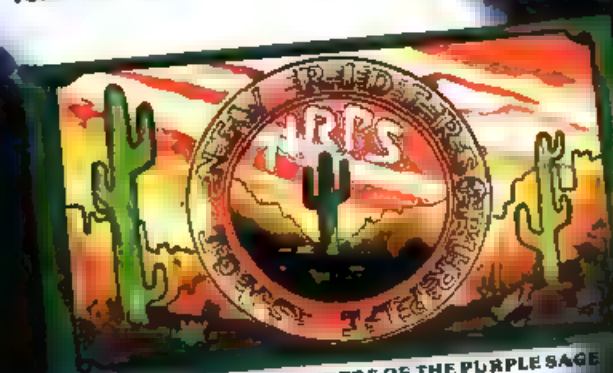
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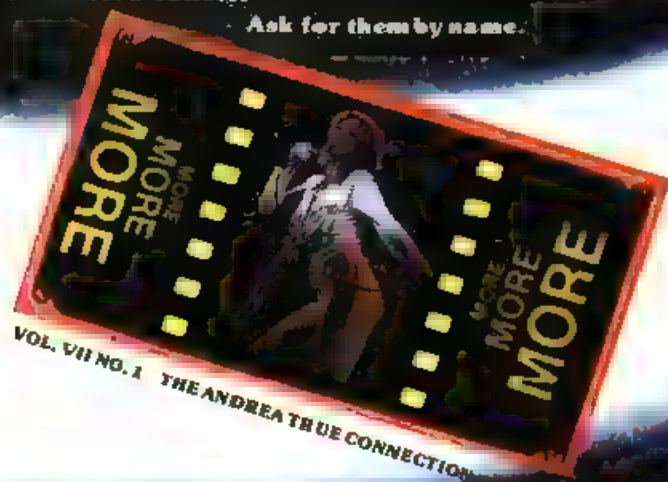
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half teaspoon of the herb. Drink hot with a little honey. You'll be sawing wood till the following noon.

Now all you have to do is find the lime blossoms at 2:00 A.M. —Frances Mayes

LUGOSI, The Man Behind the Cape, by Robert Cremer, introduction by Bela Lugosi, Jr. (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., \$9.95). Over the past two years, we've been

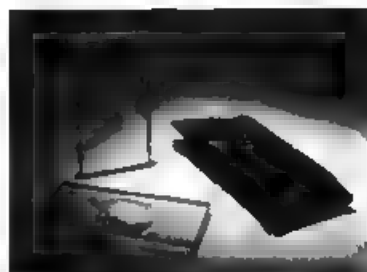


treated to a number of full-blown biographies of Bela Lugosi. Perhaps "treated" is not the right word as one corpulent chronicle of the only intermittently compelling life and times of that former fright star would for most of us, more than suffice. Arthur Lennig's earlier book *The Count, The Life and Films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi*—an unabashedly fan-oriented and doggedly complete account of Bela's thespian rise and fall—could easily have been subtitled *Everything You Always Vaguely Wanted to Know About Bela Lugosi but Weren't Quite Concerned Enough to Ask*. So the advent of Robert Cremer's *Lugosi, the Man Behind the Cape* looms as redundant at best.

Not that there aren't Bela buffs among us whose lust for details of the screen Dracula's life knows few, if any bounds. There are those, and Cremer's book is intended for their eyes—only. Still, for those mildly curious readers unable to locate Lennig's volume, Cremer's is a competently crafted show-biz bio dutifully tracing Bela's life from his Transylvanian origins through his days as a "rebel artist" and political agitator in postwar Hungary to his rapid ascent in the fright film firmament and equally rapid fall from grace. For good measure Cremer supplies all the inside dope on Lugosi's celebrated and self-exaggerated drug habit.

Bela began the gradual transition from Dracula to Smackula sometime in the early Forties when his professional sun was sinking none too slowly in the west. Under contract to both Monogram Pictures (a poor man's Universal) and PRC (a poorer man's Monogram) Bela took morphine, methadone and Demerol—along with considerable quantities of alcohol—to ease an unsettled psyche further troubled by a disintegrating marriage and persistent leg pains. Lugosi's habit, Cremer informs us (shedding new light here) became headline fare only after Bela himself broke the story in a desperate bid to revive a strung-out career. The ploy won him a dubious starring role (as an "international drug smuggler") in *The Devil's Paradise*, a theatrical exercise of the *Reefer Madness* genre that toured local high schools. That Bela was reduced to accepting such pitiable roles was far more the result of the film industry's mistreatment of the no-

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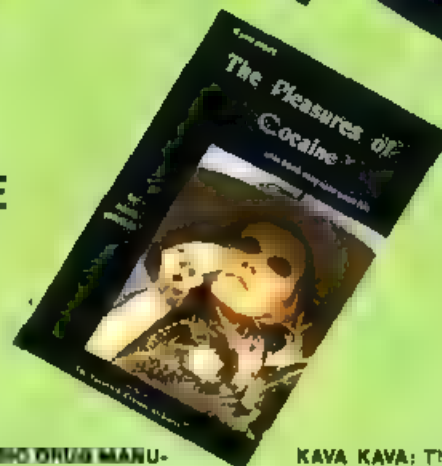
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longer-marketable monster it had greedily created than of any problems caused by his drug habit.

The trail leading up to these and similar sleazy events is adequately trod by author Cremer in this lesser, and hopefully last extended look at our already overanalyzed Man Behind the Cape — Joe Kane

EROS IN ORBIT, edited by Joseph Elder (New York: Trident Press, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc., out of print) How will men and women relate



in the future? Will succeeding generations continue to add meanings to sexual love, taking it further out of the Victorian closet, learning to give and receive it better, letting it enrich us?

Or will nuclear industrial and economic waste have so wasted our descendants that they'll be unable to get it on more than once or twice a year? Perhaps the superreal fantasies created by direct electrical stimulation of the brain will so far outsell the frustrating uncertainties of a real sex life that men and women will literally be in separate movies.

Well, here are a few answers: science-fiction tales about sex. Edward Bryant's story "2 46593" is named after the number of times Kinsey said the average American made it per week in the Fifties. A brilliant mood piece, this story is an orchestration of quotes, musings on progress (4.46593 by 1990), deviance (the 46593 crowd), advertising copy for inflatable love dolls with movable joints and a full line of accessories and prerecorded love-scene brain tapes psychelings.

Robert Silverberg's 'In the Group' explores the emotions of a group of body-swappers who plug into each other's sensations via teleensors. Thomas Scorbah's "Flowering Narcissus" shows us the disintegration of Honcho, a mucho-macho biker, wiped out in a crash, saved in a coma for centuries until toothless androids provide him with his ideal tough biker babe. He freaks in true John Wayne style when he finds out she was cloned (artificially grown) from a single cell of his own skin.

The star of the entire anthology is 'Clone Sister' by Pamela Sargent. It is an extraordinarily well thought-out projection of the problems of growing up as a sensitive, intelligent, 20-year-old clone. Insight shapes Sargent's handling of the bias of normals against clones, and the emotional mistakes the clones make in their constant need to reaffirm themselves as individuals.

In the same story, the love scene between Jim and his sister Kira takes the

reader by surprise, a spectacular ascent into erogenous delight. Kira's quick acceptance of her newly discovered role of solace giver to her four brothers is believable, but it's too bad that she also accepts the role of coffee maker as easily as any Maxwell Housewife.

One unrealistic aspect of the story the 20-year ban on cloning humans by a multinational cooperative—which is why only five were grown in secret when the cloning process was perfected. Governments would probably try to clone a million thugs.

—Gary Stimeing

EAST TIMOR: THE HIDDEN WAR, by Richard W. Franke (New York: East Timor Defense Committee, \$1.00). You



will not find East Timor on any map of the Caribbean. It is not there. It's more in the Pacific, actually. Probably somewhat to the east of West Timor. Wherever it is, your heart will go out to it.

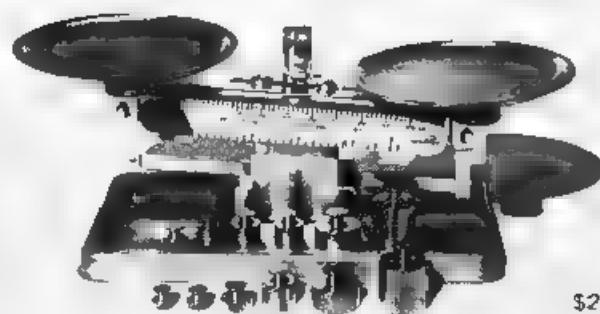
Primarily agricultural, Timor is irrigated by the old monsoon method and enjoys a rich harvest of mud after the big rains. Chief export, coffee. Almost unknown to Americans, Timor has been entirely forgotten by the Portuguese who abandoned the colony in 1975. With the Portuguese gone, East Timor was promptly invaded by the Indonesians, themselves the puppets of Wall Street, actually. The only hope of the downtrodden masses totaling 650,000, is the liberation army known as Fretilin, led by Alarico ("Our situation is desperate") Fernandez. The Indonesians are armed with sophisticated U.S. weapons, including napalm, while Fernandez's insurgents have little but the mud and twigs in their hair to fight back with.

The cause of East Timor is the cause of Mauberism. Maubere is a common name in East Timor like Smith and Jones in America. Its connotation to the Portuguese was not unlike that of Rastus here and like the Rastafarians, the Mauberistas are fighting for their human rights to bread, peace and freedom to drink their skul of muddy wine and beat their mates without interference from Indonesian fascists.

My bags are packed. I sail at dawn. Wherever the battle against blood-sucking marrow-gouging Indonesians rages there, I. The die is cast. When this stupendously neglected revolution finally reaches the front pages, I shall be in the mountain strongholds alongside Alarico ("We are in trouble") Fernandez. Pancho Villa and my old battered typewriter case. It makes a damn fine whiskey case actually. Hasn't been a typewriter in its since Ho Chi Minh borrowed mine to type some poems on Goodman Ho, but a bit crackles on topics bardic. Too much of the burning bush if you ask me.

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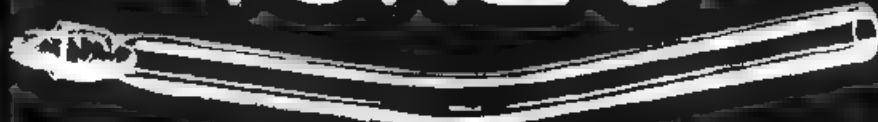
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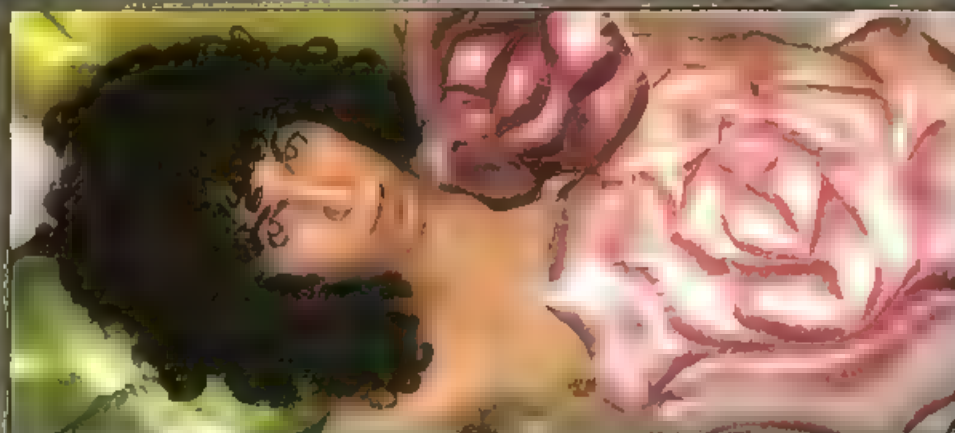
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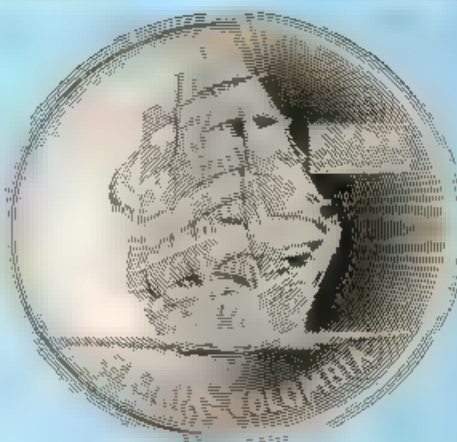
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Mazar-i-Sharif hash	excellent	oz	30-50	
		oz	3-6	
		oz	100-200	
		oz	5-8	
		oz	1 25-2 50	
AUSTRALIA				
Domestic grass	fair to decent	oz	20-30	
Nepalese hash	some fingers	oz	200-300	
Indian hash	poorly made	oz	75-125	
Afghani hash	good	oz	900-1050	
LSD	improving	oz	70-90	
Cocaine	okay	oz	900-1000	
		oz	100-125	
		oz	1 100-1 500	
		oz	2 5	
		oz	100-200	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1800-2300	
AZORE ISLANDS				
Angolan grass	supply declining	oz	35-55	
Mozambique grass	excellent; scarce	oz	450-700	
Quailudes	occasional	oz	60-90	
Dormadinos	good	oz	500-800	
		oz	2 3	
		oz	75-150	
		oz	1 2	
		oz	75-150	
BELGIUM				
Nigerian grass	okay	oz	25-40	
Chitral hash	very good, rare	oz	400-500	
Lebanese hash	low quantity	oz	2 3	
Nepalese hash	good supply and quality	oz	45-85	
LSD	poor	oz	35-50	
Cocaine	usually heavily cut	oz	400-475	
		oz	45-75	
		oz	450-600	
		oz	2 5	
		oz	225-325	
		oz	50-100	
		oz	1050-1500	
CANADA				
Domestic	just decent	oz	15-25	
Regular Mexican	okay	oz	150-250	
Top-grade Mexican	excellent; scarce	oz	15-35	
Commercial Colombian	fair	oz	160-300	
Connosseur Colombian	very rare	oz	35-60	
Hawaiian	stash only	oz	475-600	
Afghani hash	thick black slabs	oz	35-45	
Indian hash	poorly refined	oz	450-550	
Kashmiri hash	very good	oz	50-80	
Afghani hash oil	thick black	oz	550-700	
Honey oil	highly refined	oz	200-275	
LSD	blotter	oz	2500-3000	
Cocaine	good rock, occasional stebie condition	oz	150-200	
MOA		oz	1400-2100	
		oz	100-140	
		oz	1100-1450	
		oz	2 5	
		oz	150-200	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1400-1900	
		oz	25-40	
		oz	450-600	
		oz	2 5	
		oz	150-250	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1400-1900	
		oz	25-50	
COLOMBIA				
Santa Marta gold, red	very tasty	oz	5-10	
Machu Picchu	wonderful smoke	oz	40-60	
Punta roja	delicious	oz	8-10	
Colombian hash	horrible at times	oz	45-65	
Colombian hash oil	ways to go	oz	30-60	
LSD	rare	oz	2000-3000	
Mushrooms	abundant	oz	175-225	
Cocaine	several varieties; most good	oz	2000-2500	
		oz	3-5	
		oz	250-400	
		oz	30-45	
		oz	250-400	
		oz	4000-6000	
DENMARK				
Lebanese hash	quality and quantity on decline	oz	2 3	
Moroccan hash	just okay green	oz	625-850	
LSD	fair at best	oz	1 50-2 50	
		oz	600-750	
		oz	2 4	
		oz	125-200	

ECUADOR				
Colombian	good quality and quantity	oz	8-10	
Ecuadorian red	improving	oz	80-150	
Cocaine	excellent quality available just around	oz	4-5	
San Pedro cactus		oz	60-100	
		oz	20-30	
		oz	450-600	
		oz	free	
ENGLAND				
Moroccan hash	fair high	oz	50-70	
Lebanese hash	pliable blonde; good	oz	600-750	
Afghani hash	excellent	oz	70-85	
Colombian hash	poor	oz	800-900	
Hash oil	some black Afghani	oz	80-15	
LSD	blotter	oz	800-1000	
Cocaine	heavy cut	oz	55-70	
Mandrax	domestic and foreign imports	oz	600-800	
		oz	25-35	
		oz	400-600	
		oz	2	
		oz	75-175	
		oz	50-100	
		oz	1200-1800	
		oz	1 2	
		oz	75-150	
FRANCE				
Vamba	good when found	oz	40-60	
Colombian	drying up	oz	400-600	
Moroccan	poor	oz	35-65	
Afghani hash	stony	oz	450-750	
Chitral hash	excellent; rare	oz	30-50	
LSD	microdots	oz	350-500	
Opium	good	oz	5-7	
		oz	900-1100	
		oz	50-70	
		oz	500-700	
		oz	2 50-5	
		oz	200-325	
		oz	12-15	
GERMANY				
Lebanese hash	supply dwindling	oz	2-3	
Afghani hash	good in every way	oz	1100-1250	
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	40-80	
Thai sticks	excellent when found	oz	500-700	
LSD	brown blotter	oz	35-50	
Cocaine	good flake available	oz	450-600	
		oz	10-12	
		oz	800-900	
		oz	3-4	
		oz	200-300	
		oz	60-100	
		oz	400-650	
HONG KONG				
Mainland weed	just fair	oz	10-15	
Thai grass	powerful	oz	150-200	
Thai sticks	excellent quality available	oz	50-100	
Afghani hash	good quality	oz	700-1200	
		oz	8-12	
		oz	75-150	
		oz	6-15	
		oz	75-150	
ITALY				
Colombian	rare	oz	75-100	
Lebanese hash	poor to fair	oz	800-850	
Afghani hash	excellent, scarce	oz	100-125	
Moroccan hash	green, okay	oz	100 gm 300-350	
LSD	usually blotter	oz	100-120	
Cocaine	decent	oz	270-300	
Speed	semipure	oz	75-125	
		oz	100 gm 270-300	
		oz	4-6	
		oz	300-400	
		oz	40-60	
		oz	900-1100	
		oz	50-65	
		oz	1000-1200	
MEXICO				
Torreón violet	amazing	oz	5-10	
Guadalupe green	great treat	oz	80-125	
Oaxacan tops	various qualities	oz	5-10	
Guerrero gold	still slightly immature	oz	75-125	
Puebla	definitely okay	oz	3-4	
Magic mushrooms	organic trip	oz	50-75	
Cocaine	strong	oz	60-115	
Opium	dreamy	oz	4-8	
		oz	65-100	
		oz	5-8	
		oz	80-15	
		oz	4-7	
		oz	55-70	
		oz	400-500	
		oz	5000	

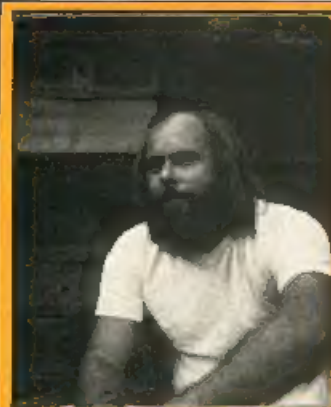
THE THMQ MARKET				
Senegalese & Congolese grass	quantity on decline	oz	50-80	
Domestic hash	readily available; okay	oz	400-550	
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	20-40	
Lebanese hash	scarce	oz	250-350	
Pakistani hash	stable supply	oz	50-75	
Kashmiri hash	excellent when you can find it	oz	400-550	
Hash oil	good sampling	oz	50-80	
Cocaine	decent	oz	500-600	
Burmese opium	delightful treat	oz	50-75	
		oz	400-600	
		oz	65-90	
		oz	600-725	
		oz	1800-2100	
		oz	2-4	
		oz	150-225	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1200-2000	
		oz	3-5	
		oz	60-80	
TURKEY				
Turkish hash	some of the best	oz	5-8	
Antonia hash	extremely fine smoke	oz	70-80	
LSD	high-priced	oz	8-10	
Opium	excellent	oz	100-150	
		oz	5-12	
		oz	500-600	
		oz	3-8	
		oz	60-80	
CONTIGUOUS				
Regular Mexican	supply increasing	oz	15-30	
Top-grade Mexican	still scarce	oz	100-300	
Jamaican	green and seedy	oz	40-75	
Commercial Colombian	immature	oz	350-700	
Connosseur Colombian	rare	oz	20-30	
Hawaiian	on the upswing	oz	250-475	
Thai sticks	supply improving	oz	26-40	
Nigerian grass	just stash	oz	325-525	
Moroccan hash	decent	oz	40-70	
Lebanese hash	cloth-sacked; fair	oz	475-625	
Afghani hash	some sunboard	oz	200-250	
Nepalese hash	fingers and temple balls	oz	2100-3000	
Pak hash	black with green okay	oz	20-30	
Lebanese hash	lasty red	oz	190-250	
Afghani hash oil	potent	oz	40-80	
Honey oil	occasional	oz	475-600	
THC	green labs	oz	75-100	
LSD	mostly blotter	oz	900-1200	
Psilocybin mushrooms	good when you can find them	oz	100-150	
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	1000-1500	
Quailudes	scarce	oz	120-185	
Alaska	okay	oz	1400-1900	
Domestic	stable supply	oz	120-165	
Regular Mexican	hard to find	oz	1300-1700	
Connosseur Colombian	good	oz	20-30	
Cocaine	delicious	oz	325-450	
Hawaii	good crop coming	oz	25-35	
Kona gold		oz	350-475	
Maul		oz	25-40	
		oz	375-550	
		oz	1 3	
		oz	75-150	
		oz	1 3	
		oz	75-175	
		oz	20-35	
		oz	150-250	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1200-1800	
		oz	3-5	
		oz	200-375	
		oz	35-60	
		oz	425-500	
		oz	20-35	
		oz	250-400	
		oz	50-80	
		oz	500-650	
		oz	75-125	
		oz	1800-2300	
		oz	75-150	
		oz	1100-1650	
		oz	100-150	
		oz	1200-1800	

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐



Zip

Closers



Acid Purist

Bruce Eisner, author of this month's report on "LSD Purity," got interested in the subject after a bad trip. A veteran of pure acid tripping in the Sixties, Eisner was disappointed by the decline in quality acid and quality tripping in the Seventies, and finally bummed out. Bruce still thinks a lot about acid, though. He's writing a book about it called *LSD: The Unanswered Questions*.



Doer's Profile

Name: Ed Dwyer

Age: 28

Home: New York City

Profession: Retired Editor of *High Times*, now Special Projects Editor

Last Book Read: *The Crying of Lot 49*, by Thomas Pynchon

Last Article Written: A Singular Lamb: A Walking Tour of Irish Livestock

Quote: "I once snorted Michael Brody's ashes. Of course I got high. I was pretty high already, though."

Scotch: Dewars

Patti and Scotty

Patti Smith is a poet who is also a rock star. Her latest book is *WITTY*, published by the Gotham Book Mart. Her latest album is *Radio Free Ethiopia*, released by Arista. Scott Cohen is a poet who also interviews people and designs batik books. Patti Smith is the only poet in New York with a Marshall amp. Scott Cohen is the only poet in New York with a season ticket for the Rangers. Scott and Patti created this month's "Movie" department while discussing Jeanne Moreau at her apartment in the Red Light district.



Kim Deitch Has Nothing to Hide

Kim Deitch, creator of the amazing "Beyond the Pale," has also appeared in the *East Village Other*, the *Berkeley Barb*, *Apple Pie*, the *Last Gasp* and the *Print Mint*. Kim attended Pratt Institute and studied painting, but consid-

ers himself a self-taught cartoonist. His fave raves are Winsor McCay, Harold Gray (father of *Little Orphan Annie*), Bill Griffith, Gilbert Shelton, Art Spiegelman and R. Crumb. Kim denies that his work contains hidden meanings. "I'm just trying to spin a good yarn," he says.



The Dean of New York Journalists

Dean Latimer, author of "The Pre-Electric Rye Bread Acid Test," is the only free-lance writer in New York City without a telephone. Dean may miss an assignment now and then, but serious editors know that he can generally be reached at a bar called the Bells of Hell. Mr. Latimer has starred in *Rat*, the *East Village Other*, *Screw*, the *New York Ace*, the *National Lampoon* and a host of stroke books too numerous to mention. Recently Latimer starred in a photo-novella in *New Dawn* magazine, in which he plays the part of a degenerate. A member of the New York Health Club, Latimer was married in his bare feet, but that's all over now. He is currently working on a book about censorship, which has been suppressed by several publishers. ☐

Our Monster Hunter

Lee Frank is a professional monster hunter. He actually makes a living getting wacko magazines to send him around the world looking for dinosaurs and, of course, the missing link. And, as Lee says, "You're only as gone as your most missing link." Lee's best known exploit was hanging out for months at Loch Ness. He never sighted Nessie, but did see a few unusual sights at Jimmy Page's home on the Loch, where he helped restore the decor as designed by the original owner, Aleister Crowley.

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